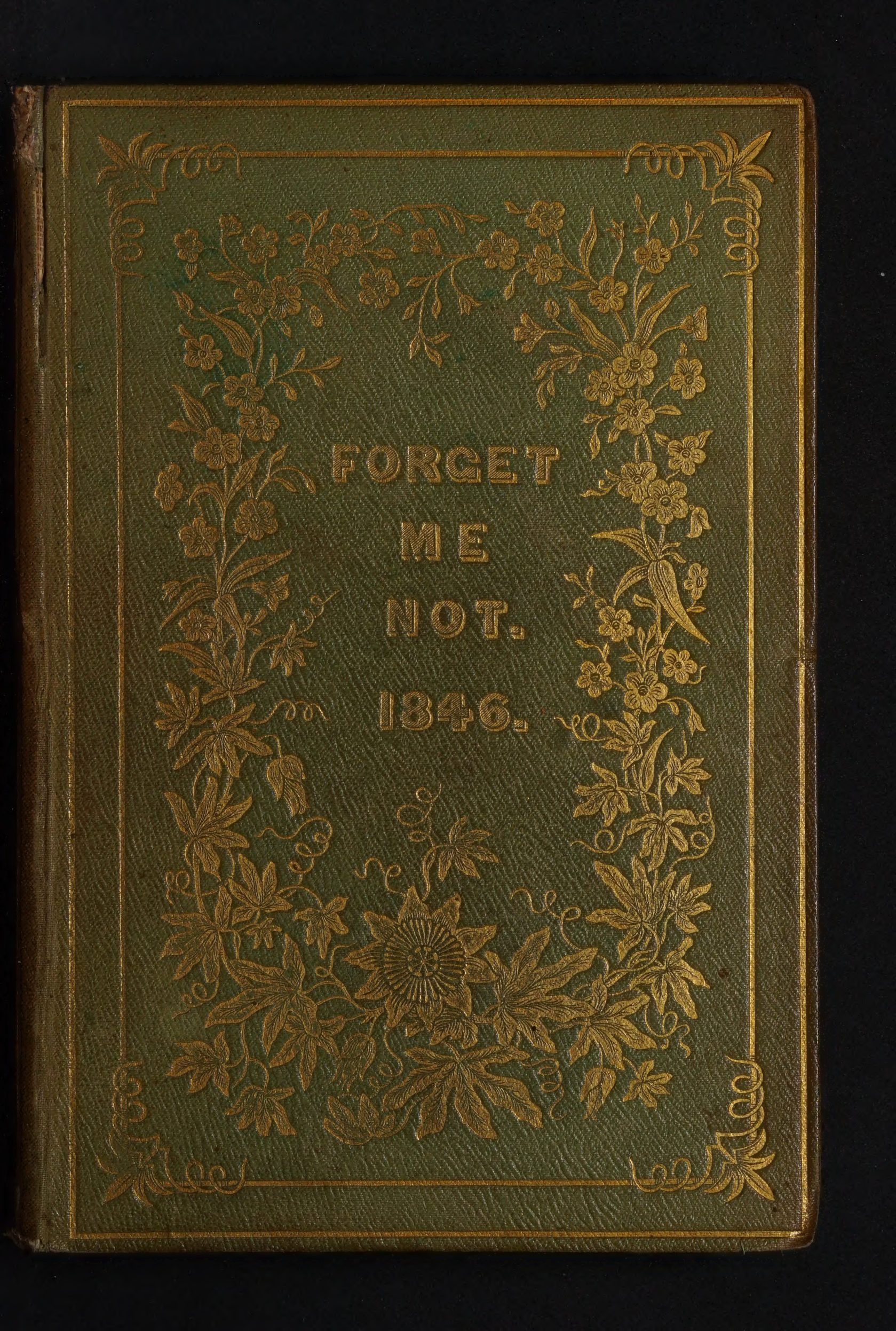


The book cover is a deep green with a fine, pebbled texture. A wide, ornate border is gold-tooled into the cover. This border consists of a double-line rectangular frame. Between these lines, there are elaborate floral and foliate designs. At the top and bottom corners, there are stylized floral motifs. Along the sides, there are vertical sprays of small, five-petaled flowers and leaves. The bottom center features a large, detailed flower with many petals and a prominent center, surrounded by large, pointed leaves. The text is centered within the green field.

FORGET
ME
NOT.
1846.



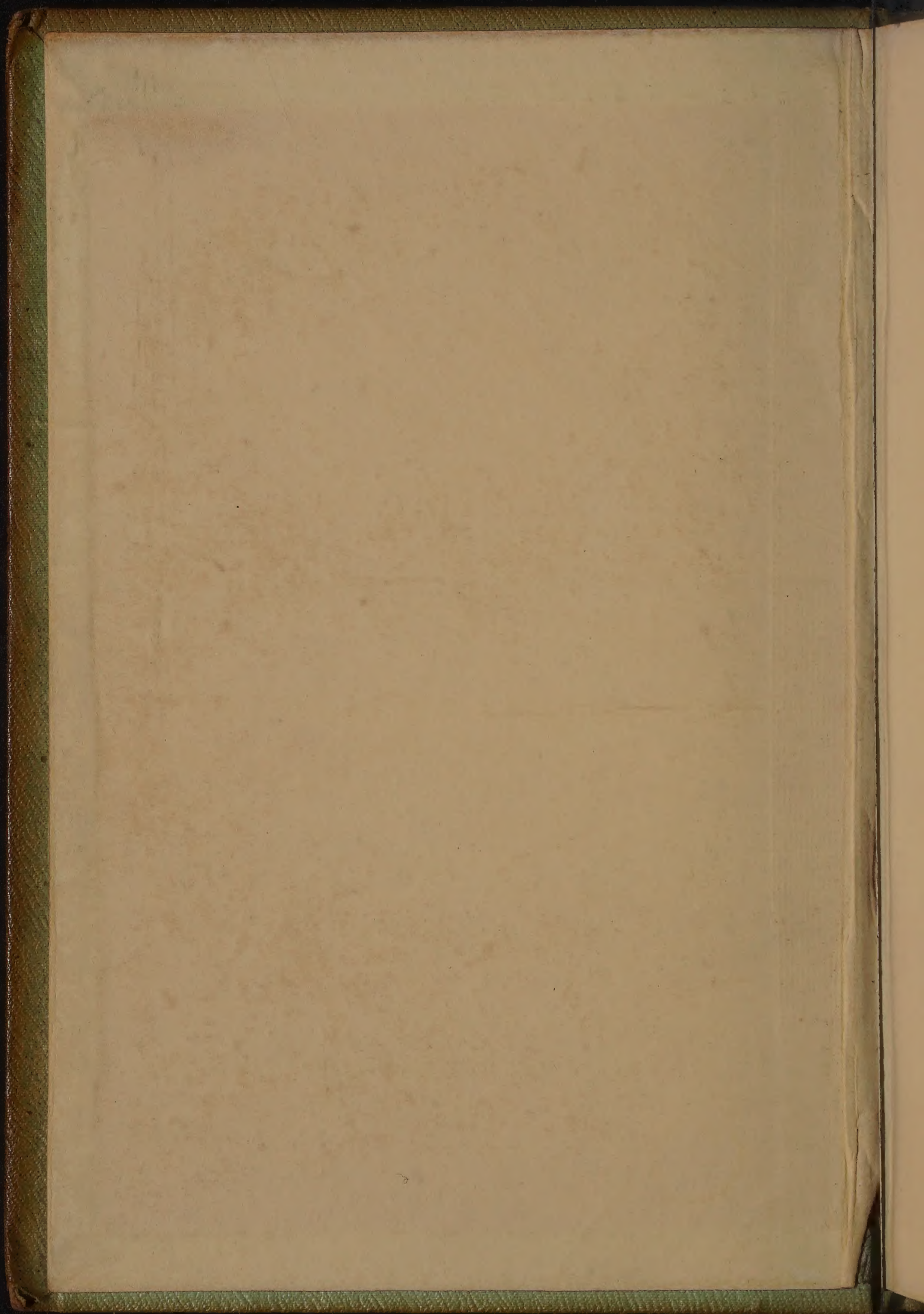
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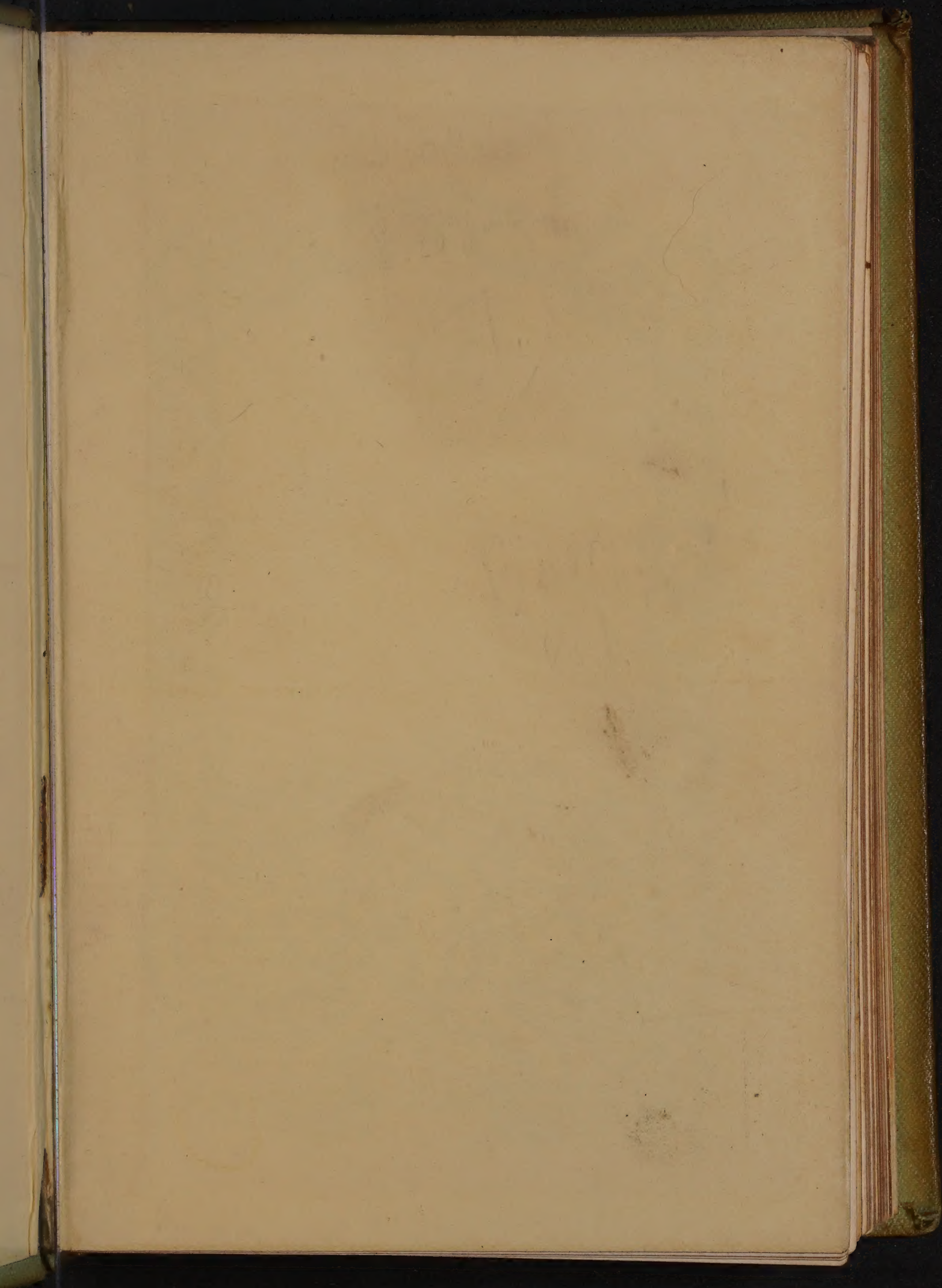






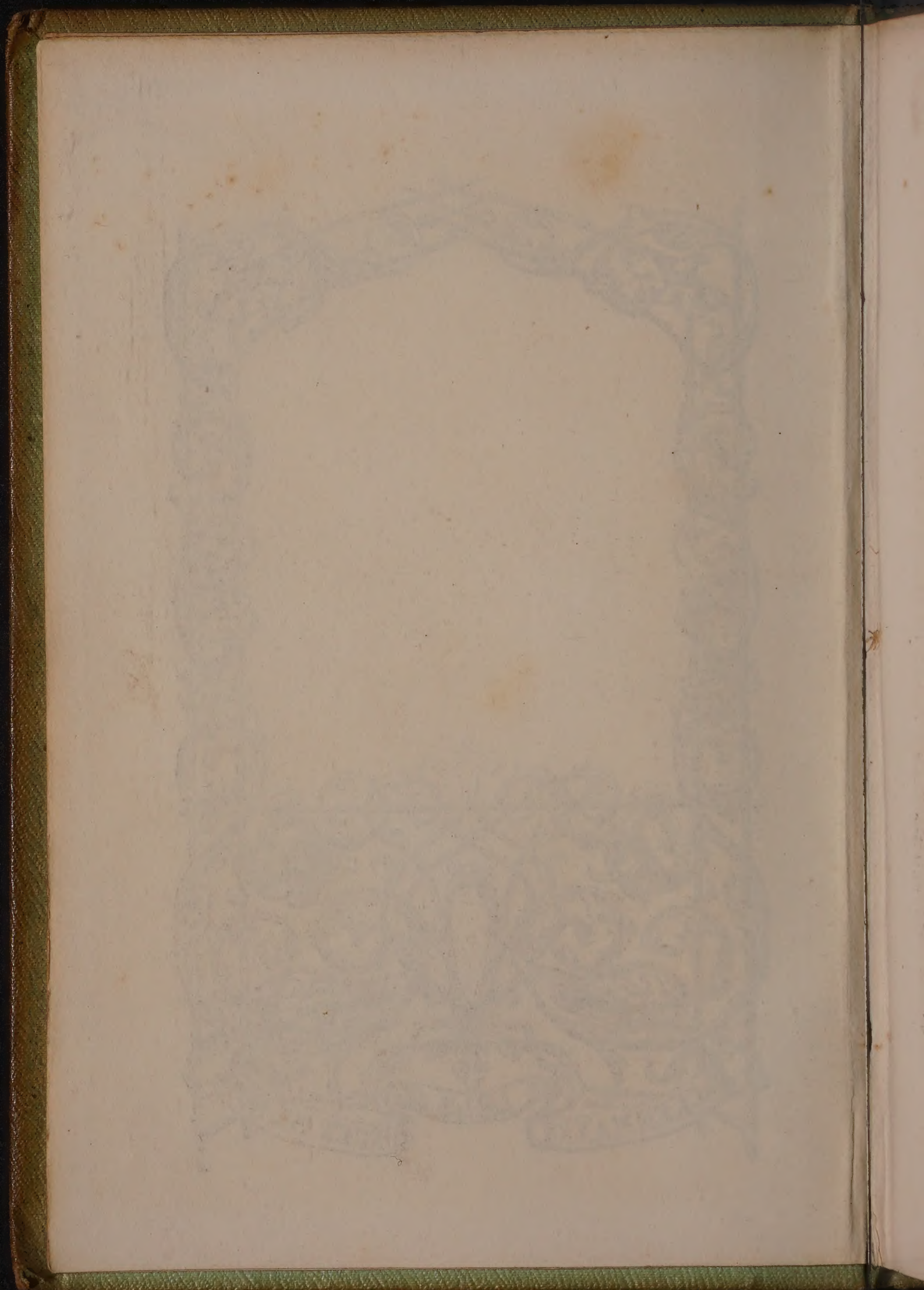






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J. W. B. 1840

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THE REVERIE.

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,
NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXLVI.

APPEALING, BY THE MAGIC OF ITS NAME,
TO GENTLE FEELINGS AND AFFECTIONS KEPT
WITHIN THE HEART LIKE GOLD.

L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

LONDON:

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FORGET ME NOT.

THE ROYAL GUEST.

ON THE VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA TO KING LOUIS PHILIPPE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Why doth yon glorious Isle,
The mistress of the wave,
Send proudly forth those gallant barks
With flags and streamers brave?
Why speed they thus, with swelling sails,
On toward the Gallie shore?
Seek they, as messengers of wrath,
Some enemy of yore?

Why is that youthful Queen,
The pride of Britain, there?
Goes she to win the laurel wreath
To deck her tresses fair?

Even like that heroine, famed of old,
Who on her royal breast
The Conqueror of Cressy lull'd
To his sweet, infant rest?

Why on his utmost coast
Doth stand that monarch wise,
Who reared the fabric of his throne
Mid dark and stormy skies?
Say, marks his fixed and eagle glance
Some coming foe with dread?
He, who in danger's wildest hour
Upreared a dauntless head?

They land!—the invaders land!—
Amid the flower of France!
How meet they?—mid the clang of arms?
With flashing sword, and lance?
No!—No!—with greeting high and brave,
Bright smiles, and clasping hands,
As meet the glorious and the great,
The hope of christian lands.

Daughter of ancient kings!
Thou hast had many a joy—
Thy people's praise—and dearer still,
Pure love, without alloy:

Yet, with the treasures of the heart,
Dost thou not number now
His courteous welcome, true and warm,
His kiss upon thy brow?

His, the time-honoured king,
Chivalrous, firm, and bold,
Who from each frown of adverse skies
Hath gathered wisdom's gold?
In lofty ranks of prince and peer,
What noble forms are seen—
With her—by every heart beloved,
Fair Gallia's graceful Queen!

No more, with challenge stern,
Let Albion's lion roar,
Nor the white lilies fold their leaves
Surcharged with clotted gore;
But heathen Mars, too long adored,
Resign his tyrant sway,
And the Redeemer's law of peace
Those mighty climes obey.

Yea! plight the sacred vow!
Not as in ancient time,
When haughty Tudor proudly met
Gay Francis in his prime,

' And on the "field of the cloth of gold,"
With pomp, and practised art,
Those stout yet wily monarchs spake
Smooth words, with hollow heart.

Shout, chivalry of France !
Shout, England's true and brave !
Nor bid your battle-thunders vex
Again the affrighted wave ;
But let the cherished olive-tree
Perennial verdure keep,
And with its fruitage bless the hands
That set its roots so deep.

On History's annal fair,
In golden letters, grave
The visit of the youthful Queen
Who boldly rode the wave—
And strongly, with a diamond pen,
Be the true date impressed,
When he, the Mentor of his realm,
Received that royal guest !

GUIDO AND MARINA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

[Guido, having given himself up to the pernicious study of magic and astrology, casts his nativity, and resolves that at a certain hour of a certain day he is to die. Marina, to wean him from this fatal delusion, which hath gradually wasted him away, even to the verge of death, advances the hour-hand of the clock. He is supposed to be seated beside her in the garden of his palace at Venice.]

Guido. Clasp me again ! My soul is very sad ;
And hold thy lips in readiness near mine,
Lest I die suddenly. Clasp me again !
'Tis such a gloomy day !

Mar. Nay, sweet, it shines.

Guido. Nay, then, these mortal clouds are in mine
eyes.

Clasp me again !—ay, with thy fondest force,
Give me one last embrace.

Mar. Love, I do clasp thee !

Guido. Then closer—closer—for I feel thee not ;
Unless thou art this pain around my heart.
Thy lips at such a time should never leave me.

Mar. What pain—what time, love? Art thou
ill? Alas!

I see it in thy cheek. Come, let me nurse thee.
Here, rest upon my heart.

Guido. Stay, stay, Marina.
Look!—when I raise my hand against the sun,
Is it red with blood?

Mar. Alas! my love, what wilt
thou?

Thy hand is red—and so is mine—all hands
Show thus against the sun.

Guido. All living men's,
Marina, but not mine. Hast never heard
How death first seizes on the feet and hands,
And thence goes freezing to the very heart?

Mar. Yea, love, I know it; but what then?—
this hand
I hold, is glowing.

Guido. But my eyes!—my eyes!—
Look *there*, Marina—there is death's own sign.
I have seen a corpse,
E'en when its clay was cold, would still have seemed
Alive, but for the eyes—such deadly eyes!
So dull and dim! Marina, look in mine!

Mar. Ay, they are dull. No, no—not dull, but
bright:
I see myself within them. Now, dear love,
Discard these horrid fears that make me weep.

Guido. Marina, Marina—where thy image lies
There must be brightness—or perchance they glance
And glimmer like the lamp before it dies.

Oh, do not vex my soul with hopes impossible !

My hours are ending.

[*Clock strikes.*

Mar. Nay, they shall not ! Hark !
The hour—four—five—hark ! — six ! — the very
time !

And, lo ! thou art alive ! My love—dear love—

Now cast this cruel phantasm from thy brain—

This wilful, wild delusion—cast it off !

The hour is come—and *gone* ! What ! not a word !

What, not a smile, even, that thou livest for me !

Come, laugh and clap thy hands as I do—come.

Or kneel with me, and thank th' eternal God

For this blest passover ! Still sad ! still mute !—

Oh, why art thou not glad, as I am glad,

That death forbears thee ? Nay, hath all my love

Been spent in vain, that thou art sick of life ?

Guido. Marina, I'm no more attached to death

Than Fate hath doomed me. I am his elect,

That even now forestals my little light,

And steals with cold infringement on my breath :

Already he bedims my spiritual lamp,

Not yet his due—not yet—quite yet, though Time,

Perchance, to warn me, speaks before his wont :

Some minutes' space my blood has still to flow—

Some scanty breath is left me still to spend

In very bitter sighs.

But there's a point, true measured by my pulse,
Beyond or short of which it may not live
By one poor throb. Marina, it is near.

Mar. Oh, God of heaven !

Guido.

Ay, it is *very* near.

Therefore, cling now to me, and say farewell
Whilst I can answer it. Marina, speak !
Why tear thine helpless hair ! it will not save
Thy heart from breaking, nor pluck out the thought
That stings thy brain. Oh, surely thou hast known
This truth too long to look so like Despair !

Mar. O, no, no, no—a hope—a little hope—
I had erewhile—but I have heard its knell.
Oh, would my life were measured out with thine—
All my years numbered—all my days, my hours,
My utmost minutes, all summed up with thine !

Guido. Marina—

Mar.

Let me weep—no, let me
kneel

To God—but rather thee,—to spare this end
That is so wilful. Oh, for pity's sake !
Pluck back thy precious spirit from these clouds
That smother it with death. Oh ! turn from
death,

And do not woo it with such dark resolve,
To make me widow'd.—

Guido.

I have lived my term.

Mar. No—not thy term—no, not the natural
term

Of one so young. Oh! thou hast spent thy years
In sinful waste upon unholy—

Guido.

Hush!

Marina.

Mar. Nay, I must. Oh! cursed lore,
That hath supplied this spell against thy life.
Unholy learning—devilish and dark—
Study!—Oh, God, Oh, God!—how can thy stars
Be bright with such black knowledge? Oh, that
men

Should ask more light of them, than guides their
steps

At evening to love!

Guido.

Hush, hush, oh, hush!

Thy words have pained me in the midst of pain.
True, if I had not read,—I should not die,
For, if I had not read, I had not been.
All of our acts of life are pre-ordained,
And each pre-acted, in our several spheres,
By ghostly duplicates. They sway our deeds
By their performance. What if mine hath been
To be a prophet and foreknow my doom?
If I had closed my eyes, the thunder then
Had roar'd it in my ears; my own mute brain
Had told it with a tongue. What must be, must.
Therefore I knew when my full time would fall—

the

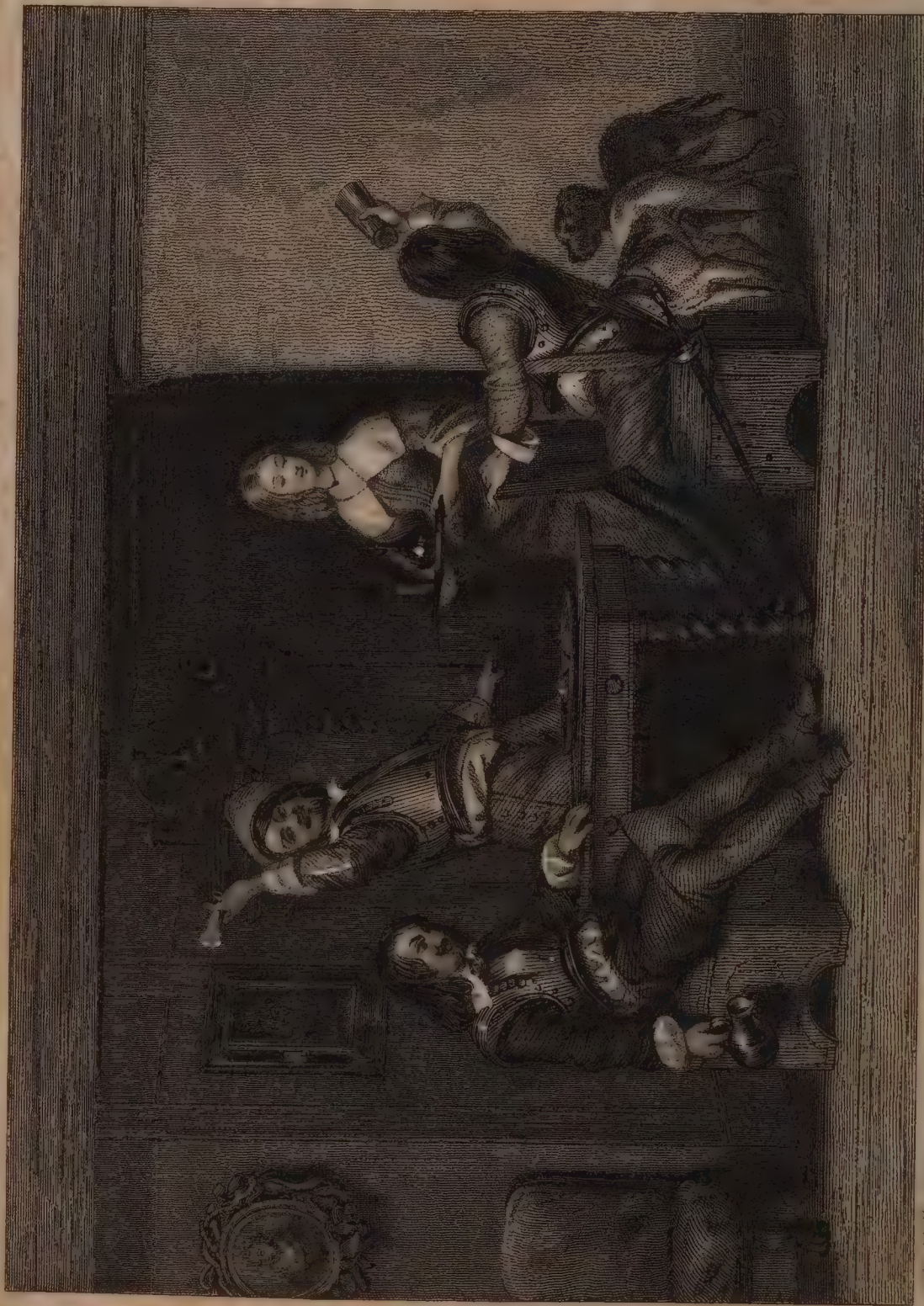
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Engraved by J. H. P.

THE CHOCHEST FLASK

THE CHOICEST FLASK.

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

The setting sun was bathing in liquid light just one of those landscapes which Cuip loved to delineate. Long lines of verdant country, meadow upon meadow, field upon field, with here and there a willow too staid even to wave its head, varied with a few stunted trees and a bushy copse or so; with a gliding stream, so still as to seem sleeping, with none of your rackety, gushing, and gurgling tides, leaping, and frolicking, and babbling along—not rushing noisily on, but resting on its way as if it were enjoying rather than complaining of the world through which it was wending, and reflecting on its bright surface the deep blue of the sky above, with the glow of its parting light, while the lowing herds, stooping to drink of the pure stream, paused to gaze on their own mirrored comeliness, and lingered as though loth to break their flattering looking-glass. Such was the scene that might have been surveyed from the window of the sick chamber of old Johan Vanderslooghte.

And within? Ah, how much sorrow may dwell within the chamber, on the windows of which the sun may be shining with a bright, bitter, mocking irony! Within that room, with its antique furniture, its Dutch-tiled fireplace, its narrow, leaden casements, filled up with their multitudes of diamond panes, its stiff, high-backed chairs, its tresseled table, there stood the narrow couch of Vanderslooghte, and on that couch rested the fevered, attenuated frame of Vanderslooghte himself.

Youth is expressionless, compared with age. The sleek, unwrinkled brow, the eye set in its polished marble, the lip smiling in its smoothness—these become insipid when contrasted with the engraven characters of age. On the brow of Vanderslooghte, in his lip, his eye, dwelt the tokens of trouble, of care, of sorrow, of anxiety, of deep and bitter disquietude. Pale, sallow, wrinkled, the face of the unhappy man, as it lay upon his snow-white pillow, seemed but an index page of the cares that were chaptered up within.

“Marguerite,” said the sick Vanderslooghte; and at the word a fair and graceful girl drew aside the curtain of his couch, and leaned over it like a comforting, a solacing, and a ministering angel.

“Marguerite,” said the sick man, gazing from his troubled pillow upon the fair country flooded in the bright sunlight, “Marguerite, the sun sets.”

“To rise again,” softly murmured the voice of the girl.

“Ay, the sun riseth on the graves of the parents, the while the children sing summer songs, disporting themselves upon the grass that groweth there.”

“The prodigal returned to his father’s dwelling,” again whispered the girl.

“And thinkest thou that *our* prodigal will return?” exclaimed Vanderslooghte, raising himself up with a sudden impulse from his pillow. “Will he return to the home of his youth—his birthplace? Will he seek once again these scenes, these fields, this stream, this spot where his mother died, and.....”

“His father lives. He will!” once again softly interposed Marguerite.

“But not while these eyes may gaze, and this heart be gladdened!” exclaimed the old man, the tears gushing from his eyes, and sinking again upon his pillow.

“He will! He will!” responded Marguerite. “Already, it may be, his heart turneth hitherward, and his feet tread the way. Something whispereth within me that he cometh! he cometh!”

“Marguerite, thou hadst ever in thee something more than of the woman. Thou hast a touch of angel nature, not only in thy lovingness, thy for-

bearingness, thy gentleness, but in that strange faculty whereby a hope in thee assumeth the character of a prophecy. And hast thou faith, my Marguerite, that our Meurice will come? Will he come, sayest thou, dear child?"

"He will come," replied Marguerite, impressively, her lip tremulous with its soft, womanly emotion, and her eye beaming with cheering light. "*He will come!*"

As the words fell from the lips of Marguerite, her eye glancing towards the door, encountered the stooping, half-doubled form of their sole domestic, Jacinth, who stood beckoning her forward with a troubled and perplexed expression of face, and one finger pressed significantly upon her lips. Marguerite smoothed the pillow and drew the curtain of her uncle's couch, and then obeyed the mute summons of the old nurse.

"What hath chanced?" asked Marguerite, as, after passing from the sick chamber, they gained the gallery of the ancient staircase. "What hath chanced, good nurse?"

"Evil, I fear me," responded the old domestic. "There hath come even now three ruffianly-looking villains—rare gallows birds they be—and, whether we will or nay, or you will or nay, or he will or nay, they will have speech of my poor, worshipful master."

“But, good nurse, thou shouldst have said that he was sick, alack ! nigh unto death.”

“Ay, marry, that did I, but they knew as much ; and so, till he were in health, or thou wert at leisure, they would even content themselves with their own welcome, for lack of a better ; and thereupon have these hang-birds betaken themselves to our summer room, even as though it were either their own or their inn, and with bitter, biting mockings at the slackness of my will and the slowness of my age, have bidden me open the beaufet, and bring forth a flask of our strong drink to comfort them.”

“What shall follow on the heels of such overboldness !” exclaimed Marguerite.

“Why, something worse, I fear me, my child. Had my hand been as strong as my heart, I would have bestowed upon them some help to speed them away. But they have brought with them the warrant of might, which there is no gainsaying.”

“This must be looked to !” exclaimed Marguerite, with a sort of fearful indignation. “I will hasten and bid them hence !”

“Nay, stay thee, nursling, and rush not headlong into danger. These be ruffianly knaves.”

“The sooner they be gone, the better.”

“Ay, an the bidding might speed them ! but thy words break neither heads nor bones ; nay,

they be less than a pin-prick, which might perchance bring a few drops of blood. Bethink thee, dear; we are two lone women, not a hovel near us, and besides the sin and harm of frightening the sick bed of my poor old master; he, not having strength to turn him on his pillow, could find scant means to succour us."

"Not a syllable of our fear must reach him!" exclaimed Marguerite.

"Marry, we shall be shrewd to hush it! And bethink thee, dear, Reuben hath gone some five hours' journey, to fetch the famous doctor to thine uncle, and five hours back again will bring it well nigh on to morning before we shall have his strong hand to help us."

"It is a luckless chance," said Marguerite, her very lips becoming blanched with fear. "Most true it is that by violence we may not hope to conquer. Yet, after all, belike, good nurse, thou mayest have wronged them. A rude exterior does not always cover up infamy within. I will go and speak them fair. Haply they may be willing to go in peace. Watch thou by my uncle's pillow, and stir not from him, whatever may betide."

Marguerite laid her hand upon her heart, and bade it still its beatings. Under a soft, a gentle, a placid exterior, she possessed some of the elements

of true courage. Supported by this real nobleness of spirit, she walked towards that summer chamber, where the three strange and intrusive guests of Vanderslooghte had installed themselves. As she approached the door, an uproar of wild mirth broke on her ear.

We seek not to describe the quaint, antique summer parlour, into which Marguerite entered, since it is delineated in our illustration; neither will we paint the person of our gentle heroine, since there also hath our artist traced her loveliness. There we may see the soft and gentle countenance, the downcast eyes, the long, rich, waving ringlets of fair light hair descending almost to the shoulders; the large, white, falling collar, leaving the delicate throat open to view, and displaying the single ornament of her attire, the little golden clasp of her necklace, the gift of one who had been loved far too long, and far too well; the wide, flowing sleeves, turning up in their deep folds, and so bringing to light the rounded arm and the most delicately proportioned hand, while from the slender waist there fell the voluminous folds of her garments, undulating with the slightest movement of her person. Such was our heroine, as she walked, pallid with fear, but without other mark of trepidation, into the summer chamber of her uncle, Vanderslooghte. Marguerite glanced her eye around. Those three

strange visitors bore out the old vrow's description of them to the very letter. They were wild, dissolute-looking men, wearing a sort of half-rakish, half-military costume. Sunburnt, travel-stained, wild, reckless, roving, nondescript sort of beings, the first glance inspired doubt ; the second, certainty of their desperate character. One only of the faces on which the eye of Marguerite glanced, left any doubt of what might dwell within. Something in the countenance of this individual arrested the gaze of the affrighted girl, and made the flowing blood pause and curdle in her veins. The long, dishevelled hair, the black moustache, the bronzed complexion—had she ever looked on the wearer of these before ?

In one corner of that summer chamber stood the easy chair of Vanderslooghte, now empty, because its customary tenant was lying upon a sick bed ; and from this chair he had been used to sit and watch, and gaze into the far-outspreading country, hoping in every moving being that approached to hail the return of his own prodigal son ; and above that chair a portrait of Vanderslooghte himself, in a frame, the richness of which was the glory of that summer dwelling, seemed now to be supplying his place ; for in this too the anxious eyes appeared to be straining themselves to catch a glimpse of him whose waywardness and desertion had been the grief of his father's heart. On this picture one of

the intruding guests was gazing with a sad, a stern, a wild expression of countenance. Almost, it might be said, the teeth were gnashing, while the whole face seemed instinct with a strange, a burning passion.

The heart of our poor Marguerite beat wildly, like a fluttering bird in its cage, as her eye glanced from the one to the other of these strange men. The discordant laugh that was echoing within fell as she approached, sad, pale, and slow. The ruffians looked from one to the other as she approached, and he who had been gazing on the portrait of Vanderslooghte hung his head and hid his face during the first few moments of their conference.

"I know not," said Marguerite, glancing round her, "whether to speak ye as honest but mistaking men, or to judge you as rude and unmannerly."

"You had best speak us fair, fair madam," replied the ruffian on her right hand. "Soft words sweeten sour tempers, while hard ones may be paid in kind."

"Whoever or whatever you may be, one thing is clear. Ye have mistaken the dwelling of my uncle Vanderslooghte for a wayside inn, and I must pray you to rectify your error by a speedy departure."

"Our lucky blunder would be marred by being mended; for here we look for good entertainment

without a reckoning, and a pretty vrow for our handmaid. We are athirst, mistress," he added, roughly; "give us a cup of strong waters to save ourselves the trouble of self-helping."

"You would not be unmannerly," replied Marguerite, recoiling a step or two. "I pray you wait until my honoured and venerable uncle shall have arisen from his sick bed. Surely, decent guests would not sit at table without their host. I pray you wait until he may give you entertainment."

"Being sick, we the better dispense with his company. Hark you, Mistress Paleface, bestir yourself, and give us a cup of strong waters. Think you thirsty souls can wait with dry lips listening to dry words?"

"You are distraught!" exclaimed Marguerite, becoming each moment more pallid with fear. "Once more I bid you hence! This is no place for you!"

"You may bid, but who will do your bidding?" replied the man, scornfully, drawing, as he spoke, one of the wooden seats towards him, sitting down by the table, loosening his sword-belt, and clanging it down upon the floor.

"I pray you, forbear!" exclaimed Marguerite, "disturb not the sick couch of my poor uncle."

The man's only reply was the bursting out into a stave of an old Dutch bacchanalian song, in the

chorus of which one of his companions joined : the other kept silence.

“ Silence, I command !—I beseech !” The voice of Marguerite melted into supplication.

“ *Command!* Now, look you, mistress ; we be men of mettle, and bear no bullying. We have come out of the way to honour the hospitality of old Vanderslooghte, and we stir not till it be our own good will and pleasure.”

“ Unbidden guests ! Unmannerly men !” exclaimed Marguerite, indignantly.

“ Say to the vrow,” whispered the hitherto silent one, “ that we be here on the bidding of the son of Vanderslooghte, who hath promised to give us the meeting. We wait the coming of Meurice Vanderslooghte.”

“ Ay, of a surety. Why, you froward vrow, we be the bidden guests of Meurice Vanderslooghte, and the part of unmannerliness is your own, in giving us so poor a welcome.”

“ Impossible !” exclaimed Marguerite ; “ it is years since Meurice Vanderslooghte deserted his home ; and, however lost he may be, I will yet never think so ill of him as that he would send his ruffianly companions to disturb the sick, and, it may be, the dying bed of his own aged father.”

“ I say it is so !” exclaimed the ruffian, striking his clinched hand violently upon the table, and

clanking his sword upon the floor ; “ and who shall dare to say nay to my yea ! ”

“ I say it is so ! ” more vehemently repeated his comrade, with even a louder stamping, clanking, and asseveration.

“ *I say it is so !* ” repeated the third, as he stood in the shade of his companion, in a voice that seemed to gain impressiveness from the very lowness of its tones. The voice was a disguised voice, but there was something in the cadence that seemed to make Marguerite’s blood turn icy cold within her veins.

“ Whoever and whatever you may be, I say to you, in the name of my kinsman, the sole master of this house, depart ! ” said Marguerite, with great effort, for her lip trembled with fear and the difficulty of articulation. “ Depart for the present, and, if ye will, return at a more convenient season.”

“ Ha ! ha ! ” laughed the ruffian. “ We find this present one a mightily convenient season. We be here in the name and right of Meurice Vanderslooghte : and if, as ye say, old Vanderslooghte be dying, from you now we take possession, in the name of his son.”

“ Begone ! begone ! ” exclaimed Marguerite, “ or I will.....”

“ What will you ? ” responded the ruffian, with a laugh of derision. “ You may call, and perhaps

some echo will answer you. This fire of yours, fair mistress, must go off in smoke. Hark you, while I whisper something in your ear : you are in a lone house, far away from every other human habitation. You know—we know—that you have sent your single serving-man some five hours' journey hence. You know — we know — that old Vanderslooghte cannot raise his head from his pillow : but now I will tell you something of which you are ignorant, and that is, that while you have been consulting above, we have been acting below. We have barred and bolted the doors ; and, look you, here have we the keys even of the outer gate. Rest you content, Mistress Paleface, with so much good company, and, an it please you, prepare for our entertainment. See that you bring us the best of old Vanderslooghte's cellar, and it may be that we may then drink to our better acquaintance. See you not now the reason of the matter?"

"I see that I must perforce obey you," replied Marguerite, staggering away.

Marguerite returned to the chamber of her uncle. As she entered, she looked at her old nurse, and laid her finger on her lips. With a gentle footstep she approached the bed, and with her usual calm voice asked Vanderslooghte how he fared. The sick man raised his glazed eye towards her, and

shook his head. Margaret commanded herself to speak cheerily to the body-sinking and soul-stricken man. With a steady hand she let fall a certain number of drops from a labelled phial into his medicine-cup, and presented it to him. The old nurse helped to raise his head from his pillow, and Marguerite lifted the draught to his lips.

Vanderslooghte paused before he tasted: his eye looked from the casement, where the first pale stars seemed growing out of the dark blue firmament; at the same moment the clock by which he had counted the hours of his life struck. He listened to the chimes. Marguerite would fain have interrupted the current of his thoughts; for to the sick, to the dying, what voice is so mournful as that of time, bidding them, as it passes, an eternal farewell! She once again presented the medicine.

“My child,” murmured Vanderslooghte, “thou hast mistaken the hour. Thou hast brought me my night draught an hour too soon.”

Marguerite’s lip quivered, but she answered calmly — “I pray you for this once obey your nurse rather than your doctor: your sleep shall be the sweeter, the calmer, the more profitable, the more consoling;” and still she pressed it to his lips.

“Thou art not wont to be wayward,” replied the sick man. “Well, be it so.” He drank the

cup even to the dregs, and then sank back upon his pillow.

Marguerite stood at the foot of the bed, and watched the closing eyes of her uncle, as his features fell into that peculiar expression of vacuity, if we may be allowed the phrase, which marks the dormant soul. Once or twice a burst of noisy mirth broke from the summer parlour, and Marguerite started; but the dull ear of the sick man caught not up the babbling sounds, for the opiate, more powerful than usual, which she had administered, was working its effect. There was indeed a moment when a gust of riot more turbulent than its fellows almost aroused the torporized spirit of Vanderslooghte, and Marguerite trembled for the issue; but even as she gazed, the curtains of the eye closed more surely, the soul lost its consciousness, the body its perceptions, and the aged man slept in happy ignorance of the perils which threatened his house and home.

When Marguerite saw that the sleeping draught, which she had administered, had taken its full effect, she drew a long, convulsive breath, and called upon all her nobler faculties not to desert her in that hour of trial. With a gentle whisper to the old nurse not to depart from the pillow of her master, but to watch his slumbers with unceasing care, Marguerite glided away, carrying

with her the powerful opiate, by means of which she had lulled the senses of Vanderslooghte into forgetfulness.

Our heroine's next care was to betake herself to the store closet of their lonely dwelling, from which, aforetime, was ever drawn the entertainment of that once happy home, ere the son of old Vanderslooghte had betaken himself to those wild courses which had brought sorrow on all that loved him. From this depository, she selected a choice flask, which had been reserved for birthday festivities. Silently she opened this—breathlessly she poured into the intoxicating potion a certain quantity of that powerful opiate which had already lulled her uncle, Vanderslooghte, into forgetfulness of all his sorrows and insensibility of all his dangers.

The hand of Marguerite paused—a fearful thought came across her—the lives of those ruffianly men were at her disposal!—a little more of the contents of that all-potent phial, and her fearful guests would be dismissed to the home of long forgetfulness: self-defence might almost warrant such a retribution—half measures might bring murder and rapine. But should her hand deal death?—and to whom? Margaret shrank back from herself with horror at the thought.

Once again Margaret wended her way to that summer chamber. But, on the road, a new thought

came across her mind. Setting down the salver on which she carried the entertainment she had prepared for her unbidden guests, she proceeded to a side window, opened it, and softly called upon the names of two canine favourites. At the sound of her voice, the noble and faithful animals answered with a cry of joy; and, with a little encouragement, though the leap was high, they bounded in at the open lattice. Thus attended, Marguerite once more pursued her way. An uproar of wild mirth greeted her as she entered that summer chamber. The three fearful guests had already established themselves around the table, and commenced their carouse. They had ransacked the old beaufet, and discovered a jug of home-brewed beverage, a goblet, and a drinking-horn.

Our readers may behold them just at the point of our history, when Marguerite made her entrance; he who had been most silent of the three, dropping the arm which held his immoderate drinking-vessel, and hanging his head with an air of shame on her approach, the other two waving their arms aloft in the chorus of a bacchanalian song.

Marguerite stood before them with her tray, her antique flask, and her drinking-cup, pale, but with her spirit nerved to a degree of noble resolution.

“Gentles, I have obeyed your commands,” said

Marguerite, placing the tray before them. "I have brought you the choicest flask of my uncle Vanderslooghte's store. It was kept for the return of a prodigal—I may not keep it back."

Marguerite fixed her eyes upon the face of the silent one, as she spoke, but he covered his features with one hand, while with the other he repulsed the two dogs, who were strangely fawning upon him and caressing him.

"Thou art a rare wench!" exclaimed the ruffian, "and I will....."

"Speak her softly," whispered the silent one, in a threatening tone.

"I will speak her lovingly—nay, now that I look at thee, though thy face be of the palest, yet I will swear me, it is of the prettiest also. Sweet-heart, we shall be better acquainted."

"Pledge me, I pray you," said Marguerite; and she poured tremblingly out a cup of the strong cordial.

"Good liquor, and a pretty handmaiden to bring it! Why, he were a churl and a knave, who refused old wine and young women. Here's to thee, girl!"

A flash of triumph passed across the face of Marguerite, but was as quickly subdued. She refilled the glass, and offered it to the freebooter on the left.

"I pray you, drink," said Marguerite in a soft, persuasive voice.

"Girl," said the man, fixing his eye upon her, "you are too civil-spoken for me. Deceit ever lurketh in smooth lips."

"I seek not to hide from you that mine is the submission of fear," replied Marguerite; "I would fain find escape from your hands."

"Fear doth good service as a ruling rod," said the ruffian; "for mine own part, I leave fair speeches to my comrade. Look you, provide good usage for us, as you hope to keep that fluttering breath in that dainty body of thine. I doubt thee indeed the less, because thou art but a reed—a slippery woman. Nevertheless, we have made ourselves wardens here—look you, no trifling;" and he clanged the keys of the house violently upon the table.

Marguerite trembled from head to foot. She had been too sanguine—too hopeful. "'Tis a cordial not to be despised," she ventured to say; "and I had the hope that, in offering it to you freely, I might have found the fairer usage at your hands."

"Drink, comrade, drink!" muttered the first ruffian, making an effort against the impending stupor which was fast descending over him.

"'Twill nerve us for our work," muttered the

silent one; "none but a fool would reject that which may both strengthen and inspirit him for his labour."

"Nay, an it strengthen a man, give me a double portion," said the more morose one; "we have enough of work and of travel before the sun shall rise again:" and as he spoke, he quaffed Marguerite's goblet to the very dregs.

Once again Marguerite refilled, and presented her drinking-cup. "'Tis a choice cordial," she said, "reserved for the prodigal's return, and as I may not withhold it, so you may not refuse it. Pledge me."

"I pledge you, *Marguerite!*" replied the stranger, and he raised the goblet to his lips, and in a moment more replaced it empty on the table: and now indeed did the face of our heroine flash with triumph;—she clasped her hands together with an air of wild exultation. Already had the powerful potion commenced its effects upon the two other ruffians, who were glaring upon her with lacklustre eyes, the one with every token of vacuity, the other with a sort of threatening, though paralyzed sternness. Strange was the position in which Marguerite stood—alone and defenceless in the midst of three stalwart and powerful men. Marguerite looked from one to the other. Already

was an overpowering stupor chaining up every faculty.

And now Marguerite believed and hoped that she had triumphed. Who can tell the mingling of emotions that welled up from the depth of her heart? That sullen stranger had called her "*Marguerite*" in tones that seemed to bring back long-banished thoughts. Amid the overwhelming terrors of her position, there rose dominantly above all the others one fearful and agonizing doubt. It was terrible to her woman's heart to find herself in a position of such peril: her uncle stretched on a sick—it might be a dying bed—the decrepit domestic, the lone house, the dark night, the invading ruffians, the threatened rapine—all these were terrible; but above all rose that strange and fearful agony of apprehension, that in its deep intensity appeared to make all other fears and sorrows light by the comparison.

And there stood our heroine, her hands clasped upon her heart, her eye gazing round, now on the one, now on the other, not daring to move lest the rustle of her garment, the pressure of her light footstep, the lifting of the latch, might retard or destroy the influence of that powerful opiate which she had administered. Once or twice, the emotion of her terror impelled her to fly, but still by a

strange contradiction that master fear seemed to overpower all other fear and to restrain her.

He who had given rise to all these thoughts, and had last tasted of her torporizing cup, had quietly sunk down from his seat to the floor, and, shading his eyes with his hands, appeared to have been the first to sink into insensibility; yet still remaining consciousness appeared to be disputing with the oppressive lethargy of his two companions. The gradual, creeping stupor did by degrees bind down the body and spirit of the strong man, while on the other, with a mind more suspicious and a body somewhat less brutalized, the opiate had less power in inducing insensibility. It almost seemed that the soul was conscious of the shackles that were being imposed upon it, and struggled against its trammels, for he glared upon Marguerite with an eye of malignant revenge, and made futile efforts to rise and throw himself upon her, but as often fell powerless back again. How did poor Marguerite's heart beat and her soul quail, as she thus stood, doubtful, after all, of what might be her fate—whether death or deliverance awaited her! But that drugged cup did its work. After many a convulsive start and struggle, the rebelling one also submitted and sank down insensible.

Marguerite remained motionless for many minutes. At length she drew a long breath, and laid her

hand upon her heart. Her greatest trial was to come !

And now Marguerite took her taper in her hand, and glided round to the spot where he, who had excited so many dark suspicions and such a tempest of feeling, was lying extended on the floor, his arm so laid across his brow as to shadow his countenance. Marguerite knelt down by his side, and threw the light of her taper on his face, peering under his shrowding hand. As she did so, her own gaze met the gaze of another. The eyes of the robber opened upon her, and she saw that her plan had been discovered and defeated. With a half-stifled shriek of horror, she fell back, but, as she did so, she felt her hand seized upon and firmly held.

“Marguerite !”

“Meurice Vanderslooghte !”

“Seven years have not then erased me from your memory ?”

“It had been well had they done so, for thou comest to thy father’s house like the thief in the night, banded with ruffians—robbers !—nay, thyself one of them !”

“Hear me, Marguerite !”

“Oh, shame ! Oh, grief ! Did I foretell the return of the prodigal son ; and hath he, who is the

heir, come to *steal* that which so soon shall be his own?"

"Margaret, I disclaim....."

"Hush, hush!—Have but a little patience, and all shall quickly be thine own! Thy father's sick bed shall be changed for a dying one, so soon as he shall know on what errand thou art come. Thou needest no companions in thy rapine: the sight of thee and the knowledge of thy purpose will make all thine by one sure blow—'twill but be murder—*parricide*—and no need then to divide thy spoils!"

"Marguerite," exclaimed the young man, his countenance convulsed and his very lips frothing with passion—"I will not be thus mocked! You *shall* hear me, and you *shall* believe me—I defy your doubts!" and he seized her wrist and held it with a grasp of iron, while he spoke in a loud, hissing whisper, "Marguerite, I have been wild, reckless, mad, if you will—but I am no midnight robber, much less in my father's house! Dare not to breathe that baseness against me—not one syllable more—lest you try me beyond my bearing!"

Marguerite gazed upwards into his face with a look of mournful, yet hoping doubt.

"And do you count me so utterly lost," exclaimed Meurice, "as to look upon me as a mere common thief?"

“Appearances!” said Marguerite, casting her eyes on his ruffianly companions.

“Appearances!” repeated Meurice, his lips writhing with scornful emotion: “and for these wouldst thou condemn him whom thou once trustedst?”

“Report hath brought strange tidings of thee!” murmured Marguerite.

“And found hearts willing to believe all evil of me!”

“Thou wert not here to contradict it by an honourable life.”

“Marguerite,” he replied, “I had within me a longing after martial fame—a passionate desire to see of what materials the busy world was made. I was soul-sick of the wearisome monotony of my father’s dwelling:—no change the long year round—ever, ever the same objects, the same labours, the same cares, as season after season came and went. I grew maddened, frenzied, with the sameness of my daily life; and, though I loved thee with the boyish love of a heart full of unawakened passion, yet did that very love the more stimulate me to brace on sword and buckler, that I might come back to thee a conqueror!”

“A conqueror, while thou wert but a slave to thine own passions!”

“It was the heating of a boyish brain—the

hopefulness, the delusion, the dream of youth. I have been into the world—I am satisfied!”

“And what hast thou found it?”

“A trick—a hollow shell—an empty bubble! My curiosity has been sated, and I said to myself—‘I will arise and go to my father.’”

Marguerite meekly crossed her hands upon her breast, and raised her eyes in thanksgiving.

“And to my Marguerite,” softly continued Meurice; “and if she can still love the man as she once did the boy.....”

“What then?”

“I will shut up my heart in the home of my youth, never again to wander. Marguerite, I am changed in body—*unchanged* in heart. Is it too late to be happy? He released his hold of our heroine, and held out his hand with a supplicating gesture. Marguerite trembled, turned pale, turned ruby red, and then laid her hand within that of Meurice Vanderslooghte.

In a few whispered words, Meurice Vanderslooghte explained that, on his road to his father’s dwelling, he had encountered the two prostrate ruffians, who, recognizing in him a mere profligate army comrade, had imparted to him their plans of plundering his paternal dwelling, and offered him a share of the booty, on condition that he should

also take a share of the risk of the enterprise. Seeing at one view the peril that threatened his home, and knowing that they were far distant from help or human habitation, Meurice had judged it best to appear to acquiesce. Not having the means of warning Marguerite, without exciting the suspicions of his companions, he had been compelled to suffer things to take their course, hoping that circumstances might arise to favour their deliverance, and, if not fully prepared, to throw himself between those he loved and danger.

Marguerite's device had superseded all his own plans, and, though of course ignorant of the potion which she had administered in the beverage she had presented to the robbers, he had yet refrained from drinking, knowing how requisite a cool head might be in seconding a strong hand and a brave heart in so great an emergency. With this view, he had emptied Marguerite's cup beneath the table while affecting to partake, and then, feigning sleep, had thrown himself upon the floor, carefully watching for some opening opportunity of action.

The rest now was easy. Meurice Vander-slooghte bound the two sleeping ruffians with ropes, hand and foot, and then, making assurance doubly sure, locked them carefully within that summer chamber.

And now, as our tale opened by the bedside of the suffering Vanderslooghte, so does it close by his pillow. Slowly, slowly did the eyelids of the sick man open, and faintly and gradually did returning sense animate the orbs beneath. Marguerite's powerful dose had steeped his senses in a long and profound forgetfulness ; but, at last, full consciousness returned, and he looked on Marguerite, who was kneeling by his bedside, watching with intense anxiety the result of his awakening.

"Uncle," said Marguerite, her eyes bright with the returning joy of a relieved spirit, "said I not that the sun which set in sorrow should return in joy?"

"The sun shineth indeed right brightly," faintly replied Vanderslooghte, turning his eyes to the glorious east, which grew every moment more radiant with the oncoming day ; "the sun indeed shineth, but where, oh, where is he of whom we spake together?"

A deep sob broke from the side of old Vanderslooghte's pillow.

"Said I not that he would return?" exclaimed Marguerite in a voice of joyful exultation—"Oh, prepare yourself, beloved uncle—he is....."

"Here !" exclaimed Meurice Vanderslooghte, drawing aside the curtain, and showing himself

kneeling by Marguerite's side. "Father, I have sinned before Heaven and against thee!"

The old man raised himself from his pillow: he took the hands of his kneeling children, placed them in each other, and with eyes raised, not to the bright sun alone, but far above it, cried—"My children, I bless you both—I bless you!"

And now, dear reader, that long time sad and solitary dwelling is a right merry and a gleeful one, for old Vanderslooghte's rosy grandchildren play round his knees, and make the once melancholy walls resound again with their noisy happiness.

THE LANGUAGE OF EYES.

Trust not word or tone :
Both may be affected ;
Since e'en sighs have shown
Secrets least expected.

All that smiles can speak,
All the hopes they give thee,
Red lip, rosy cheek,
Still may but deceive thee.

Eyes the truth must tell ;
Feelings we deem hidden
In the bosom's cell
Looks reveal unbidden.

Hands may coldly meet
In a formal greeting ;
Careless lips repeat
Idle words at meeting ;

But the heart to know,
In the eyes read solely ;
Silence there can show
Its recesses wholly.

There, joy unexpressed,
Gaily, lightly dances,
Without will, confessed,
Thence the pleasure glances.

There love tells the tale,
Lips repressed so often,
Nought cold words avail,
When the eyes thus soften.

There gleam unshed tears
From the fount of Pity ;
Painted there appears
Thought sublime and witty ;

Ah ! and there too scorn
Hath her venom darted,
And to hopes new-born
Sudden blight imparted !

Passion, sternly curbed,
By the tongue unbreathed,
There, with look disturbed,
Has his lightnings wreathed.

There Hope sheds her light
Brightly now, now faintly ;
There truth meets the sight
With her aspect saintly.

Read, then, in the looks
What the lips deny thee,
While those Sybil Books
Shine so clearly by thee.

Should words uttered be
For thy heart's assurance ?
Ah ! if eyes be free,
Though the tongue's in durance,

All you burn to know,
They will tell you plainly,
While the lips below
Keep their secret vainly.

G. F. R.

A LOVER'S BALLAD.

BY MISS JEWSBURY,

(THE LATE MRS. FLETCHER.)

She's on my heart, she's in my thoughts,
At midnight, morn, and noon ;
December's snow beholds her there,
And there, the rose of June.

I never breathe her lovely name
When wine and mirth go round,
But, oh ! the gentle moonlight air
Knows well the silver sound.

I care not if a thousand hear,
When other maids I praise ;
I would not have my brother by
When upon her I gaze.

The dew were from the lily gone,
The gold had lost its shine,
If any but my love herself
Could hear me call her mine !



J. Smith sculp.

Printed by Adolphus, in London, 1840.

J. Smith sculp.

VERONA.



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MONUMENTS OF THE SCALIGERS,
VERONA.

BY J. B. PAPWORTH, ESQ.

In contemplating a work of art, the first inquiry of the gazer is naturally directed to the name of the author of his mental gratification. Fortunately, that curiosity respecting the monuments of the della Scala family at Verona is not doomed to the disappointment incurred in many other instances, owing to the obscurity in which the origin of such works is involved. Thanks to the researches of those eminent Italian antiquaries, Tiraboschi and Cicognara, we learn that, in the archives of the cathedral of Modena, there existed a family from the neighbourhood of the Lakes Como and Lugano, which proved, in the course of five successive generations, during the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries, most fruitful of sculptors and architects for the service of that Duomo,—“valentissimi, chiamati”—able artists—who met with talent the demands for their skill made by an admiring people.

This Luganese race was constantly engaged upon those great works which were then rising in such numbers throughout Italy, and the Milanese chronicles furnish the names of all those Campioni who laboured for the cathedral, though they do not specify the particular portions which should show the skill of men who began as masons and ended as colleagues of their artist-masters. Such was probably the education of him who designed the tomb of the first Can' grande della Scala;—such certainly was that of Bonino da Campione, who has recorded his name upon the monument of Can' Signorio della Scala—edifices of peculiar interest in the history of the arts in Italy. Many similar works, and particularly the tombs of the Signori of Milan of the same date, are the results of the labours of this family of artists, who reared for the races of these tyrants—in the classic acceptation of the term—a series of memorials, which no sepulchres of that age equalled, and which are probably unique of their kind, as well as the largest remaining detached architectural *forget-me-nots* of princes since the Pyramids.

About the middle of the 13th century, when the quarrel between the people and the nobles rose to so great a height that, at Florence, to inscribe a name in the “Libro d'oro” was to render its thenceforward noble bearer incapable of

office among the people, and liable to the most summary punishments, Victory appeared to hover around the banner of liberty; but the bitter enmity between Guelph and Ghibelline proved fatal to the sacred cause. Every city in Lombardy forgot its own interest in order to aid in rendering its faction triumphant, and each looked for success in that object from making the power of some one noble more firm and vigorous. Thus, in the 14th century, the Ghibellines having become the promoters of absolutism, the Guelphs the protectors of liberty, in the republic of Verona, the former faction, fearing that they should sink at the death of their leader Ezzelino, called to the supreme authority Mastino della Scala, lord of the castle of that name in their territory, who left his power over Verona hereditary in his family.

The fourth captain of Verona, in succession from him, was his grandson, Can' grande the first, "the great dog," who reigned from 1312 to 1329 with a splendour unequalled by any other prince in Italy. Brave in war, fortunate, for Vicenza, Padua, Treviso, Feltro and the March submitted to him, and wise in council, he gained, like some of the ancient *turannoi*, a reputation for generosity and probity to which few of the contemporary "captains of the people" could pretend. Among the Lombard princes he was the first protector of

literature and the arts; and at his court were assembled the best poets (including Dante, who celebrates the family and the prince in the *Paradiso*, xvii., 55-92), the best painters and sculptors, and many exiles illustrious in war and politics.

At his death, which occurred on July 22, 1329, he was not older than forty-one years, surviving, by about a year, his rival, Galeazzo Visconti, who died at about the same age.

His tomb forms a species of portal to the Chiesa Santa Maria Antica, and consists of columns, through which the church is entered, supporting a floor, on which is placed the sarcophagus, resting on escutcheons charged with a ladder, in allusion to the name of the family, between two mastiff dogs combatant, a charge almost unknown in English heraldry, except for the lions on the shield represented on the seal of *Cœur de Lion*, before his exploits in the Holy Land. On the sarcophagus is extended an effigy of the warrior, in robes of state, girt with the emblematic sword: the design is apparently completed by the vault and roof, but above, full fifty feet from the ground, on a truncated pyramid, is placed a statue of the prince in armour, with vizor down and crest flowing below his shoulders, mounted on his mailed destrier.

Mastino, the second "Mastiff dog," sixth in power from his namesake, is also commemorated in

a sumptuous monument placed on four columns, in a similar manner to Can' Grande's. These columns are nine feet apart, carrying an architrave on which lies a thick slab of verde antico, forming the base, on which, as in the former, is placed the tomb and effigy. Four other columns sustain the vault, which forms the cover, and the canopies with their ornaments. On the summit also is to be seen the equestrian statue of Mastino, the size of life. Round the whole is a very handsome enclosure of stone and ironwork, with pilasters, statues of angels, and other accessories.

Can' Signorio, "the master dog," who died in 1375, prepared beforehand a sepulchre at an expense of ten thousand golden florins, and in it emulated successfully the magnificence of his ancestors, for in Verona it is still thought that nothing can be more superb, when the difficulties of its position are considered.

It is that which, in Mr. Prout's drawing, is seen towering over the other memorials, and has six faces, formed by the spaces between the like number of columns, which carry a floor of beautiful marmo antico; upon raised or twisted columns stand the great arches covered with sculpture: the third stage, of marmo rosso, rises with pinnacles between canopied niches, containing allegorical representa-

tions of Faith with the star upon her breast, Prudence, Charity,¹ and three other virtues, while in the canopies are circles for the heads of the warrior-saints, Quirinus, Valentine, Martin, George, Sigismund, and Louis. The effigy, as in the two others, is recumbent on a rich sarcophagus in the second stage of the design.

Most remarkable, also, are the enclosure and gates of iron (in which are introduced repeatedly the allusive ladder), because worked with such varied fancies of design as are not to be met with even in modern bizarreries.

The Scaligeri had governed Verona for 170 years, when in 1387 another Galeazzo Visconti, the first Duke of Milan, expelled Antonio della Scala, the last and most unworthy of his race. About 1406, Verona was ceded to Venice, when the two sons of Antonio solicited its restitution of the Senate, but were banished and died in exile, ending a family whose commencement is involved in mystery.

These monuments, it will easily be seen, possess a very peculiar difference of character from the English market or monumental crosses, although partaking strongly of the appearance of both. An

¹ Though his murders of his brothers, of Can' grande the Second, early in his reign, and of Paolo Alboino, almost from his own death-bed, might be *prudential*, the other virtues may well be undecipherable.

extreme interest is given to them, as being in the very same local circumstances as when raised five hundred years ago ; and the aspect of the cemetery is rendered more desolate and wild (though in the midst of the busy hum of men) by the law which decrees it as the place where the victims of its vengeance now find rest.

IDE.

BY JOHN BOWRING, LL.D.

Green vale ! I always loved thee ; and in youth
Sought out each wild recess and grassy hill,
Led by the light of poesy and truth,
And held high converse there. I love thee still—
And with intenser passion. Thou hast given
Promise of health to one who flew to thee.
Complete thy work, sweet vale ! and thou shalt be,
Of all the spots of earth, the most like heaven :
And every stream of thine, and every tree
Shall hear the minstrel's song. If thou art bright
With vernal sunshine now—the holier light
Of generous joy and grateful sympathy
Shall gild thee—every echo, rill and grove,
Join in the gayest notes of praise and love.

SONG.

BY MISS G. FANNY ROSS.

I love thy gay laugh as it merrily rings—
To hear thy clear voice while so sweetly it sings—
To gaze on thy brow, where no shadow is set
By one fear of the future, one thought of regret.
Thy blue eyes are glad, as beseemeth thy years—
Oh, long be their brightness unclouded by tears !

For, like the young bird, as it welcomes the hours
Of warmth and of beauty, of fragrance and flowers,
Thy light careless heart, in life's springtime is gay,
And in mirth's fearless pleasures thou passest thy
day—

Joy sparkles before thee, as if thou couldst win
From each moment a beam for the sunshine within.

E'en so should it be : still let others rejoice
In the light of thy gladness, the mirth of thy voice—
Still loving and loved, may thy pathway be bright,
As now its fair prospects appear in thy sight,
And still shed around thee, wherever thou art,
The pleasure that springs from thine own happy
heart !

Ashley Park.

A BRIDE IN THE JUNGLES.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Pretty May Douglas ! How well do I remember the first time I saw her, when, newly landed at Madras, in 1819, she came to make an exquisite addition to our then somewhat scantily supplied matrimonial mart ! Since those days, the bridal bazaar has been overstocked with spinsters. The recent retrenchments in civil stipends, as well as in such monetary matters as served to render military life more endurable in its exile, far from diminishing the number of enterprising fair ones who seek in the sunny East that position which they may have vainly struggled for in the West, seem to have inspired them with a desire to prove that motives of interest have had little to do with their exodus from their native soil. But, at the period of which I write, not only had the late Pindaree war caused a lack of officers, but the Presidency was singularly bare of those sweet flowers of home-produce, whom, in defiance of all reasoning which the sceptical and the unkind may produce upon the subject, I do not

hesitate to denominate the best supports and truest purifiers of English society in the colonies.

At the first ball which was given at Government House after the arrival of the eight hundred ton ship, David Scott, the whole fashionable world of Madras, St. Thomé, and the Mount, had assembled to see the new arrivals; amongst whom were one dozen of spinsters, from the boarding-school miss rising seventeen, to the mature woman of seven and twenty, and twice as many cadets. Not one of that goodly twelve stood any chance against pretty May Douglas, though some of them were in sooth fair to look upon, and not one of them but showed some good point; yet, strange to say, when a year and a day had passed, pretty May Douglas was the only one of the twelve who remained unmarried. Indeed, our fair heroine could scarcely be classed amongst the worshippers of wedlock who had visited the Orient for "an establishment;" for she was born there, her father being a respectable clergyman at Madras, where he had now lived twenty years. At an early age she had been sent to England, whither, some years afterwards, induced by ill health, her mother followed her; under whose judicious and tender care she was reared, as few young ladies have the happiness to be reared—not only for show, but use; that use which qualifies a woman to be the assistant, the companion, the

cheerer of man, as well as his idol to worship, or his pet to be proud of. Oh, false is the reasoning and narrow the judgment that would limit the capabilities of a sex, whose physical delicacy argues no intellectual deficiency! Man is a creature of stronger thews and sinews, but *education* makes of woman all that it makes of man, or may mar her, as it too often does, until to man's foibles are added the artifices imposed by restraint, and pseudo-sanctified by the false religion of custom.

May was eighteen when the first arrow of grief reached her heart in the death of her mother. But the tears of youth, though sincere, are transitory; and the necessity which, in the want of near relations, compelled her to return to her longing father's arms, led her buoyant and cheerful thoughts into a new channel, which carried away on the mounting waters of hope the first sad tears of a genuine sorrow.

Pretty May Douglas! When first I saw her, as, leaning on the arm of her venerable father, she entered the gorgeous saloon of Government House, dressed in a simple robe of white muslin, unrelieved by any other ornament than a single rose in her bosom, and a black lace scarf, she yet drew all eyes from the other novelties, who in gayer and gaudier attire paraded before the wife-wanting *lions* of Madras. Her beauty, though striking, was yet

less so than it was insinuating ; if, indeed, such an expression can be used, where every feature and look beamed with truth, candour, and sincerity. She was very fair ; a skin of dazzling white seemed yet whiter for the sable scarf that touched her shoulders, while her abundant hair, soft and silken, fell in golden masses around her ; her eyes were of that dark grey which, at times, assumes an almost violet hue, whilst her finely-pencilled eyebrows were darker than her hair ; a well-shaped nose, and a mouth, which might have been called a thought too large, but for its symmetry, its red-lipped, white-toothed beauty, and its dimpled smiles, completed the picture. Her form was slight but elegant, showing no evidence of fragility. All was health, life, hope.

For the following six months Miss Douglas was the unrivalled belle of the Presidency, and had *juwabad*, i.e., rejected, Heaven and herself alone know how many suitors ! Civilians, rolling in wealth and rotting in liver ; generals, yellow as the turmeric with which their diurnal mullagatawny-soup was flavoured ; nabobs, from the opulent merchant, whose skin had become parchment and whose legs had dwindled into drumstick proportions, down to the ambitious cornet of cavalry, or still humbler ensign of foot, who, forgetful of all but love and beauty, dared to make known his ardent passion

for one who looked too gentle to frown, had received in turn the same courteous but positive denial. It was hinted that even the Commander-in-Chief's aide-de-camp, a sprig of nobility, had shared the same negative; and, though her worthy father might have gloried, with a pardonable pride, to see a coronet on his only child's handkerchiefs, he prized his treasure too fondly to urge her acceptance of even a titled hand, seeing that it was unwelcome.

A year passed, and she who had been so long the "observed of all observers," after enacting the bridesmaid to her eleven shipmates, remained still—as far as the Madrassees could see—unfettered and heart-free. But a change came, as changes will come. Mr. Douglas's health began to give way; and, with a prescience of that event which would leave his daughter without a protector, he candidly revealed his apprehensions, and the wish he cherished to bestow her on some worthy object before he left her alone in the world. With tears and blushes—roses amidst dew—but with the frank ingenuousness of her innocent nature, she then confessed that her heart had long been given to Eric Roslin; "though, in truth, she had scarcely missed it until others had sought to claim it."

"And does he appreciate my child?" asked her father, as he kissed her fondly.

“ Oh, dear papa, he loves me only too well ; for years he has loved me, but I always laughed at him ; for, indeed, I knew not that I cared for him as I do, until all these stupid fellows here pestered me with their nonsense.”

“ Well, dearest,” said her father, with a happy smile, “ Eric Roslin is my sister’s son, and if he is worthy of you, all is well. May it please Heaven to prolong my life until I resign you to his arms !”

“ What, papa, shall we return to Europe ?” asked May.

“ No, my child. Eric’s regiment is ordered to India. I received this letter from him to-day. Read it.”

And May obeyed him ; but, as she read that letter, oh, how deeply gushed the red rose-tints over brow and bosom, and how sweet were the tears with which she returned it to her father, as she hid her bright young face in his encircling arms !

When next I saw May Douglas, it was two hundred miles from Madras, at Bangalore, whither her father had been recommended to proceed for change of air ; and where indeed his health improved so rapidly, that little seemed wanting to complete his daughter’s happiness ; for more beautiful than ever she looked, and with a new and delightful expression in her sweet eyes, as they were upturned to

the fine black ones, which seemed to read in hers thoughts that they only could comprehend. I found, upon inquiry, that the tall, manly young officer, on whose arm she leaned, as they stood listening to a fine military band which was playing on the evening parade, was her cousin and affianced husband, Captain Roslin, who had arrived but a few days before, and to whom she was to be united in another week, when she was to accompany him to Bellary, where his regiment was stationed.

I know not whether the fact is so generally understood as to render repetition of it superfluous, but I may as well mention that, in those days, marriages in India were the simplest and least obtrusive affairs in human life; as, methinks, they always should be. The solemnity inseparable from a sacrament which is so influential to the welfare, temporal and eternal, of two sentient beings, seems doubly sanctified by simplicity and privacy. Now, in our Eastern colonies, no sooner does the ceremony take place, than the married couple set off—generally attended only by domestics—for some remote village, some picturesque scene, away from the station, or cantonment, or garrison, where a week is passed in complete retirement. In certain cases, where circumstances do not admit of exuberant expenditure, they simply retire to their own mansion, where they are “not at home” until the

following Sunday, when their appearance at church, or in public, is the signal for friends and acquaintances to commence a series of congratulatory visits, which, truly, must be one of the most certain means of embittering the "lune de miel."

It appears that Captain Roslin had determined on starting *en route* to join his regiment on the evening of the bridal: and, as Mr. Douglas still required the cooler climate of Bangalore, he parted from his daughter neither sadly nor hopelessly; for his medical attendants were sanguine that his case was no longer a dangerous one. In his son-in-law he had found the very person best calculated to ensure the felicity of his child; and, as he handed her into her handsome palanquin, and saw them both carried away by their separate sets of *bhoys* (bearers), he thanked Heaven for having bestowed so worthy a son upon him.

Captain Roslin had forwarded tents and a riding-horse to Gurrumpett, twenty miles from Bangalore, where, with a relay of bearers, he counted on arriving the following morning; and where, as it was a pretty and secluded village, in a woody country, the young couple resolved to spend a day or two.

Now, it so happened, that on the very morning of the marriage—though indeed the projected movements of the happy pair were quite unknown to us—four officers, of whom I made one, had obtained

leave of absence for a few days to go on a shooting excursion; and we were pleasantly encamped at Jugdal, a small hamlet out of the direct route to Bellary, surrounded with plains and jungles that absolutely teemed with game. On the early morning of the day after our arrival, while we were planning the amusements of the day, a party of villagers, in evident excitement, and led by the *thanadar*, or head of the native police of the village, approached us.

“Sahib,” said the thanadar, “a band of *lootties* (plunderers) from the hills have attacked an *Ingrezi surdar* and his *beebe* (an English officer and his lady), not far from Gurrumpett; two of them have been killed by the gentleman, but he is dangerously wounded, and his wife has been carried off. We are hastening to inquire into it, and an express has been sent to —, where there is a detachment of soldiers.”

“And the lady?”

“The lady, sahib, has been, as I said, carried away, Alla only can tell how! No sooner had the gentleman fallen, than the lootties plundered the palanquin of its contents, and made off. The bearers, who had concealed themselves in the jungles, then returned, but could see nothing of the other palanquin, and carried on the officer to Gurrumpett.”

"It must be Roslin," cried Graham. "Saddle, my lads, and spare not spur or whip."

"Neither let us forget our Mantons," said Youatt.

Now, Gurrumpett was only four miles across country, and ere five minutes were over we were dashing through bush and briar, over flood and fell, our only path being the narrow foot-tracks, denominated somewhat characteristically by the natives of Hindoostan, *chowrrusta*, i.e., thieves' roads. Presently, however, we were forced to slacken our pace, for the jungle thickened; and, coming to a slough, we were obliged to make a detour to avoid it, Youatt and I taking the right hand side, whilst Graham and Slade took the left. We had rounded the quagmire, and were entering a woody pass, when the groans of a human being struck upon our ears, and the next moment we beheld, to our great astonishment, a handsome palanquin, fully equipped for a journey, with the usual quantity of baskets, guzlets, et cetera, whilst beside it lay a bearer, covered with blood, and groaning, in great pain. We were soon on our feet, and, firing off a fowling-piece, in order to rally our friends, we tried to render some assistance to the wounded wretch, who was evidently dying. As we stooped over him, his eyes, already glazed, fell upon us, and the words, "*Bagh! bagh!*" a tiger, were feebly pronounced.

He was indeed torn in a dreadful manner by the claws of a leopard, or panther; for we knew that tigers but rarely wandered in this direction. His throat was laid open, his chest fearfully rent, and altogether he presented an object from which the gaze turned away with horror. We moistened his mouth with water, for he appeared desirous to speak.

“*Sahib*,” said he, “*muriata hown. Bagh beekoo legya*.—I am dying, sir; the tiger has carried away the lady.”

“Where are the other bearers?” asked I.

“*Sub bhay-gya*.—All have run away.”

In five minutes we looked upon a corse, and then we bethought ourselves of examining the palanquin. There were evident traces of its having contained a lady of some rank and elegant habits: the pale blue silk curtains and linings, the crimson morocco bedding; the downy pillows, silken fringed; the little, handsome reading-lamp, swung at the foot; the neatly panelled drawers, and a kerchief of the finest cambric on the pillow—all denoted a European woman; while outside the palanquin had fallen a little volume. I opened it: it was a copy of Flavel’s sweet, quaint “Saint Indeed;” and on the fly-leaf were the words—

“MAY DOUGLAS,
From her loving father, on her Birthday,
29th March, 1819.”

We lost not a moment in arranging our plans: Youatt and Graham would ride on to Gurrumpett, to render what assistance they could to Roslin, to whom they had been introduced, whilst Slade should hurry back to Jugdal, to order our tents to be removed to Gurrumpett, while *coolies*, (porters,) should be sent to convey the palanquin thither. We knew that, within a few miles of where we now stood, a town, once of considerable importance, but now dwindled down into ruins and huts, existed; and as, on a former occasion, I had visited this place — Khanpore — I was deputed to procure what aid I could from the officials belonging to the Collectorate there stationed, to assist me in searching the jungles for the missing bride. We were now in the heart of a wilderness, which could scarcely be called a wood, since the jungle was straggling, and consisted of shrubs rather than trees. The road from Bellary to Gurrumpett lay not a hundred yards in front of us; and we were right, as it turned out, in conjecturing that when Roslin's palanquin was attacked by the lootties, the bearers of that which carried his wife had endeavoured to preserve her and themselves by retreating into the thickets, where a still more redoubtable foe awaited them in the tiger, or cheeta. On the narrow track which branched off towards Khanpore, I followed the evident traces of the beast of prey until they

disappeared down a steep ravine, at the bottom of which brattled a noisy brook. It was evident that the animal had not retired without a victim—blood, the trail of a heavy substance, shreds of linen, and, last of all, the finger of a human being, lay on the track, as, cautiously advancing with pistols and fowling-piece loaded, I shouted out a good bye to my friends. Was it an inhuman thing of me to perceive, with a strange feeling of relief and even joy, that the finger was that of a native? Hope sprung up within me. Might not Mrs. Roslin have escaped, and found her way to Khanpore? or, in the long stretch of intricate jungle, might she not have gone astray, and perished? I had no fears of any peril reaching her through the lootties; satisfied with their booty, they would in all probability avoid her, if they met her.

However, instead of recounting what befell myself, I shall first tell my readers that Graham and Youatt found Captain Roslin at Gurrumpett, severely wounded, indeed, from a shot which had perforated his wrist, rendering the use of his right arm and hand impossible; but there was no other danger than that which might be occasioned by the extreme horror and despair, causing an exaltation of the brain, bordering on delirium, which seized his faculties on finding, when the conflict was over, and in which he had shot one of his opponents

dead, whilst a blow from his sabre had wounded another beyond all chance of recovery, that his bride was nowhere to be found. Notwithstanding the extreme pain from his wrist, he had insisted on mounting his horse, in order to go in search of her ; but sickness came on, and he was forced to submit to the cares of his servants, who put him to bed, where indeed my companions found him, his senses rapidly becoming clouded under the anxieties of a tortured mind.

His servants were attentive ; and the plunderers, satisfied with a bag of rupees, which they found in the palanquin, and a very handsome gold watch, had left untouched, or undiscovered, a writing-desk, containing many valuables. A medical man might be expected from Bellary before night, whither a despatch had been sent ; and, whilst Graham remained with the suffering bridegroom, Youatt, attended by some armed peons, set off on a search that proved futile.

Meanwhile, I had almost reached Khanpore, without interruption of any sort, when, as I came within sight of an ancient *kuberistan*, or Mussulman burying-ground, which told striking tales, in its grey mementoes of death, of the abundant life that once had populated a now ruinous and unfrequented town, I beheld, sparkling amongst the long grass that skirted the road, a woman's bracelet, of the

richest Indian gold. It seemed to me to be a bright clue to lead me where the Ariadne of my search was to be found. Dismounting, and picking it up, I deposited it in my bosom, and soon reached Khanpore, where, alas ! nothing had been heard of the accidents of the past night. I passed several hours in riding about the old dismantled place, and in exploring the jungle near it, but in vain ; and at length, when the heat was no longer endurable, and both myself and my steed were completely knocked up, I betook me to the *chokee*, or police-station, where I soon managed to procure grass for my horse, solacing myself with a mat, a few *chup-patees*, unleavened cakes, and a draught of buttermilk.

When, at last, with evening came coolness, I was again on my way to Gurrumpett, little satisfied with my day's work. I had reached the spot where I had picked up the bracelet, and was pointing it out to the peon whom the thanadar of Khanpore had insisted on sending with me, when up from the bushes started so suddenly a strange, wild figure, that, scarcely knowing what I did, I levelled a pistol at it.

“*Ahista, sahib, mut maro !*” cried a sweet voice — “softly, sir, do not fire !” and half ashamed of my own vivacity, I examined the object before us.

In the picturesque and many-coloured garb of

her race, her arms covered with bangles of silver, anklets of the same metal tinkling their tiny bells, a triple necklace of shells round her neck, her eyes, dark as night, flashing with energy, her soft, silken, jetty hair braided—a young, Brinjarie girl, not older than seventeen, stood beside us. The Brinjaries are the Bohemians, the gipsies of India; probably they are the primary stock from which all the wandering tribes that exist of the same name have sprung. The Gitana, the Zingara, the Brinjarie of our sketch was a beautiful creature—light and graceful as a gazelle—and as I gazed on her, I forgot that I was not contemplating a picture.

“What is all this?” said the peon, gruffly.

But we shall anglicise, as best we can, the answer of our beautiful apparition, which, delivered in the richest *rekhta* of Hindoostan, seemed to me the sweetest music I ever heard.

“Sahib,” she said, with a salaam which Taglioni might have studied with profit in *La Bayadère*, “my mother and myself were in the jungles this morning before the quail twittered or the wild cock crew; as we were gathering the porcupine quills, dropped overnight on the brinks of the brook, and dug for the roots which we sell to the *Punsari* (druggist), we came upon what we believed to be some Peri, who had rashly permitted the drops of

the morning dew to fall upon her until she had fainted beneath their weight. It was a *Welaity* (European lady.) We succeeded in recovering her from a deep swoon, but *ufsōs!* alas! her words were unknown to us, and her gestures were the gestures of the *dewani* (maniac). Her grief was terrible to witness, but at length we conveyed her to our hut, where, by the aid of one of those sleep-compelling potions, which my mother is skilled in composing, she now lies fast asleep. I have been to the Thanadar, who directed a messenger to summon you back—lo! where he comes; he is fat and foolish, and I have found my way through field and furrow, whilst he has been counting the steps of indolence on the straightforward path. Follow me!”

In a tent-like shed, scarcely larger than an immense beehive, thatched with palm-leaves, and constructed of bamboos, heavily sleeping, but pale, worn, haggard—her dress torn, and dishevelled, lay on a mat pretty May Douglas! An old woman, wild-looking, and repulsive, but for the real kindness which shone from her maternal eyes as she sat by the poor lady, fanning her with a *visseriy*, or hand-punka of *kuskus*-grass, which, having been dipped in water, gave forth at every wafture a delicious odour, beckoned us to be silent as we entered. I instantly despatched a peon to Gur-

rumpett for the palanquin; and, still insensible from the potency of a heavy opiate, Mrs. Roslin was conveyed—unconscious of her own bliss—to the very arms of her husband, almost recovered by the sight of his restored treasure!

By her mother's directions, the Brinjarie girl ran by the side of the palanquin, bearing with her certain herbs from which to prepare a beverage, which would, she said, speedily disperse the fumes of the narcotic which had been so judiciously given to the lady. And it was even as she said—nor shall I dwell upon the rapture with which the newly-wedded pair, so lately united, so fearfully separated, so providentially restored to each other, recognized the preserving mercy of an Omnipotent power!

A return to Bangalore was necessary for the perfect restoration of Captain Roslin; and it was on an evening not long after, when myself and my companions were seated in Mr. Douglas's veranda, beside the Roslins, that Mrs. Roslin thus spoke—

“It is impossible for me ever to forget the dreadful *dream-like reality*—if I may so term it—of that incident. I had fallen asleep, and awoke under the impression that I was still dreaming, for I heard the discharge of firearms, the clash of swords, and loud yells and cries; whilst the palanquin was violently jostled and hurried along at a

rapid, but uneasy and unusual pace. At length, aroused to the consciousness that it was no nightmare that oppressed me, I drew aside the palanquin door—we were amongst rocks and trees, the branches of the latter brushing the litter as we passed. But, in another moment, before I could ask what was the matter, there was a piercing shriek—a fierce growl—and, darting from the woods, an animal, whose fiery eyes shone midst the pervading gloom, was upon us: the palanquin was dashed down—I know not what succeeded—I have a faint recollection of seeing a white-robed shape dragged away by what I concluded to be a tiger—of rushing out of the palanquin, and stumbling over a wounded and moaning man—of springing into the woods in an opposite direction—and then I became senseless.

“When I recovered, the faint dawn of earliest morning began to gild the bushes amongst which I lay. The ground was wet with dense dew—the brakes, covered with elegant parasites, gave out a refreshing fragrance, and, even in the almost frenzy of my terror, inspired me with an indefinable sensation of joy at the coming light of day, which brought to my eyes buds and leaves, to my nostrils perfume, and to my heart hope! I prayed fervently, and rising, wandered in vain endeavours to extricate myself from the jungle; I know not

how long I wandered—my arms and hands—look at them—when will they be fit to be seen?”—and her father and her husband each kissed tenderly the hand that was next him. “At last I came upon a little track, and, wishing to follow it, I was dragging my weary limbs and wounded feet along, when, lo ! right in front of me stood a strange ill-favoured animal, unknown to me, and, as it cowered and opened wide its jaws, grinning and uttering a sort of fiendish laugh, I then felt that reason was departing from me, and madly I clapped my hands, and shrieked, and hooted—and the creature fled ! What was it, Eric ?”

“A hyena—the *dummelgundy*, as the natives call it,” said her father ; “a cowardly animal at best.”

“I had not gone far, as I think, ere, as I crept through some bushes, I stumbled and fell across something which felt cold, clammy—ah, I dare not think of it ! I started up to look at what the very touch of had made me thrill with horror. An enormous reptile lay coiled round a substance, the nature of which I could not distinguish, but I suspected it to be the half destroyed remains of an antelope, or goat. I saw that I had actually fallen across the swollen and livid coils of a huge rock-snake, or boa-constrictor, which, gorged to surfeited stupefaction, scarcely stirred whilst I lay for a

moment across it. I staggered away, faint unto death, and then sense utterly deserted me. I knew no more than that there were kind and soothing accents in mine ears—kind and feminine hands about me—and then there came a long sleep, a long dream, and I awoke with *you*, dear Eric !”

The good and warm-hearted Brinjaries still continue to enjoy the rewards that were ensured to them by the grateful Roslins and their father. As for pretty May Douglas and her excellent Roslin, they rank amongst my best and happiest friends.

SPRING.

Is Spring a time to mourn ?
When, by deep glens, and by the silver streams,
The flowers once more return ;
The crocus, with a starry splendour gleams,
And the pale snowdrop's fragile bells of white
Reflect a tenderer light.

'Neath leafy beech or pine,
Listening, I hear the voice of birds again,
Wandering, where fragrant shine
Fresh budding trees in April's passing rain :
And Nature everywhere lifts up her voice,
Bidding us all rejoice.

How lovely life appears,
How much of Paradise seems left on earth !
Yet thoughts which waken tears,
Shadowing all glad emotions in their birth,
Can fill my spirit with discordant sadness ;
E'en midst earth's vernal gladness.

Another year has fled,
Alike to all with joy and sorrow fraught :
How many mourn the dead,
How many, sterner, sadder lessons taught,
Gaze on the future, that before them lies,
With cold and careless eyes !

Yes, storms and clouds depart,
And golden skies and verdure come again ;
But, to the sadden'd heart,
Long will the winter of the world remain—
The glory lost its opening prospects wore,
Which time can ne'er restore.

Yet, deeper truths I feel ;
While month succeeding month is rolling by,
Closer around us steal
The shadows of the grave, where all must lie !
And, oh ! while yet the day to us is given,
Let each prepare for Heaven !

S. H. S.



A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

How many an hour of hope and dread,
Ere breaks in twain life's feeble thread,
All prove ! The trusting girl who knows,
When moonlight glitters on the rose,
'Twill bring the lov'd one to her side,
Yet trembles as the moments glide.
The miser, who, with greedy eyes,
His hidden golden store espies,
Knows fear, lest from the shining heap
Plunder's rude hand one coin should sweep.
The mother, gazing on her boy,
Sighs, even midst her rapturous joy :
Alas ! she deems that sin and care
Will shade that brow, now smoothly fair,
Quench the glad spirit's joyous light,
And dim with tears that eye so bright.
With every human pleasure still
Is blent cold apprehension's chill :
And thou, fair girl, although we trace
Youth's early summer in thy face,
Yet do those pensive features well
A tale of chasten'd feelings tell :

Few circles o'er thy head have flown,
 Yet Time, stern monitor, hath shown,
 Perchance, that e'en the bloom of life
 Is darken'd oft with woe and strife—
 Say, what the trials which have taught
 That virgin brow such earnest thought?
 Hast thou too fondly, rashly lov'd?—
 Or has the friend betrayer prov'd,
 To whose confiding ear alone
 Thy soul's most secret depths were known?
 Or haply, Death's relentless grasp
 Hath torn some idol from thy clasp?
 Oh! wisely are such lessons given,
 To bid us trust, not earth—but Heaven!
 And seek those better joys which last,
 When love, life—ay, even time hath pass'd!

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE
OLD HOUND.

BY MISS ELIZA COOK.

I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I am glad thou art gone, when the leaves are yellow,
 And the hill-tops turning sere;
 I had missed thee more, my brave old fellow,
 In the bright time of the year:

For when have I sat, where the dark elm trees
 Soften the noontide rays—
When have I stood, in the rich green wood,
 Noting the sunset blaze—
When have I gazed on the river's tide—
But thou wert close to the dreamer's side?
Each other companion would come and go—
To-day my friend—to-morrow my foe.
If the hand of the gay world beckoned away,
I had no power to bid them stay.
There was pleasure in reach, or gold in view,
And off they went, like a butterfly crew:
But the old dog went not—there was he,
True, as few else but dogs can be.

I am glad thou art gone, when the leaves are yellow,
 And the latest blossoms dead;
I shall miss thee somewhat less, old fellow,
 Than I should when the field-flowers spread:
For merry and changeless mates were we,
 When the summer sky was blue;
Who saw me wandering ever might see
 The old dog wandering too:
And the beautiful hound fixed many an eye
That coldly passed my pale face by.
Thou hast been a watcher beside my bed,
When suffering bowed my heavy head;

Thou hast followed my footsteps everywhere,
In the rambles of joy and the journeys of care.
Stern men have deigned with envious tone
To wish such a brave beast were their own,
And children, with a wild delight,
Have laughed when the old hound met their sight.

I am glad that my own eye marked thy dying,
For I know thy lot, old brute ;
And none can spurn thee where thou art lying
Deep under the cedar's root.
Thou wilt not meet a savage hand,
To smite thee to the dust ;
Thou can'st not pine, with starving whine,
For a morsel of wasted crust.
I'd rather look on thy grave, old hound,
Than wonder what hard fate thou hadst found.
I cherished thee long, and loved thee well,
As the tears—ay, the *tears* I have shed will tell :
There is nothing of shame in the lids that are wet,
When the drops are wrung by an honest regret.
Thou wert *only a dog*—a poor dumb thing,
But the heart like the oak finds mean weeds cling ;
And the world may judge what this heart can be
In its *human* love by its care for thee.

WAI-O-NAISA ; OR, THE OJIBBEWAY'S REVENGE.

A LEGEND OF THE LAKES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VOYAGE OF LIFE," ETC.

The burning rays of the summer's noontide sun were struggling to reach the gaily-tinted flowers, which blossomed at the foot of many a stately tree in the majestic forest skirting the highest in the chain of America's most noted inland seas, and the panther and the deer alike shrunk from the breath of day to the shelter of their shaded lairs, while the more brilliant and ephemeral children of the clime, the most beautiful perchance of the winged creation, sported joyfully in the sunny glades, which here and there broke in upon the denseness of the woods. But the humming-bird and the butterfly were not alone, or uninterrupted in their pastime ; for, round one of the largest of these forest glades, a light-footed Indian maiden chased them with a bounding step, and a heart as happy as their own had been ere she had taught them how to fear. Ever and anon, her merry but sweet-

toned laughter echoed through the woods, as a beautiful prize rewarded her exertions, though but to be, in the next moment, restored to liberty, all the pleasure it could give being afforded in the pursuit.

Wearied, at length, with the fatiguing exercise, beneath the sultry sky of midsummer, the girl cast herself on the flowery turf, in the shade of the maples which bordered the little clearing, and, caging with both hands her latest captive, watched with unintended and unconscious cruelty the flutterings of the trembling bird, which she was far too gentle to dream of injuring. Wai-o-naisa, or the *Wishtonwish*, as she was named, was no less beautiful than gentle: very beautiful was she for her nation, and could not have been thought otherwise in any land. She was very young also; indeed, this was but the fifteenth summer which she had seen; and her mind was yet full of the thoughts of childhood, though many of her tribe, who had lived fewer moons, had been already given in marriage.

The shadow at her side had increased perhaps a hand's breadth, when the branches on the verge of the clearing were pushed aside, and an Indian warrior appeared. He was some ten years her senior, tall, and finely formed, with handsome features, whose haughty expression was often accom-

panied by one of sternness which might have seemed more suited to a greater age. After advancing a few steps, he pronounced the name of Wai-o-naisa, and looked around; but ere his glance had fallen upon her resting-place, the maiden rose to her feet, and her fluttering prisoner darted away with eager wing to rejoin his companions.

“Wai-o-naisa!” repeated the warrior, as he observed her.

The girl came forward with an air which wavered between the humility considered proper to her sex and the fearlessness of one who had rarely been made to feel her inferiority.

“Did Che-che-gwa seek me?” she asked, looking up in his face with a smile.

“Yes, bird of the sweet voice!” replied the warrior, in accents soft nearly as her own. I sought Wai-o-naisa ere the shadows were at the shortest; and now I have little time to bid the sister of my heart farewell. I must go, for my people send a message to the Pawnee Loups, and Che-che-gwa must speak the words and bear the wampum which are given him. Two moons must pass ere his return, and he should now be on his way; but there is much in his heart which he would gladly have had time to speak.”

“Che-che-gwa is a great orator—why should he hesitate?” said the girl, with a simplicity which

somewhat disconcerted her companion. He looked down for a moment, and then bent his glowing eyes intently on her countenance, as he demanded—

“And what if he would ask the fairest bird of the woods to think of him while he travelled far away?”

“Does the chief think she would not?” was the almost indignant rejoinder. “The mind of Wai-o-naisa can see her friends when they are hidden from her eyes !”

“But Che-che-gwa would have her remember him as one whose heart sees but her alone in all the world,” replied the warrior, in a tone of impassioned earnestness.

“What does Che-che-gwa mean?”

His reply was as eloquent an appeal to her affections as ever was uttered by a lover.

“And what says my sister?” he inquired at its conclusion. “Will she sing sweetly to rejoice my heart? or will she bid it mourn that it has ever heard her voice?”

There was a considerable pause, ere the maiden replied with both embarrassment and hesitation—
“Wai-o-naisa knows not what to answer—the chief has spoken with a tongue which is strange to her ears. She is very happy here—but fourteen snows have melted away since the Manito sent her upon earth, and he has not yet put it into her heart to think of leaving her father. The Rattlesnake can

charm many birds;—why has he not found one more worthy of his notice?"

It was not likely that any suitor, either Indian or European, would be in despair at such an intimation, and the Rattlesnake was not by any means inclined to draw back, because the Wishton-wish had as yet been too childish in ideas to feel the full extent and power of his attractions. He could not doubt that it would be otherwise hereafter, when she should have become accustomed to consider him in the new light in which he had placed himself, since, in the prolonged conference which ensued, he found that the shadow of no other form was cast before his image. As it at present was, the young girl, understanding it was her father's pleasure, and knowing affection but by name, agreed that on his return she would regard him as her betrothed; and, nearly consoled by this success for his previous disappointment, Che-chegwa departed on his mission with every energy devoted to its proper fulfilment, yet already looking forward with pleasure to the time when his feet should again tread the shores of Lake Superior.

From that hour, Wai-o-naisa ceased to be a child. Her father, an old man, whose wives were dead, and whose only child she was, for his sons had all fallen in battle, reflected with infinite satisfaction on the prospect of her becoming the wife of

so wise and brave a warrior as the young chief Che-che-gwa had already proved himself—it was all that he had wished, and now he should die happy ; and Wai-o-naisa never thought of regretting what she knew had gratified him so highly. Yet, day after day, she would recline in the cool shade of the forest, and evening after evening, wander along the beautiful banks of the mighty lake, pondering and musing on the subject which had been so recently forced on her attention, and dreaming wild dreams of affection and romance ; and if in many of those visions Che-che-gwa was present, there were others in which he bore no part.

The second moon since the Rattlesnake had bent his steps towards the south was two days old, when the father of Wai-o-naisa was hunting at a distance from his lodge, and encountered a Winnebago who had taken the scalp of his favourite and bravest son, when there was war between the tribes. Though the old men of each nation had long since buried the tomahawk, and smoked together the calumet of peace, the rancour of former days was alive in the heart both of the Winnebago and the Ojibbeway, and fierce words were spoken by each, and the former sheathed his knife in the body of the latter. But the yell which, at the same instant, broke from the assailant's lips, summoned others to the scene ;

and, while he darted away on their appearing, the strangers hastened to the old man's side, and, having bound up his wound, formed a litter of boughs, on which they conveyed him to his home.

Two weeks passed, and still the spirit lingered in the old man's frame; yet the strangers had not departed, for they knew that he was dying, and they could not leave the young girl alone, in her fear or her sorrow. There were two, a half Indian hunter, who had all his life been used to traverse the forests and the lakes, and a young Englishman, whom love of adventure had induced to engage the hunter as his attendant and guide. Both were exceedingly attentive to their patient, but the latter was the most unwearied in his solicitude to soothe the daughter's anguish; and when, on the first day of the third week, the eyes of the aged Ojibbeway warrior were closed for ever, and Wai-o-naïsa knew she was an orphan, it was the Englishman's voice which strove by every argument anxiety could prompt, to lessen the grief which well nigh bordered on despair, and sought to awaken hope and interest for what yet remained on earth.

It needs not to tell how he prevailed on her to listen, and won her thoughts from sorrow to fix them upon himself. Perhaps he succeeded the easier because he was young and handsome, and pos-

sessed that grace of manner which usually belongs to the highly-bred among England's children, and which the natives of every clime can so generally appreciate. However it was, the aged warrior was laid in his grave, with the weapons he had used in life placed by his side, ready to serve him in his brighter existence, in the gardens of the happy, and the time was come when his daughter—for whose satisfaction the strangers had made these arrangements—should be escorted to some of the villages of her nation, for they had dwelt far apart from any, and she would now be left alone.

The waters of the gigantic lake were breaking in heavy surges on the strand, for a gale which had passed by had left its traces on their surface, and on the sloping bank sat Wai-o-naisa watching them as they frothed and foamed many feet below. But though her gaze was bent on the restless billows, she heard not their hollow murmuring—her ears were full of the voice which close at her side was breathing words which imagination aided her scanty knowledge of French in comprehending. The Englishman told her of a faith which in its simplicity and purity was well calculated to supersede the Deism she had received from her fathers. He told her of other lakes on whose borders his countrymen resided; he painted in glowing colours their customs, their pleasures, and their happiness; and

he spoke of what was far better fitted to win the attention of her who listened—of the devoted affection of a heart, which, by the strange caprice of love, had never before found an object to which it could become permanently attached. The maiden hearkened, and, sooth to say, well pleased with what she heard, nor heeded how the time glided on, any more than did the earnest relater of the welcome tale: both were as though lost in one of those wild, but pleasant dreams, which had of late filled Wai-o-naisa's thoughts—'twas a scene on which the wise ones of earth would not wish to look, for they would feel that it could not last.

Suddenly, a flying squirrel darted with a frightened leap from the tree where it had harboured to one at some distance beyond the lovers; as it shot past, they looked up, and discovered the cause of its alarm and flight—though no sound of footsteps, no rustling of foliage, had heralded his approach, a haughty Indian warrior stood before them, with all the fierceness of his nation's fiery passions in his glance, and all the stern composure they are wont to evince, apparent in his demeanour.

At this sight, Wai-o-naisa clasped her hands, and shrunk down as though wishing the earth would open to receive her; but Everett looked coolly and inquiringly at the stranger, marvelling much at his peculiar aspect, yet not supposing it

could concern him. He was not left long in this delusion : after gazing on him a minute, with an expression of ferocity, the warrior tore the tomahawk from his belt, and hurled it at the unsuspecting Englishman. But his hand had not touched the weapon ere Wai-o-naisa had divined his purpose, and, as it gleamed through the air, she sprang before Everett, and, catching his arm, bore him to the ground, standing forth herself as his shield from danger. The bright tomahawk, in passing, inflicted a deep wound on the maiden's shoulder, then cleft the grassy bank beyond.

Surprised and shocked at this occurrence, Everett bent over his preserver with eager solicitude, too anxious to stanch the bleeding of the wound she had received in his defence, and to ascertain its nature, to recollect, for the moment, the opportunity which was thus afforded the assassin to complete his work. The latter had stood a silent but enraged spectator of the scene ; at one time, he had proceeded so far as to draw his knife from his belt : a single bound, and he might at once terminate the existence of his intended victim ; but more generous thoughts succeeded ; he was too brave to follow up his first blow by taking so cowardly an advantage of the Englishman's utter forgetfulness of self : he remained inactive, therefore, until Everett looked up, and, on perceiving

him, uttered a bitter reproach for his having thus endangered the maiden's life.

On this the warrior frowned and advanced a step—it might have been to discover the extent of the injury received; but the voice of the one and the movement of the other aroused Wai-o-naisa, and, darting forward between the Englishman and the Ojibbeway, she addressed the latter with a gesture of supplication.

“O let him not feel the lightning of your wrath! Let the death of Wai-o-naisa quench the anger she has kindled—but spare the stranger, whose eyes have never looked into the heart of Che-che-gwa!”

“Bird of the deceitful note!” said the Indian, in a stern, yet reproachful tone; “sooner would a warrior sing his death-song than harm thee. Go! the life of the pale-face is thine; bid him thank her, whose mind, like the ermine, has a hue for every season. But listen, child of another land!” continued the chief, and his brow grew dark as the sky where a tempest is lowering; “let not thy soul forget that the fangs of the Rattlesnake have a poison which sinks deeper than his tooth. I have said it—go in peace; but, ere years whiten the head of either with the snows of age, the hand of Che-che-gwa shall be on the heart of the pale-face, though it were hidden far away over the salt lake's

bitter waters. Like a fire in the forest is his path, and when he passes by it is remembered."

Without affording an opportunity for any answer, the Ojibbeway glided swiftly to the spot where his tomahawk lay, and, raising it from the ground, disappeared in another instant amid the surrounding forest.

"Fear not," said Everett, drawing to his side the girl, who trembled greatly, "fear not, Wai-o-naisa ! with me you will be safe from all he could attempt."

"Alas !" she answered, sadly, "Che-che-gwa is as wise and cunning as he is brave, and his word is like a mountain which tempests cannot shake !"

Years passed on, and the Indian girl of the wilderness was the Christian wife of one holding a post of distinction in the colony ; her ductile mind had easily received the strange lore and new ideas required by change of circumstances ; and with her and the stranger, who brought her from her tribe, all had been bright and prosperous, save that, even while they dwelt within the walls of Quebec, their eldest child had, when but a few months old, been borne away none could discover whither, though the thoughts of Wai-o-naisa often turned on him she had deserted. Other children came to fill, in the world's opinion, the place of the lost one, but the parents never ceased to mourn for their first born.

It was nineteen years after the scenes which have been described, passed on the shores of Lake Superior, when a small band of Indian warriors, who had carefully shunned observation, landed on the banks of its younger sister, Erie. Their leader was a stern and haughty savage, by whose side walked a youth, who, in age, might have been his son. The few words spoken by the leader were chiefly addressed to his young companion, who appeared proud of the distinction otherwise conferred, in having assigned to him the most prominent part in the tragedy which it was their purpose to enact. It was *his* hand that fired the lonely country house, which shortly after sunset they surrounded; it was *he* who began the work of death, by slaying the first domestic that rushed in blind terror from the dwelling.

Wild and fearful was the scene which followed. Everett and his wife and family were residing in the house, and, though the flames forced them from it, and they stood in a circle defending themselves with the courage of despair, a life had been lost with almost each of the few moments that they had been thus exposed. Suddenly, a powerful savage, springing forward, seized Wai-o-naisa, and bore her out of the line of danger: one glance at her captor was enough, and her heart failed her, and

she attempted not a struggle on discovering that she was in the grasp of the Rattlesnake.

“Said he not well!” the hated voice whispered in her ear. “The hour of Che-che-gwa is come: the young Hawk has destroyed the nest of his parents. Let Wai-o-naisa open her eyes!—do they not remember her son? his hand shall give death to the children of his mother, and bear away his father’s scalp to be the boast of his wigwam. Will not Wai-o-naisa laugh to see it?”

With a cry of agony, and a violent effort—such as only feelings like hers could prompt—the horror-struck mother freed herself from his hold, and, darting like an arrow to the spot where, in another moment, the knife of her eldest son would have drunk the life-blood of her youngest, she cast herself between them, exclaiming in her native language—“My son, my son! O spare your brother!”

Surprised at this interruption, the young Indian hesitated, and the knife fell from his hand. But sterner thoughts succeeded; and, raising his tomahawk, he would have hurled it at the boy, but the mother caught his arm, and the keen weapon, taking another direction, bore the Rattlesnake to the earth, a lifeless and disfigured form. The death-blow was seen, though its cause was mis-

understood, and in the next instant the knife of a tribesman had avenged him.

In another minute the scene was changed. A detachment of soldiers passing near had heard the fierce yells which rent the air; and now charging with fixed bayonets, but one solitary Indian escaped to bear the tidings to the relatives of those who fell. The events of that evening left Wai-onaisa none to mourn for, save him she had lost so long before: but Everett murmured with a sigh, as he stood by the unconsecrated grave of his eldest son, "Indian vengeance may be slow, but it is certain, and death and desolation mark unfailingly the spots where it has trod!"

THE SPIRIT OF RUIN.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," ETC.

When man was banish'd Eden's bowers,
I sprang to dark but glorious birth;
The sparkling springs, the new-born flowers,
I dimmed—I crushed, in mocking mirth.
I shook the glittering crystal walls;
And where bright birds, with starry wings,
Sang to the silver waterfalls,
And wandered, gentlest, loveliest things,

I brought the vulture, tiger, snake,
To prey and rend, to howl and hiss ;
Poisons I planted in each brake ;
Sweet to mine eyes a scene like this.
Ay, revel on, and proudly shine,
Thou jocund earth !—thou'rt mine ! thou'rt mine !

O'er Babylon I spread my plume :
Her brazen gates, her gardens fair,
Her sceptred kings receive their doom—
A voiceless waste is darkening there !
I flew to Salem's sacred tower,
Smiled on the smiling haughty Jew ;
Ho ! doth his temple mock my power ?
The ploughed-up street its marbles strew.¹
Memphis, that shone by Nilus' wave,
And Tadmor, making Deserts gay,
Carthage, that laws to nations gave—
I stretch my wand—and where are they ?
Ay, revel on, and proudly shine,
Cities of earth !—ye're mine ? ye're mine ?

To Europe next I winged my flight ;
On Grecia's shore, 'neath sunny skies,
I saw, in marble beauty bright,
The statue smile, the pillar rise.

¹ “ After the total destruction of the temple of Jerusalem by the arms of Titus and Adrian, a ploughshare was drawn over the consecrated ground.”—*Gibbon*.

On Pallas' shrine I took my stand,
And viewed the columned plain below ;
Ne'er was a scene more proud and grand ;
Ne'er did more beauty burn and glow.
I raised my phial, slowly poured
Its poison-drops on Athens' head ;
Those drops are ages, flood, and sword—
Her temples sank, her might was fled :
All, all, except her poet's line,
Yielded to Time's dark spell, and mine !

My home is now by Tiber's tide ;
I watch the Seven-hill'd City fall.
Daily I crush some arch of pride,
And chant my song in Cæsar's hall :¹
And from that site of fallen power,
Northward, at times, I speed my way,
To robe with moss each feudal tower,
And in young cities plant decay.
And when wars fail, and ages slow,
To bow their pride, I burn with fire ;
I laugh mid shrieks of human woe,
And clap my hands o'er each wild pyre.
My joy, my strength, shall ne'er decline ;
Man is my prey—the world is mine !

¹ Nothing now remains of the Imperial Palace on the Palatine Hill but some vaulted chambers embedded in ruins, and a hall of immense size, the rich marbles of which have been carried off to adorn other buildings.

PROCRASTINATION.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Alas ! how neglectful,
Unfeeling, we tread !
How careless, forgetful,
Of benefits fled !
When the hopes we have tasted
Are lost, we deplore,
And sigh for time wasted,
We ne'er may see more !—
Resolving—repenting—
Still day after day,
Whilst Angels, lamenting,
Drop tears on our way.

Could man read Time's pages,
Record every scene,
He'd find, through life's stages,
How oft he had been
Too full of inventions
To satisfy thought—

Too rife with intentions
That dwindled to nought !
Still taxing to-morrow,
Still wasting to-day—
Whilst angels in sorrow
Dropped tears on his way.

SARAH BURNETT.

BY THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.

If I were asked to describe the very *beau ideal* of an English cottage residence, I am sure my thoughts would instinctively turn to that which some twenty years ago was occupied by the Reverend Charles Burnett, perpetual curate of the pretty village of Beechley. Where besides could be found such a combination of elegance and simplicity—walls so purely white, yet so gracefully shadowed with their thick tapestry of climbing plants, that there was nothing glaring in their whiteness—trees forming so stately a background—evergreens so luxuriant as in its shrubberies—and grass of such velvet richness as that which carpeted its tiny lawn ! Then the neat little greenhouse, kept in such perfect order, with its small, but rare collection of the choicest exotics—when shall I ever

look upon its counterpart? The stranger who passed that lovely spot turned to gaze again, and the conviction at once entered his mind that, if on earth domestic peace and happiness could find a dwelling-place, surely it was here. But appearances are often deceptive. Even where every worldly means of comfort have been vouchsafed, and where refined taste and cultivated intellect manifest themselves in the external decorations of a dwelling, it does not follow that happiness is there to be found.

The Reverend Charles Burnett was by no means a happy man, though possessed of a competent income, an elegant mind, and an extraordinary degree of learning. He was naturally of an anxious, irritable, and foreboding disposition; and having married, when very young, a beautiful but exceedingly silly wife, he had provided a perpetual food whereon the worst faults of his temper might feed and revel. Her giddy manners and improvident habits gave him perpetual annoyance; and, though restrained by his authority from such acts as might seriously compromise his respectability or injure his fortune, she still kept him in a perpetual fever of anxiety. He could not depend on her discretion for a moment; and her pettish repinings over what she called his tyranny were both loud and continued. She was one who could never learn wisdom, and,

above all, that best of woman's wisdom, patience. She was as much a fretful child at the day of her death, fifteen years after their union, as she had been in its earlier stage. She died, however, leaving behind her two children, a boy fourteen years old, and a girl nearly ten years younger. She was not a person to be very long or deeply regretted by any one, not even by the son, of whom she had made a complete idol, for he was already grown weary of her alternate petting and scolding, and her unbounded caprice.

People whispered that now Mr. Burnett would grow cheerful and happy; but, alas! they were evidently mistaken. Those whose tempers, naturally impatient, have been tried and harassed by an abiding source of annoyance for a length of time, seldom become smooth and gracious even when the annoyance is discontinued; and independently of this, Mrs. Burnett had left in her son Philip a being who was only too like herself in many points, with the addition of a more positively violent temper and a more obstinately determined disposition; and a larger share of intellect, joined to his other attributes, only rendered him doubly unmanageable. The little girl was a being of a different order. Without the brilliant beauty which in Mrs. Burnett's younger days had formed her chief attraction, she was still a pretty and interesting child, and her

gentle and patient disposition, manifested from her very cradle, afforded the strongest contrast to the fiery temper of Philip.

The unruly boy treated his little sister much like his spaniel, sometimes with caresses, sometimes with blows, each bestowed without any other cause than the humour of the moment. One day he would expend all his pocket-money in the purchase of cakes and toys for her; on the next, in some transport of his rage, her prettiest doll or her favourite book would be demolished, and not unfrequently her delicate little form would bear the marks of his ungovernable violence. Yet the gentle child never complained; and, strange to say, she loved him. It seemed as if she only treasured up the remembrance of his acts of kindness, and wiped away the memory of his ill-usage with her tears. In the violent quarrels that frequently took place between Philip and his father, Sarah was generally the mediator, sometimes at the boy's request, but oftener by her own deed. Who could withstand the timid attitude, the clasped hands, the streaming, uplifted eyes, with which she used to entreat for the remission of some threatened punishment, and pledge herself for her brother's future good conduct! In that family, where petulance and passion had so long reigned triumphant, the youngest born seemed to have arisen as a superior being, a

child-angel, sent to calm them into harmony and peace.

Mr. Burnett had originally intended his son for the church, but the conviction had early forced itself on his mind that Philip's natural temper unfitted him for the duties of so sacred a profession. But possessing, as I have before said, a considerable degree of learning himself, and feeling a devoted reverence for it in others, he was anxious that Philip should follow some path requiring considerable cultivation of mind, rather than devote himself to a mere trade ; and with this wish he placed him in the office of a respectable solicitor, trusting that he might hereafter attain some eminence in the practice of the law. But the youth had other plans. Though not deficient in talent, he was pre-eminently wanting in industry and perseverance : he hated study, and firmly resolved never to adhere to the profession chosen for him. He was of a restless temperament, fond of change, and thirsting for adventure ; and he declared he would far rather go to sea in the humblest capacity than remain bound to the drudgeries of a lawyer's office. Mr. Burnett offered the most decided opposition to this wish, and perpetual altercations were the consequence, which were only ended by Philip's suddenly absconding, and entering, as a common seaman, on board a merchant-vessel. This occurred

in his eighteenth year ; and Sarah, who was then not nine years old, never forgot to her dying day how his flushed face bent down to kiss her in the bed, as in the dead of the night he bade her farewell.

It was like a dream, that gliding figure with the lighted candle in his hand, whose touch on her shoulder had broken her slumber, and whose suppressed voice had mingled with a parting blessing—a command that she should be silent for her life—and she was silent—silent after that form had vanished, and left her in darkness, and she lay petrified, and still, and sleepless, till the broad daylight filled her chamber, like one under the influence of nightmare. She fully believed that she had been the subject of some supernatural visitation ; and it was only when Philip was missed, and the truth became manifest to others, that she understood what and who that apparition was.

Years went on, and Sarah Burnett was a girl of fifteen, not strikingly beautiful, but very sweet to look upon. Her figure was slight and delicately moulded ; her complexion far too pale for perfect health ; her eyes soft blue, and expressive ; and her hair of the fullest shade of brown, resting in soft, smooth waves above her fair forehead. There was something touching in the expression of her countenance, it was so very youthful, yet it had such a shade of pensiveness. It made the gazer sigh to

think that care, or even grief, or even overmuch thought, should have visited one so young: naturally timid and gentle, she had, from her very birth, been a subdued creature—a being whose will and wishes seemed doomed to be ever subordinate to those of others. Her brother had tyrannized over her infancy, her father had ruled her in childhood—not harshly, indeed, but most entirely. She was scarcely allowed to have a free thought or feeling. She was required to cast her tastes, her actions, her opinions, in the mould of his will. To originate any idea in her mind, which might possibly differ from his, seemed to be a grievous sin. Great pains were taken to cultivate her mind, or rather to force it into one peculiar course, but its own fine impulses and innate qualities were never considered or cultivated. And yet, in spite of this barren husbandry, this iron rule, the plants, whose germs were native to the soil, would force their way into the light—stunted, indeed, in upward growth, but strongly and firmly rooted. The surface of her mind was still and calm, and ready to receive any image her father might choose to present to it;—but there was a deep and strong undercurrent, over which he had no control.

They had heard but little of Philip since his departure, and that little was evil. He had reached the West Indies in safety, but had quarrelled with

a messmate on his arrival, had fought with him, and received some severe injuries; and, when the vessel sailed on her homeward voyage, had been left in the hospital.

Incensed as Mr. Burnett had been by his son's conduct, he still retained so much of a father's feelings towards him as to cause every inquiry to be made in the proper quarter, whereby his fate might be ascertained. But, after a long delay, he received the news that Philip Burnett had left the hospital, only partially recovered, with the intention of obtaining a passage to America, and here all trace of him was lost. His haughty and unthoughtful conduct to those around him had gained him no friends, and no one had been sufficiently interested in his movements, after he quitted the hospital, to inquire what became of him.

It was on a cold, drizzly autumn afternoon that a wretched-looking man, decrepit in person, though still youthful in features, clothed in rags, and bearing in his appearance the evidences of the last stage of destitution, presented himself before Mr. Burnett's door. In his arms he held a female child two or three years old, who, worn out probably by hunger and weariness, had fallen asleep, with her little head on his shoulder.

Mr. Burnett, who saw the way-worn wanderer from the window, rang the bell, and ordered some

food to be given to the man, for he was by no means deficient in benevolence of that kind, and then resumed the newspaper he was reading. But Sarah, whose compassionate eye had been strongly attracted towards the beggar, at once became violently agitated. Her colour rose, her heart beat quick, she hastily left the room, and Mr. Burnett heard her faint shriek, and, following her, found her hanging on the wanderer's neck. It was Philip Burnett, come home to die !

He had reached America, and, under a feigned name, had procured a tolerable livelihood there for some time. He married most imprudently, and his wife was dead, leaving him the little girl in his arms. He had taken to drinking, lost his employment, fallen from stage to stage of vice and misery, and, at last, smitten with mortal illness, had humbled his spirit for the sake of his child, and returned to the home of his youth. He knew his own days were numbered, but, amidst all the evil of his heart and life, he *loved his child*, and the protection and aid he would have scorned for himself, he deigned to ask for her. And it was given. A few weeks saw the termination of his mortal career, but his little Helen remained, and the thoughtful and gentle Sarah was unto her as a mother. Her grandfather doated upon her, and treated her with the utmost indulgence : different,

indeed, was her dawn of life, from the troubled childhood of her aunt.

Affectionate and sweet as her temper was, she had still sparkles of a warmer temperament than Sarah's, and her pretty caprices and wayward whims were rather encouraged than checked by her grandfather. She was the toy of his old age, and perhaps afforded him more real happiness than any other earthly being. Still her resemblance to her aunt was very striking. She had a more brilliant colour, a merrier eye, a gayer laugh, but the whole contour of her face was the same, but more particularly when it was in repose. Had Sarah been a few years older, they would have naturally been taken for mother and child.

On this little being, so fully confided to her kindness, Sarah Burnett poured out the full tide of her deep affection, which had scarcely been permitted to exercise itself before. It was of infinite advantage to her; it gave a more womanly and independent cast to her mind, in exercising her responsibility; she was raised in her own esteem, and she ventured to speak, and think, and act, more from her own mind and heart than she had hitherto dared to do.

As if the opening of one new fountain of affection had been the signal for the unlocking of another, so it was, that a few months after little

Helen Burnett became an inmate of the family, a new affection had arisen in her heart—an affection of a still more ardent nature. She was beloved, and by whom? The boy was scarcely so old as herself—barely, indeed, fifteen; and yet he seemed older than she was—so tall and well grown was he, and so manly in his mind and manners. The bringing up of Frank Moreland had been the very reverse of her own. She had been kept a child beyond the years of childhood—he had always been brought forward and encouraged, and his premature displays of independence and spirit exulted in by his doating parents. A more complete contrast than Frank Moreland and Sarah Burnett could scarcely be found—and yet they loved.

Frank Moreland was the only child of a neighbouring farmer of the superior class, and a finer youth it was scarcely possible to find. At fifteen he might easily have passed for two or three years older, and his gay good humour, animated conversation, and handsome person, made him a general favourite. Already was he an object of much petty rivalry amongst the young ladies of the neighbourhood, and happy was she who at rural dance or fête could appropriate him to herself. It was therefore no wonder if he entertained a tolerably exalted sense of his own merits, and enjoyed

his privileges as the lady-killer of the neighbourhood to the utmost.

There were far prettier girls in Beechley than Sarah Burnett, who would have been proud of his preference, and entered into the mazes of a flirtation with him with great good-will; but Sarah, timid and retiring, seldom went into society, and when she did, rather shrank from attention than courted it. It was probably for this very reason that she caught the young and ardent fancy of the boy, and awakened the first dream of love in his heart.

It was with blushes, and tears, and trembling, that she listened to the declaration of his affection; it was with a strange wonder at herself, that she solemnly pledged him her faith. Years they both knew must elapse before their contract could be fulfilled, and Sarah's natural timidity made her entreat that, as yet, their engagement might be a secret one. It was a sad error in judgment, the fruit of injudicious training. Mr. Burnett had inspired his daughter with fear—never with confidence; and here was one of the evil effects of such a system.

Nearly two years passed away, and though Frank Moreland was a constant visitor at Mr. Burnett's, and evidently in high favour with its inmates, no one suspected the strength and sacredness of the

tie which bound him to one of them. But a change was at hand: his father died, leaving his affairs in great disorder, and the farm in which Frank had been latterly assisting, with the prospect of finally succeeding his father, had to be given up. All that was saved from the wreck of the elder Moreland's property was barely sufficient to purchase a trifling annuity for his widow, and it became necessary that Frank should direct his attention to some other business.

In this emergency, application was made to a distant relative in the metropolis who was extensively engaged in mercantile affairs, but the only way in which he professed himself able to serve the young man was by sending him out to a house in Rio Janeiro, where he would be required to remain a certain number of years, and gain experience, before being introduced into the concern at home. "If," wrote this gentleman, "he conducts himself satisfactorily during his absence, he will have the opportunity, on his return, of taking an important part in our business, and a few years may raise him to comparative affluence. I began life in a similar manner, and have never found reason to be dissatisfied with the course Fortune marked out for me."

It was hard to part with his mother—it was doubly hard to tear himself from Sarah Burnett.

Yet there was something in the proposal that met with a favourable response in Frank Moreland's breast. It held out a bright prospect for the future—undefined and distant certainty, yet dazzling from afar—and it opened a path of adventure and change which it is so natural to the restless spirit of man to yearn for. At first he thought it a dire alternative, a dreadful doom, which could not be endured; but soon the flattering influences of hope and ambition began to take effect on him; and, before three days had passed, he was not only reconciled to the prospect before him, but would have been bitterly disappointed had anything occurred to change his destination.

Not so Sarah Burnett: to her less buoyant mind, it seemed as if the foundations of happiness were giving way beneath her feet, and that the hour which separated her from Frank Moreland would separate them for ever. What—seven *long years*!—she might love on—she knew she would love on—not only for seven, but for seventy years, should her life be spared so long. But how would it be with him? Oh, the long, weary, sickening suspense—the agonized waiting for tidings of his welfare—the all that might have occurred, when a cheering letter arrived, since that letter was written! All these things rose up at once before her imagination; and, in such an extremity of agony as she had

never felt before, she sank shudderingly down in the loneliness of her chamber, and clasped her hands before her eyes, as if she could thus shut out the fearful images that crowded on her fancy.

The dream, the happy dream was over—one hour had shivered it to atoms, and the startling reality of sorrow poured in on her like a flood. But Sarah was no longer a child. The last two years had made a marvellous change in the mind that had previously been so slow in its development. Whilst in outward appearance she was still the shrinking and subdued girl, she had now principles and a judgment of her own: she saw at once what must be done; it was long before she could resolve to do it—but she felt that their engagement must be given up. Not lightly, not easily, could that solemn tie be unloosed; and even when her stern decision was made, she was secretly vowing to love on for ever in her hopeless loneliness, for she felt that never might another image rest for a moment on the mirror of her breast.

To soothe her aged father's declining years, and to watch over the welfare of the little Helen with redoubled zeal, seemed now her only business on earth. She had one more bitter pang to endure—to tell Frank Moreland of her determination, and then to part with him for ever—one more tempest of feeling to struggle through—then for the

calm dead sea of her future existence. There was something she felt like expiation in her sacrifice. However innocent her motives had been—however much her conduct had been the result of her timorous nature and ungenial education, she could not conceal from herself that *she had deceived her father*. She dwelt on this idea until her error seemed to darken into a crime. She marvelled how it was that she had never felt so guilty before, and now, nothing but the abandonment of her hopes seemed to her a commensurate atonement; one more week, and Frank Moreland would be gone—then all would be over!

They met, as they had often met before, in a secluded corner of the cottage garden. There never was a brighter moonlight, or sweeter flowers, or more balmy air, but Sarah Burnett no longer felt their influence; the world had grown dark around her. The disclosure of her resolution struck Frank Moreland dumb with amazement, and his overwhelming agony, when assured of her perseverance in it, was a terrible trial to her firmness. She had intended to set before him her reasons for this seeming harshness, but the sight of his distress put them all to flight, and she could only weep bitterly while reiterating her resolve to adhere to her purpose. It was in vain that Frank tried to penetrate her motives or shake her decision.

"If you have ceased to love me, Sarah," said he, "if you seek to be free, that you may wed another, only tell me so honestly and fairly, and I will try to endure the bitterness of my lot as I best may; but if it be only from the fear that absence will change my feelings for you, what—oh, what, my beloved one, is seven years' separation, that it should quench a love like ours?"

"Well then *be free*," he said at last, with less of tenderness in his tone than he had hitherto used; "I give you back your plighted faith—your lock of hair—and my share of the ring we broke together on this spot, not two years ago. But, remember, whilst you are free, *I* am not so. If I may not write to you, I may still love you, still hear of you through the means of others. Sarah, I will not give you up, whatever you may do:—the seven years will soon pass by, and then....." But wherefore dwell longer on that painful parting scene?

He was gone, and Sarah said to herself again and again, that "all was at an end." Yet was it not strange that hope was still lurking in her heart, and that his passionate asseveration that he would never change sounded to her like the prophecy of a far-off future, that might even yet be happy. But she tried to drive away the thought. She said to herself, it was a foolish dream, and

even her father appeared to take more interest in watching for the news of Frank's safe arrival at the end of his voyage than she did.

For a long time after Frank's departure, she strove to maintain the unbroken calm of her feelings. She would not allow herself the solace of lonely reverie or secret tears; she performed her domestic duties more tenderly and more assiduously than ever. But a little circumstance, simple and unimportant in itself, caused her to weep bitterly, and own that the affections she had striven to crush were still as vigorous as ever.

She opened a box which she had not examined for some months, and there she found a number of little articles which she had laid by from time to time, thinking, with all a girl's delighted anticipation, that she would use them *when she was married*. There were little nick-nacks and ornaments for a drawing-room; a set of beautiful chessmen, the gift of a friend who had visited them from a distance; and some pretty trinkets; and, carefully folded in blue paper to preserve its colour, a piece of rich white satin, a remnant purchased with some hoarded pocket-money, and blushinglly consigned to that receptacle with a vague idea that some day it might form the material of a bridal bonnet. She scarcely ventured a second look, but, relocking the trunk, sat down and wept.

Letters arrived in due course, bringing tidings of Frank's safe arrival at Rio Janeiro in good health; and others reached them from time to time, containing the most pleasing accounts of his good conduct and success. He rose rapidly in the esteem of the managers of the foreign establishment, and the high-road to good fortune seemed open before him.

Years went by:—six long years had passed over, and the seventh had commenced. Hitherto, Frank's letters had been filled with joyful anticipations of his return, but now they grew altered in their tone. The truth soon was told: most advantageous offers had been made him, conditional on his remaining abroad seven years longer; and he had accepted the terms.

This it was that showed Sarah Burnett the real state of her feelings, and proved to her that, in spite of all her resolutions, she had *hoped*—she had looked forward to Frank's return, when the seven years drew near an end, with a strange sensation that would have been joy, had she permitted it free exercise; but this seemed the final casting down of the dreams of her imagination. Surely he did not love her now, or nothing would have induced him to protract his absence! The blow her own hand had dealt had taken slow but sure effect, and to him she was now as nothing!

Her father died; but Sarah, with her niece, now

fast growing into a lovely girl, still occupied the cottage. They were not rich, but they had not to struggle with poverty, for Mr. Burnett had wisely insured his life for two thousand pounds; and the income arising from this, with some slight additions from another source, was more than sufficient for all their simple wants.

A more radiant creature than Helen Burnett it would be difficult for a poet to imagine, or a painter to portray. Bearing, as I have before said, a strong resemblance to her aunt, she was lovelier than that aunt had ever been, even in her loveliest days, and it was a sad truth that Sarah Burnett at twenty-eight was not the Sarah Burnett of ten or eleven years before; her figure had grown spare and somewhat angular, her face was paler than ever: there were still the mild blue eyes and the delicate features, but her brow was no longer smooth; her hair had grown thin and weak, and her whole form and face looked careworn and prematurely aged. Her health was very delicate; and, at the very time when feminine beauty should be the richest and most luxuriant, Sarah Burnett was shadowed by habitual suffering and blighted happiness.

Frank Moreland's mother, now an old woman, was already indulging in glad anticipations of her son's speedy return; but Sarah would not encourage herself again to hope. She could not realize the

belief that he would ever return at all: her sensitive spirit shrank in dread from the chance of another disappointment. She went quietly on in her accustomed path of duty; the care of her house, of her beautiful niece, and of the poor around her, filling up most part of her time.

But Time stays not in his career, however noiselessly his waves may flow; and when Sarah Burnett was in the thirty-first year of her age, the exile of Frank Moreland was ended, and he once more set foot on his native shores.

Yes, he had returned; handsomer, sprightlier, more fascinating than ever, with improved manners, enlarged intellect, and in all the flush and pride of manhood. He had been prosperous beyond his utmost hopes, and he was very shortly to be made a partner in the English branch of the concern in which he had given so much satisfaction. Then it was that the contrast between them smote with full force on Sarah Burnett's mind:—he scarcely yet in the meridian, she already past her prime, blighted in beauty, and feeble in frame. It is true that the tumult of her feelings when they met had given unwonted colour to her cheek, and a varying expression to her countenance, which had caused Frank to express his surprise that she should be so little changed; but the momentary flush soon subsided, and he never repeated the observation.

Day after day he saw her, and always addressed her kindly, even affectionately — but he never adverted to the past: vainly was her throbbing ear alive to every word and tone that might indicate a continuance of the feelings of other days; and she, whose own hand had rashly severed the tie between them, durst not breathe one word of her overcharged affection. She was convinced against her own will that he was utterly changed, that a great gulf was now set between them, and that she was really older than he, not by one year of time alone, but by an age of thought and suffering. Daily, too, he saw Helen—the young and brilliant creature just entering on life's most enchanting time; and was it unnatural that she should replace in his mind the fair image that, though cherished long during his absence, had no longer a counterpart in her who had been its original?

On Helen, too, a change had come. Her step grew less light, her laugh less frequent. There was a shadow on her beautiful brow, and the smile with which she greeted Frank Moreland's almost daily entrance was now accompanied by a blush. Who so quick to discern the change and its cause as Sarah Burnett? She saw at once what was passing in the young girl's mind, and, summoning all her courage for the task, she resolved to speak to Frank on the subject, and if she found that he

really loved Helen, to assure him that she would give him her full and free consent to their union.

The first time she saw Frank alone she was about to commence the subject, with beating heart and flushed cheek, when he startled and surprised her by speaking of it himself. He avowed his love for Helen without disguise or embarrassment, and appealed to her for her consent as the natural guardian of the orphan girl.

"You were wiser than I, dear Sarah," he said, "when so many years ago you released us from the bonds which we, in our boy and girl folly, had woven. You are still dear, very dear to me—how can one so excellent be otherwise? But you knew better than I the change that time must effect in us, and that the day must come when my feeling for you would be that of a dear brother to a most beloved elder sister. The precious being whose happiness I ask you to confide to my keeping does not look up to you with more reverential attachment than I do. Sarah, my love for you now is such as a mortal might feel towards a guardian angel!"

This was the closing struggle in the history of Sarah Burnett's heart. It only remained to trample out the last sparks of hope and fear that had been rekindled by Frank Moreland's return, and to try to extinguish the love which, instead of a folly,

would now become a crime. She had only now to assist in the arrangement of the nuptials, to dress the young and beautiful bride, and to sit down in her lonely cottage on the evening of the marriage, a sad and chastened being, whose part on earth was accomplished.

In turning over the same trunk, whose contents had so moved her when she looked on them years before, she had found the piece of snowy satin which in fancy had been destined for her own bridal decoration. "It shall be worn by Frank Moreland's bride," thought she; and it formed the head-dress of the fair Helen on her marriage day.

In the little churchyard of Beechley there is a tomb whose inscription informs you that it is sacred to the memory of the Rev. Charles Burnett—to that of Charlotte, his wife, and Philip, his only son. Another name is added to the list—it is that of Sarah Burnett, aged thirty-five. Ask those who were around her in her latter days of what she died, and one will tell you that it was of some unascertained internal disease; another, that she was the victim of decline; and others, perhaps, that it was of a complication of disorders. We, who knew her secret history, could give a truer answer—she died of a weary spirit, and of a slowly broken heart.

THE LAST OF THE MACARTHIES.

A BALLAD.

It was an ancient castle,
And proudly did it stand ;
Its tall gray towers right solemnly
Looked forth upon the land ;
The robe of dewy twilight
Was wrapt about its brow,
And many a tree around it reared
The green and glossy bough.

It was a stately noble
Came from the gate alone—
The spreading lawns, the green arcades,
The towers were all his own.
Well might he pace on proudly,
And, pausing in his bliss,
Marvel if all the earth could hold
A fairer realm than his.

Along a deep, dim cloister,
Framed by the arching boughs,
Where sunset through the clustered leaves
A misty radiance throws,

The chieftain went, nor paused to mark
How, o'er the pearly grass,
Soft, shadowy tints of light and dark
In changeful beauty pass.

Lo ! he stands still to listen !
For on the night breeze, near,
The tone of a low, fitful wail
Comes sighing to his ear.
That plaintive sound he follows,
Until his steps are led
To where a dusky cedar-tree
Uprears its graceful head.

There kneeled an old man weeping
Beside that lonely tree ;
His white hairs lay upon the ground,
A piteous sight to see !
“ Who art thou, hoary stranger ? ”
The wondering Baron said,
And the old man lifted tremblingly
His gray and downcast head.

“ I am a houseless wanderer
In the cold world alone ;
I was the heir of all the realm
Which now is called thine own :

I held it from my Fathers,
A long and lordly line,
The land was won in their good days—
And it was lost in mine !

“ With mine own hand I planted,
In boyhood’s blithest years,
This tree, which now in sad old age
I water with my tears !
I have but drooped and withered,
As it has reached its prime,
And now I come to look on it,
And weep—for the last time !

“ For Fate hath dealt unkindly
With me, and with my race ;
The green isle where my Fathers dwelt
Gives me no resting-place :
I go, to wear away my life,
Far from my land of birth,
The last of the Macarthies—
And alone upon the earth !”

His face the old man covered,
His bitter tears to hide ;
How should he brook that they were seen
By the chieftain at his side ?

In the place where he was nurtured,
And where his Fathers slept,
He was a homeless wanderer—
He hid his face and wept !

O ! Wealth and Power are tutors
In what the Heart condemns,
And the chill world teaches selfishness
To those that wear her gems !
The Baron turned him on his heel,
Cold and unmoved was he ;
And he left the old man weeping
Beside the lonely tree !

S. M.

THE RAINBOW.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

Bright Bow, in thy glory o'erarching yon sky,
With a splendour as pure dost thou shine
As when first thou wast shown to the Patriarch's eye,
The pledge of a promise divine !
And can we thus look up, and behold thee, as now,
After storms of past ages appear,
Nor believe, though with sorrow our spirits may bow,
In a God of all joy ever near ?

A bow without arrows, reversed, and unstrung,
Is a token that warfare is o'er ;
And above this dim world, by our King art thou hung,
A signal of peace evermore.
While serene as thy hues do his attributes blend,
With a glory like thine, ever new,
Though concealed from our vision, he still is our Friend,
The eternal, unchanging, and true.

Our heavens may be darkened, the thunder-peals loud,
And the tempest life's prospect deform,
But 'tis He who in love set his "bow in the cloud,"
Whose love comes disguised in the storm.
While the watch-light of Faith our awed bosom illumines,
If her altar-fire steadily burn,
Quickly, then, with the rainbow-tints bright'ning
her plumes,
Will our Dove with the olive return !
Newburyport, Massachusetts, U.S.

THE LOST SHIP.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

Oh ! weep for those who weep themselves no more—
Oh ! weep for those whose earthly course is o'er—
Whose homes are desolate—whose brides are lone—
Whose vacant seats cumber the cold hearth-stone—
Whose children weep, and wail, and watch in vain
For those who come not—will not come again.

Loud rose the cry from England's princely domes—
Loud rose the cry forth from her humbler homes—
From busy street, from quiet greenwood way,
Rose the loud cry—"Ah! wherefore do they stay?
Lo! we, the desolate, we watch, we mourn—
With outstretched arms we cry—Return, return!"

Loud was the blast—the wild waves roll on high—
White foams the sea around—black glooms the sky.
But England's oak is stanch—her hearts are true.
Courage! oh, gallant ship and trusty crew!
Ye yet may reach your home! In vain! in vain!
They come not yet—they ne'er will come again.

Weep, wretched mother! weep thy fair-haired boy!
Weep, thou, sad bride, thy bosom's buried joy!
Mourn, noble hearts! mourn, hearts as true and brave!
Mourn England, those thou lov'dst, yet couldst
not save—

Thy noblest blood, thy brightest spirits!—mourn
Those who return not—never will return.

Oh! ye who dwell 'neath summer's peaceful sky,
Think of the friends who went—and went to *die*!
Calm, ye who float o'er summer's glassy wave—
Think of their stormy fate and far-off grave—
Their struggling death—their last despairing cry.
Mourn—mourn—the loved, the lost, who went to
die!

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THE DOMESTIC ABUSE AND THE FEMALE VIOLENCE

THE PENITENT AND HIS PENANCE.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

On an eminence that overhung the Bay of Naples stood a certain gentleman, whom we are about to introduce as our hero. It was one of those nights that seemed, from the brightness of the starry myriads, to outrival in glory the splendour of the day. Night, robed in her vestments of royal blue, crowned with her untold jewels, and throned in the magnificent heavens of unapproachable and immeasurable immensity, appeared to look calmly down upon the tumult of the world below. The sky hung like a sapphire canopy, gemmed with blazing diamonds of celestial fire, over a sin-trodden, serpent-stained, a polluted, a seared, and a blasted world.

And yet, to look on the loveliness of that scene, we might almost have thought that it had escaped the curse of being man's dwelling-place. We should then have made a great mistake, too, for man carries his cares wherever he carries his footsteps, and that is pretty nearly all over the world.

Still there was a soul-soothing—almost a soul-satisfying—loveliness over the spot. Tush! What can satisfy the soul of man! Not even happiness on earth, if he could find the jewel, which, had it existed in any thing but name, would, we might imagine, have been discovered long ago; for, throughout all time, all men have been spending their whole lives in the search. Truly now that scene was very beautiful; the sleeping Bay reflecting the faces of the silent, solemn stars; the graceful forests of masts, with their cobweb-like tracery intertwining from every spiral summit; the city gaining grandeur from its growing obscurity and indistinctness, and sparkling with innumerable lights. In truth it was a scene that memory ought to paint as a picture to be placed in its own choicest gallery of the best works of its master.

But as we have said that our hero was standing over an eminence which commanded a view of that exquisite scene, we ought surely to tell what he was doing there. Let him speak for himself. We will translate his thoughts. It has been the fashion from time immemorial for heroes to soliloquize.

“Oh, woman!”—we can only give fragments of the thread, the woof being broken into short lengths—“born from the very first of thy feeble race to be the curse of man! She smiled upon him! Ay, she smiled; and, though I spoke, she heard me

not! Yet love, with its ear athirst, catcheth ever the lightest whisper, the faintest breath of the beloved one. I was by her side, and she saw me not!—spoke, and she heard me not! To be unconscious of the presence of what we love is an impossibility. Heart—instinct—the very blind can tell the approach of the adored—else there is no love! I laid my hand with a light and reverend touch upon her garment, and she felt it not!—felt it not! and yet the wave of her drapery thrills through me! And she laughed—madness!—laughed like an idiot! And he—yes! I still hear their voices mingling in the senseless, the soulless merriment! I could—no matter! It lacked not this. I see the rays of their eyes meeting and shooting showers of fiery arrows upon each other! I seem to stand between those fires, and they come like darts of flame, piercing into the marrow of my bones—the core of my heart! Ay, and there are other weapons besides arrows. I wear one—it is bright and glittering. Shall I pierce with it this bursting heart, and so at one gushing pore let out all its sorrows?—or shall I turn it upon them? What right had he to look upon her—to gaze up into her face—to hold her hand so caressingly? Ah, and my father cheered, and my mother smiled! Do they wish him for their heir instead of—'twill be easy to accomplish their wishes! Sea, as thou

glidest by, thou offerest me a calm sleeping-place. Shall I lie down upon thy bed, and let thy gurgling waters lull me into an eternal repose? But will that repose be eternal? Well, if not, can the torments of hell be greater than the torments of earth? They have forgotten me—they disregard my anguish—feel nothing of my injuries! Ay, but I can recal them to their natural affections! Let them only see me dead! Let them but look on the death-printed agony of my face!—that agony shall go with them to their own graves. Let my soulless body but be brought into their festive chambers in the midst of their mirth and revelry—mirth and revelry made under the poor pretence of cheering me—*me!* ha! ha! Ay, ay, then shall they be made to feel a passion of remorse, a never, never-dying serpent, eating into their heart's core. Ha! ha! I have ye there! Would I could be there to see their horror, their anguish, their despair! 'Twould be glorious! And there I *shall* be, though not sentient. Ay, there! they will look upon my stiff limbs and my closed eyes—but these eyes shall not close even in death. The glassy orbs shall remain uncovered, and by their fearful glances reproach them with my injuries—those injuries which they have heaped upon me; and it may be that my spirit shall be there to feast itself in that glorious revenge!”

Our hero pressed forward to the edge of the eminence which overhung the Bay. Below him ran the hushing waters. He paused upon the brink, and the murmuring sound seemed to fall upon his ear as a soothing song, as though it were the voice of Nature singing her contradictory and naughty children to the repose of their passions. It might have had this effect upon our hero, for, as he listened, tears, ay, tears, rushed into his eyes; but, just at the turning point of the tide of his feelings, there came from the open windows of the fair villa behind a burst of wild, musical laughter, snatches of melodious song, the echoes of the carelessly-struck strings of a lute; and amidst all he became aware of the issuing forth of a group of airy figures, the fluttering of a white veil, a sort of Babel of merry voices, and heard his own name called upon in tones that maddened him.

Then might have been heard a wild groan, and then fell there a heavy plash into that beautiful Bay of Naples.

The morning sun shone on the fair city of Naples as brightly and joyously as though neither sin nor sorrow ever darkened its dwellings. The sleeping life began to stir, and the sound of footsteps was heard in the streets. Men hurried to and fro on

their daily avocations. Every heart had an object, every energy an aim.

Matins had been offered up ; the last reverberation of the voice of the priest had died away ; the rays of the bright morning sun came pouring floods of light through the panes of painted glass, which displayed the glories of saints and martyrs. Costly drapery, rich lace, exquisite embroidery, rare paintings, golden candlesticks, wreaths and festoons of flowers, were all adorning the high altar. Here and there might be seen an old woman or a young girl kneeling at the shrine of the Madonna ; and now one and now another, dipping the fingers in the holy water and crossing themselves upon brow and breast, with measured prayer, and ready, accustomed motion, glided softly by. Yet still one wild and haggard man might have been seen leaning against those sculptured pillars, with a face that, but for an occasional writhing in its agony, could well have been mistaken for the same chiselled work, from its own marble whiteness. And now all was quiet, save a few loitering, lingering footsteps, pausing near some favoured shrine or some masterwork of pictorial art. The mellow light broke in through the rich dimness of the windows, turning into the semblance of blazing gems the portraitures of saints and angels through which it darted ; and, miserably-faint similitude of the God-

like glory of light, a few attenuated tapers glimmered in their impalement on a species of tripod on which pious hands had placed them.

And now, strange change in the temper of his passion, that miserable man, in his sea-saturated garments, with his wildly-streaming hair, knelt at one of the confessionals that stood in the deep embrasures of that church. May we dare to trace the course of his confession?

"Father," said the Penitent, in a voice half suffocated with emotion, "there kneeleth before you the most miserable of his race!"

"Son," replied the priest, "he only who hath sinned most should deem himself most miserable. To know our sins and to confess them proveth that penitence followeth on the heels of transgression."

"But I," replied the Penitent, "am more sinned against than sinning. Every human being hath conspired together against me—parents, friends, kindred, she who was—nay, my whole race!"

"Son," replied the priest, "look narrowly into thyself, and see whether the root of so spreading a tree of evil hath not its nativity within thee. May it not be thine own solitary heart which hath turned against friends and relations, rather than that they should all have violated nature to turn against thee?"

“Father!” ejaculated the Penitent, in accents of despair, “my fate follows me, for even thou—a stranger, a priest—art with them! Already hast thou condemned me! Instead of pouring the oil and the wine of holy healing into my wounds, thou hast but torn them open the wider!”

“Mine erring son, remember thou art in the confessional,” replied the priest mildly. “I am the sworn servant of One who pitied but knew not human passions. I sorrow for thee—for thee, my son. Thou art in pain and heaviness, and it is the office of holy Mother Church to comfort her children. I am her unworthy son: honour thou my office; forget the weakness of the instrument, and so shall my ministry be blessed unto thee. Speak on, my son; and neither fear nor doubt that thy griefs are within the power of the holy medicine of the Church to heal.”

“Thou speakest pityingly to me, father,” replied the Penitent; “but thou takest it for granted, by the same strange fatality that besetteth all whom I approach, that I am the offending one. Father, I tell you it is not so! My whole race are in confederacy against me!”

“Open thy heart, my son,” replied the priest soothingly; “pour out its fulness. The arms of the Church are ever open to receive and welcome both the sorrowful and repentant. Speak on.”

"Father, I am nobly born," began the Penitent.

"If thy birth honour thee, honour thou thy birth," replied the priest.

"I am the heir of my father's house. A long line of noble ancestry have bequeathed to its representative accumulated wealth and augmented dignity. Pride rocked the cradle of my infancy. My days have been passed in palaces, surrounded by all the refinements of the arts, by all that would minister to the gratification of the senses."

"Son," said the priest, "the abundance of earthly blessings, which pamper our mortal frames of dust and ashes, is but too often poison to our higher and nobler part, the soul. The joys of time ought to be tasted sparingly, if we would feast on those of eternity."

"Father," replied the Penitent, "there needeth no homily on the vanity and emptiness of the toys of time. The gold and jewels of my childhood have already turned into dust and ashes. Father, I have told you that I live under a curse!—a curse that follows me wherever I go, and clings to me in all that I do. I have a brother....."

"Heaven blesses its own ties," said the priest.

"Ay, and sometimes turneth its best blessings into its heaviest curses. Father, my parents love my younger brother better than their first born."

"Son," began the priest, in a tone of reproof....

“Nay, then,” exclaimed the Penitent impatiently, “even Heaven is against me, for thou art the representative of Heaven. Still doth the blight pursue me!—still doth the curse follow me!”

“Son,” replied the priest, with a calm dignity, “I have utterly forsworn all human passions. I may not suffer emotions of heat and anger to kindle in my heart, much less may they pass the doors of my lips. Unhappy son, bethink thee that I am but the ministering servant, who may, albeit all unworthy, be permitted to open to thee those fountains of pity, which, like medicinal waters, flow for the healing of our sin-sick race. Open thy heart, my son, and so shalt thou receive within it the balm of consolation.”

“I will speak on, for thy words seem to penetrate my heart. Father, I am on fire, and yet this blood seems frozen in its passage through these veins! I have spoken of my brother, who is—oh, yes, he is a youth full of the gallantry of his early manhood! He hath more of the comeliness of our race, more of the eagle eye, more of the curling lip—ay, ay, he hath a lip so winning—ha! ha! so winning, priest, that it cozens my mother’s womanliness and my father’s manhood! Ay, ay, they dote upon him, they follow him with approving smiles! they pay him homage—adoration—while I.....”

“Son,” said the priest, “beware of the sin of the first murderer.”

“Again—again I am met with reproof instead of pity!” exclaimed the Penitent vehemently. “Father, could you but see the brow on which candour seems to sit enthroned—the open eye, speaking its kindly language—the bright, bewildering smile—the ready and the gracious words in which he wraps his secret meanings—you would say that my brother boasted the skill of the master hypocrite! And then, could you but hear the lisping love with which he prayeth me to believe that he holdeth me in his inmost heart—the sorrow that he may have given me some unknown umbrage—the fervour with which he disclaimeth all thoughts harmful or hurtful to me—and that the while he is planting a thousand daggers in my heart, and wounding me with every word of his specious softness! I would that he would dash my head against the stones instead of it! Father, can an ardent nature feel more deadly injuries than those of glozing words?”

The priest uttered a deep groan. “Saving, my son, the ravings of infuriated passion. But proceed. Open all thine heart.”

“Father, there are eras in our lives that seem the starting points of new existence. I was fast sinking under my sorrows, when a mere accident

gave me the opportunity of saving the life of a fellow-creature. I remember well under what a weight of gloom my own soul was crushed when I was startled by the sudden sight of a woman's danger. For a while I folded my arms and looked on with a strange apathy, nay, with a sort of unutterable satisfaction; and I said to myself, as I watched her struggles, 'Ay, die! die! I will not stretch forth a finger to snatch thee back to life! Get thee hence from a world on which lieth the curse—the curse!' I had then some pity in me for my race."

"Son," asked the priest, in a severe voice, and yet not without some cadence of compassion mingling in its tones, "didst thou show thy pity for thy fellow beings by suffering one of the most helpless to perish before thine eyes?"

"Father, it had been a righteous act, and my heart felt a satisfying consciousness as I looked upon those dying agonies; but nature is weak: it was an impulse—a frenzy—I know not what—but on the sudden I found her in safety in my arms. Men said that I had done a deed of heroism; that I had perilled mine own life, and been saved but by a miracle; that but a hair's breadth separated us from destruction. Tush! they knew little of the matter. It was an act of weakness, and not of

strength. I had preserved my resolution till the last moment, and then it broke."

"Son, an impulse of a higher nature saved thee from a heinous sin."

"Father, she whom I had saved was young and beautiful. I held her in my arms, forgetful of time, place, existence. At length she opened her eyes upon me, and gazed up into my face. A new existence poured itself into my soul. I was a changed being—instantaneously—as by a sudden flash from heaven. I drank of a new tide of life. Like the blind, whose eyes have been miraculously opened to behold in a flood of sunlight the glories of the creation, so at that moment I believed that this earth had turned into a heaven. Father, I loved!"

"Son," said the priest, "it is heavenly, and not earthly love that alone can satisfy the soul."

"Father, for a brief season I was happy. I fancied that the lady of my love returned my passion. She was the only child of a rich, a noble, a powerful family, and their gratitude to me for her preservation was so unbounded that they sanctioned my pretensions: they gave me what I had saved, and lauded my courage, my self-forgetfulness, my generosity!—*my generosity!* ha! ha! My own parents likewise hailed our union with delight:

they blessed my beloved one for being the means of saving me from that deep melancholy, which, looking upon as a disease, they had so fruitlessly sought every means to cure. They have surrounded us with festivities. All things have been prepared. Father, this is my appointed nuptial day !”

“Thy nuptial day, unhappy youth !” exclaimed the priest ; “and thou with these thoughts in thy heart and this guise on thy body ?”

“Even so. I have put away the cup of my happiness, for it was — poisoned ! Father, my intended bride deceived either herself or me when she permitted me to believe that she returned my love. She saw my brother, my gay, my gallant brother ! Could you have beheld their meetings, their joyous talk, their mirth, their merriment ! But, no ; I will not seek to trace their treachery towards me. Father, they loved each other !”

“Son,” began the priest.

“Nay,” interrupted the Penitent, “my tale draweth to an end. My mistress and my brother love each other. Her feelings were only gratitude to me ; they are passion for him. My parents, too, would fain have him for their heir : they are weary of their first-born : my bride would have him for her lord. Let both be gratified—be satisfied. So be it. I have but to quit this life, and I leave them room for all their desires. My marriage feast

will suffice for my funeral one. Nay, it will be ample enough both for wedding and burial, so let the priest who hath performed my death-rites join their hands together over my grave. Priest, I knew that my death would satisfy all their desires, and—last night—I.....”

“Son, most lost and most unhappy, what didst thou?”

“I plunged into the Bay of Naples!”

“And art here to tell it?”

“Ay; for it so chanced that a boat lying on its oars was near me, and, deeming that I had been precipitated from the cliff by accident—*accident!*—they drew me from my living grave. They put me on shore, and I gave them thanks and gold, as though I would have requited a benefit. I did it that they might leave me free; else might they have restrained me in bondage; and, from that hour, through the livelong night, I have wandered up and down, now through lone fields, and now through the lonelier city, till at the matin hour I saw the peasant bringing the produce of his toils, and the wayfarer and the artisan entering this temple, and I followed them unknowingly; and it seemed to me that they who had knelt at the confessional departed with light footsteps and faces radiant with joy, and I said to myself, if I also confess my sin and sorrow, may it not be that the

evil which possesses me shall be cast out? And thus, father, have I knelt before thee, and acknowledged all my griefs and my transgressions."

"Son," replied the priest, "the evil spirit by which thou art possessed shall be indeed cast out of thee; but this is one that may not be expelled by ordinary means. Thou art an obedient son of our holy Mother Church, and wilt obey her behests."

"As the sick and wounded desire healing, so will I submit me even to a bitter medicine, good priest."

"Ay, son, as one white with the leprosy of sin; for thy sorrow is but the fruit of thy sin. And now hear thou the penance which holy Mother Church enjoineeth thee. Prepare thy rebellious spirit for submission."

"Father, thou knowest that I may not withhold my obedience, on pain of perdition."

"Son," resumed the priest, speaking with a calm and impressive dignity, "hear thou the penance, on the performance of which thou shalt be absolved from all thine offences. Thou hast in intention committed the crime of self-murder, besides other deadly sins, which I enjoin thee to reflect upon and repent of, while thou art undergoing the cleansing of thy soul from this one great iniquity."

"Son, thou hast heard the common rumour of

the day : the city rings with the tale of the lonely man, who, having been cast away in shipwreck on a certain desolate island, there made his solitary habitation in a cave by the seashore for many of the fairest years of his life. The vessel that touched upon that deserted land now lieth in the Bay. She is returning on her way with the intent of once again pausing at that island : her sails are now fluttering, and she waits but the turning of the tide. Son, depart thou in that vessel."

"Father !"

"I charge thee, for thy soul's safety, and on thy obedience to holy Mother Church, go thou on board that vessel. Exchange no word with any human being, saving, indeed, the needful arrangements for thy voyage. On the way, commune not with thy fellow voyagers. Holy men have lived rather as the wild denizens of the forests, or as the honoured Baptist in his sheep's clothing, eating the wild fruits and the wild honey of the woods, and so have approached nearer to Heaven than those who sit in king's houses, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day. Go thou in thy sinfulness to that cave by the seashore ; wean thy body from its pampered sloth ; gain by thine own bodily exertion sufficient needful food to support thy life, and by prayer, penance, and meditation, learn to subdue the evil that is in thee. In

one year thou mayest return ; and, as I trust me, so renewed and regenerated as not to be wholly either incapable or unworthy of happiness, and the anniversary of this day may be thy nuptial day."

"Father ! Do I hear aright ! Banishment to a lonely island and solitary cave ! Banishment from friends, brethren, parents, mistress ! Banishment from my whole species !"

"Banishment from those with whom thou couldst not live in peace."

"May I not even bid farewell to my father—my mother?"

"'He that loveth father or mother more than—' Son, thou rememberest the rest," replied the priest. "'He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back.....'"

"Father, it is a bitter agony !"

"'Tis through the death agony that Heaven must be ever entered."

The kneeling penitent spread his hands before his face, while the scalding tears oozed from between his fingers.

Then came the silence of a few moments.

The Penitent heaved a deep groan. "Father, I submit me."

"Son, I absolve thee from thine offences," said the priest ; but we follow not the sacred formula.

And now that strange and mysterious penance was fulfilling. The priest who had laid it upon the Penitent knew something of the secrets of the human heart: and well would it be for the world if all who are unfit to live were sent out of it. We do not mean, of course, by that dark door through which there is no returning, but only just to an hospital or an island made on purpose, from which they might be discharged when they were convalescent.

Our Penitent was now undergoing his quarantine. He stood on the shore of his lonely island, the image of mute despair, watching the receding vessel which had brought him thither, till its fair spreading, swelling sails diminished and diminished to the faintest and the faintest speck, until at last it was to be seen only in the imagination; and still he watched, and watched, until the earth, and the seas, and the skies, all took the black veil of night; and then he threw himself upon the sands and raved, raved till he was exhausted, and his parched tongue refused to articulate another exclamation of his passion. And there he lay in his sullen anguish, the quiet stars keeping their unthanked watch above him, until the deep-voiced sea gave him solemn warning that it was coming, on, and on, ever nearer and nearer, with its mighty army of waves, and, being still unheeded, until each separate

wave, rushing on in giant billows, bade him beware of the approaching majesty of greatness, and, bidding him know himself as but the veriest atom of insignificance, lifted him in its resistless arms as though he had been but a portion of the tangled seaweed tossed hither and thither upon its hissing froth, and threw him, in the veriest disdain, further upon the shore.

Thus spurned by the mighty rushing waters, the Penitent lay upon the sands until the sun, rising high in the heavens, poured down its rays upon him, scorching and burning him like a withered leaf. And now came the crisis — should he perish in his inactivity, or rouse up his spirit to self-preservation? Strange! — he, who had courted and rushed into the arms of death, was not now found to await its approach. With reeling brain and staggering steps, the Penitent made his way to the cave which had once been the sheltering home of the shipwrecked mariner, and, descrying a portion of bread left him by the seamen, with a strange ravening joy, a species of animal impulse, overpowering at the moment every faculty of the mind and every emotion of the heart, he seized the homely viand, and devoured it, and then, having quenched his thirst with a draught of the gushing water that flowed in a torrent from the side of the rock, he sank upon the hard floor of his solitary

cave, and fell into the profound sleep of exhaustion.

The sleep of the Penitent was long and deep: he heard not the sighing of the wind or the far-breathing murmuring of the waters. The hollow sound of the heaving billows breaking upon the shore, the music of the ocean's long reverberating lullaby, when wave after wave took up the chorus as it came, and passed it to its fellow, awoke him not. There was a long forgetfulness of sorrow, unbroken by the pageantry and the theatricals of dreams. The sun, mounting in its resplendent majesty the highest throne of the heavens, woke him not, though it poured down its own glowing refulgence; and still he slept, till the soft, balmy breath of evening swept across his brow, and he opened his eyes upon the new and strange objects by which he was surrounded.

And now it was that the Penitent became conscious of his true position: banished from his species, he felt himself in a vast vacuum: banished from every object of affection, he became sensible of the vacuum which existed in his own heart. With the sense of isolation came also a vague feeling of the value of all that he had lost. Links of the broken chains of his affections hung around him, and each told of a severed treasure. Now, too, the comforts and the luxuries of life acquired a new

importance in his eyes ; hitherto they had been the mere appendages of his position, the mere menial ministrings of matter to his lordly convenience ; now they were invested with new value ; not a moment passed without teaching him his dependence and his ingratitude. Hitherto, what had the silken fingers done ? what had the effeminate frame performed of useful service either to himself or to the world ? What now would he have given for some slavish drudge to minister to his wants ? But none was within reach. Already was the morsel of coarse bread exhausted, and now the alternative remained between exertion and starvation. Life itself was dependent upon labour. Should the son of a long line of noble ancestry delve like a serf, and live, or lie down in his proud indolence, and die ? Assuredly there was a struggle in the heart of the Penitent ; a balance in the scales of good and evil ; a sort of to be or not to be deliberation, or rather a warring and strife of the passions ; but at last the beam kicked to the right side ; a reaction took place in the mind ; either an animal necessity, a vulgar, every-day sort of desire to eat prevailed, or else the reasoning process proved it to be a rational thing to make the most passable good out of the most intolerable evil : but, whatever it might be, whether it was this, or that, or something else, the Penitent actually began to make self-exertion for his own

sustenance, to seek food to satisfy his hunger, and actually to eat with appetite what he had obtained with toil.

And so from that first step, as from a turning point, began that strange Penance to work with healing power. There is a mighty blessing upon labour, and our Penitent began to earn the daily wages of this blessing. He exchanged a life of indolence, of abject, soul-corroding, mind-rusting, heart-festering indolence, for one of active exertion. How now did the moody temper cheer itself! How did the deep gloom disperse! How did the clouds vanish from the past and the future! With what horror did he look back upon his own insane ingratitude! With what intense fervour did he go through those devotions which the priest had appointed! How did he lament his sin-sickness, and bless his healing! That lonely island became his temple, and his voice mingled with the ever-hymning sea in offering up the morning and the evening sacrifice. The adoration of the Penitent rose with the ever-bursting praise of Nature in the vast creation; and so evermore, evermore, as day followed day, and night came after night, in that lonely wilderness, the penance of the Penitent worked upon his soul with the efficacy of a sovereign and medicinal power.

Truly now—from the sublime to the ridiculous—

it was ludicrous enough to see, if anybody had been there to see it, the clownish efforts of the pampered son of luxury to provide for his own vulgar necessities—for, after all, eating and drinking are vulgar necessities—to see the feather-capped, velvet-robed lordling dragging poetical sticks to make a poetical fire for the cooking of his own unpoetical food, with his own most ill-used, dainty fingers. It was no figure of speech to say that “by the sweat of his brow he should eat bread,” and that without perfumed and laced kerchiefs to fan him afterwards. Thrown back, as it were, upon man’s earliest stage of civilization, he found himself compelled to labour like the meanest serf, and so was moody melancholy dispersed, and the diseased illusions of the brain all put to flight, and the sluggish blood sent in healthful currents through the veins, and so gradually came the affections into their true and natural operation; and he, who a while ago had loathed his species, could have struck his thirsty poniard into the hearts of his nearest ones, and plunged himself into a watery grave to escape from their fellowship, would now have thought the simplest syllable from the human lip the most divine of music’s melodies. From his heart there spread such a circle of love as even to embrace the humbler denizens of the creation. As a poor substitute for the society of his species,

he sought to tame the wild animals of the woods and the feathered birds that gave morning concerts in their branches; and, by degrees, these unsuspecting creatures—unsuspicious, because ignorant that men are often less human than themselves—not only made morning calls upon him in his cave, but actually paid him long visits—nay, even grew so domesticated, that not unfrequently the heir of one of the lordliest of the Neapolitan nobles might have been found sleeping side by side with a crested descendant of one of the voyagers of Noah's ark—always supposing that anybody had been there to look in.

And now a year of life had passed away—a year. Ah, there are years of life which make us shudder to look back upon, as though we had been passing over precipices with—what? hell yawning beneath them! Howbeit, the penance had been blessed to the Penitent, and it would finish on the morrow! *Oh, jubilate!*

Our hero knew it not—which of us knows what shall next happen to him?—but, on that last eve of his penance, there anchored in a little bay behind a jutting rock, in a sort of secret corner, which Nature seemed to have made on purpose for the occasion, a certain fair and graceful vessel. For the last few days she had been hovering round the coast; but not till eventide had come, and the stars

had risen to give her welcome, did she furl her sails and drop quietly into that little haven. It was the last day of the Penitent's strange penance, and the morrow would leave him free to mingle once again with his fellow-men. In the cabin of that fair ship, which was adorned with all the appliances of pampered luxury, was assembled a small but noble company. On the one hand stood a Neapolitan noble and his lady; on the other a girl of exquisite beauty, with the dark hair and flashing eyes of her own sunny land, and a youth with a face on which Nature herself had written a certificate that all was right within. One other individual completed the group; it was a man, a venerable old man, with one eye full of shrewdness and the other full of benevolence—or rather we suppose we must say the two eyes divided the two expressions, and had half and half between them—wearing the tonsure and the priestly garb. With the exception of this individual, an air of dark disquietude, a deep-seated, heart-gnawing anxiety rested upon the group. Like people who cross the hair bridge of some great event and tremble for the issue, they stood pale, palpitating, alternately despairing but for a little hope, and hoping but for a little despair.

“My son! my noble, though my erring son!” exclaimed the elder matronly lady. “Shall I yet

look upon him in the land of the living, or hath he died for lack of food, or been torn limb from limb by the ravenous beasts of the island?"

"There be no ravenous beasts upon the island," said the priest in a quiet tone; "and, for food, the expense of a little labour would over-supply his need. It is a fruitful spot of earth, and I would that all who in the crowded streets of cities be perishing for hunger were even here."

"The son of our house to toil like a serf!" exclaimed the noble; "these priests....."

"Are sent to teach the proud humility," calmly interposed the priest, finishing his sentence.

"Once let me gain back my brother," exclaimed the youth, "and 'tis not an arm of flesh shall part us!"

"Son," said the priest, "an arm of flesh shall not part you—it shall bind you to each other."

"And for me," exclaimed the young and beautiful lady, her eyes swimming in the light of melted diamonds, "for me to be divided from him....."

"Daughter, the hand of Heaven shall unite you," consolingly said the priest.

"You have promised me," said the lady, vehemently, like a lady, "that I shall be the first to behold and be beholden! The first glance of his eye is to be mine—mine and unshared!"

"I have promised to attend you to the entrance

of the cave where the young noble maketh his habitation, and to leave you to enter alone."

Before the first streak of light shooting upwards into the dim sky like a brilliant firework had given any intimation of the approach of day, and while the grey envelope of the earth was yet unbroken, or at most when its opaqueness only began to give symptoms of a demi-transparency, the young and beautiful bride elect, on the anniversary of what ought to have been her wedding-day—if every day had its due—stealthily proceeded to the Penitent's cave.

With a trembling step, hands crossed upon her bosom, a palpitating heart, strained eyes, and dizzy brain; with a whole creation of wild thoughts within her, and every mark of correspondent disorder without, the lady-love staggered on her way. Impelled forward by her hopes, pulled backward by her fears, with a strange mixture of the contrary ingredients employed by Nature in the human manufacturing—she now rushed on, and then recoiled again, till, at last, by a desperate effort, she looked upon her lover!

Ay, there he lay and slept—slept calmly, peacefully, soberly, sweetly, while some of his forest friends, tamed, like himself, had nestled in and composed themselves very comfortably by his side.

In truth, our picture is a wild one, and our readers will scarcely wonder that the gentle visitant, more used to courts than caves, should droop and drop by her lover's side, overcome by so much fear, so much wonder, such strange scenes, and such new emotions.

And now that little island became the scene of a new festival. Never before within it had human hearts swelled with such gladness, and, between ourselves, never will within it again. How gloriously and congratulatory did the sun shine that day! How gallantly did he pay his compliments, and how dazzlingly did he gild every thing all over, and turn the very sea into an ocean of jewelry for the bride! Every spray threw up whole shoals of rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, each single shiver of which was brighter than the eye of an eastern idol, however idolized. And all these were presents for the bride—yes, we know what we say, for the bride—and a fair bride she was—to say nothing of gems, which no casket could hold. Ah, what a temple was there—a temple of Nature's rearing!—and what an architect and decorator that lady is!

The attendants of my lord and my lady, and the crew of mariners, sharing in the gladness, emulated each other in adorning the spot. They reared an

altar on the side of a gentle eminence; above it spread the most luxuriant foliage, and from the boughs they hung a drapery of the national colours, from which they appended long wreaths of living loveliness, composed of the most odoriferous flowers that grew in their abundant beauty in every valley around. The earth spread its own carpet of enamelled buds and blossoms beneath their feet, and the sky above reflected upon them the smile of Heaven. Around, far, far as the eye could reach, and beyond this imagination took up the view, spread the calm, the beautiful, the sublime, the magnificent sea—the wonderful creation of waters—and so stood that spot of beauty in that mighty girdle.

And by that altar stood the bride and bridegroom, and the priest who had enjoined that strange Penance now gave them to each other, so that neither of them could be taken away.

Ay, that priest knew something of that strange specimen of geology—the human heart.

Well, they made a feast upon the shore; they sang, and bade the babbling echoes fill up the band of the performers. Wine is a merry spirit, and it creeps into the heart through the lips—perhaps the priest was somewhat deaf and rather short-sighted that day—at all events, he laid little restraint upon the general mirth. The very vessel seemed to

dance with joy upon the waves, and these waves came rushing in towards the feast as boisterous as any other noisy fellows; but, at last, these same waves turned back again—bade them farewell—went another way; and then the bridal group and all their jovial train resolved to go with them: so they embarked in happy time, and in happy time once more they landed in the Bay of Naples.

The wonderful story of the Penitent and his strange Penance became the nine days' wonder of the fair city of Naples: it was bruited in every society, and told by every tongue. Having brought it hither, imported the curiosity, we should feel wonderfully proud if it had as long an existence in the fair city of London.

THE MYRTLE.

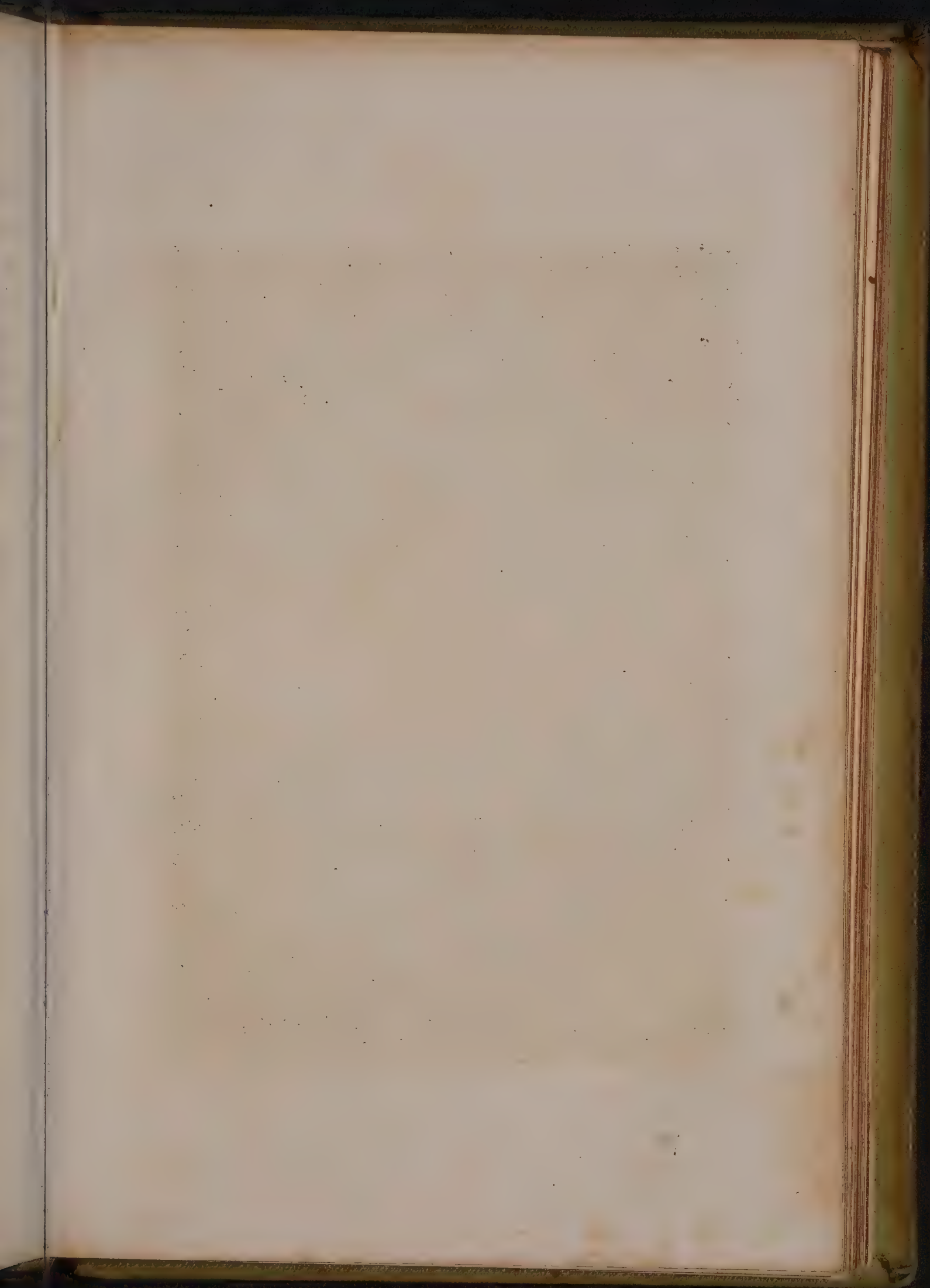
Evergreen! Evergreen!
The wintry hour defying—
In thy verdant hues serene,
When all else is changing, dying;
Though the summer sun be past,
Bright and fragrant to the last—
Rose and lily fade away,
But thou knowest no decay:

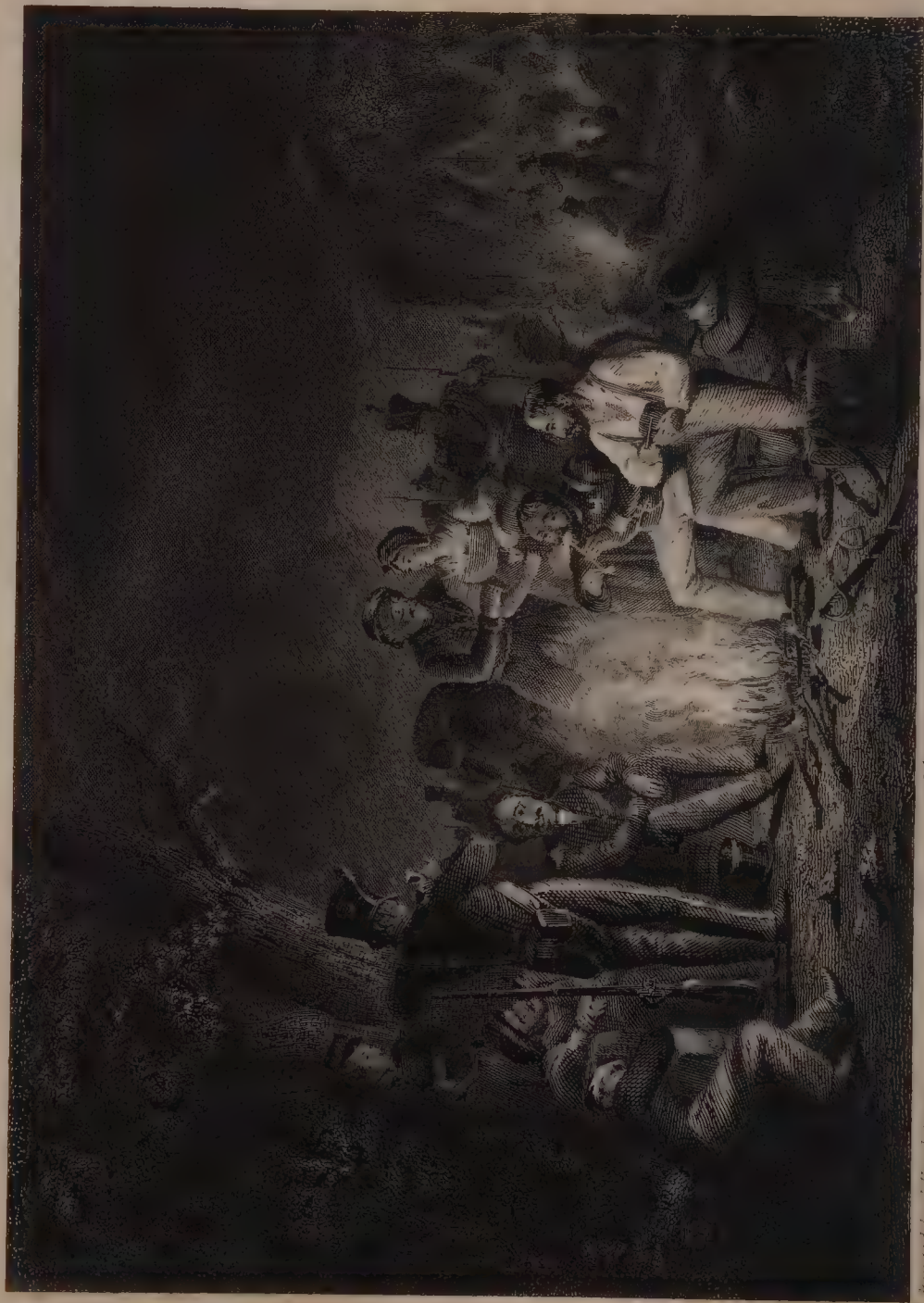
Well of old they fixed on thee,
Flower and type of love to be.

Evergreen ! Evergreen !
Thou fallest not, nor fadest—
Mid her clustering ringlets seen,
The bride's fair brow thou braidest :
There thy fairy flowers unfold
The sweet truth that first they told ;
When the silent myrtle wreath
Said what language failed to breathe—
Well of old they fixed on thee,
Flower and type of love to be.

Evergreen ! Evergreen !
Thus the path of life perfuming—
Never changing, ever blooming ;
Thus, when kindred hearts unite,
Be their union firm and bright ;
Like thy leaves' unfading hue—
Like thy blossoms fair to view !
So shall true love ever see
Its own flower and type in thee.

G. F. R.





Engraved by J. G. Colburn

From 'The Bivouac' by J. G. Colburn

Engraved by J. G. Colburn

THE BIVOUAC.

THE BIVOUC.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It was in the gloaming of the second day occupied by the battle of the Pyrenees, that Lieutenant Sutherland, of the —— regiment, awoke to consciousness after a long and deep swoon, occasioned by overpowering fatigue and a severe sabre wound in the head. His hands were firmly clinched, and in the left he grasped a fragment of the colours of a French regiment, which he was in the act of capturing when he was cut down. He had been struck in the very heat and hurry of the fight; and the last sounds which fell upon his ear were those of violence and agony; but now, as he slowly unclosed his aching eyes, all was still about him. A cool and refreshing wind played about his forehead, and a sensation of voluptuous lethargy stole over his senses.

Suddenly, however, a sharp pang which shot through his temples aroused him with a spasm that destroyed all hope of further rest; and, thoroughly awakened at once to a sense of his maimed

and helpless condition, he looked about him with considerable anxiety. No vestige of the battle in which he had so lately been an actor was to be distinguished in any direction. He was lying in a small cavity created by the capricious formation of the mountain; a pile of coarse weeds and withered leaves were beneath his head; and, almost within his reach as he lay, a small bright spring was oozing through the rock, and impearling the few stone-plants which it had itself called into being with its pellucid moisture.

By an instinctive impulse, the wounded man stretched his hand languidly towards the tempting water, and carried a small quantity to his lips. Slight as was the refreshment thus obtained, it nevertheless assisted in the perfect restoration of his faculties; and he soon ascertained, not without surprise and curiosity, that, whoever might be the unknown friend to whom he was indebted for his present safe retreat, the good office by which he profited had not been performed without considerable personal exertion; for the plain lay far beneath him, and even the little village of Ronces Valles, near which the battle had taken place, was not in sight. On examination, he discovered also that his wound had been rudely but skilfully dressed; and he had already, young as he was, had sufficient experience in matters of the kind to

be aware that haste, and not want of skill, had presided at the operation.

Above his head, the rock formed a rude arch, which, diminishing in outline as it approached the opening, expanded at the other extremity into a species of cavern ; the little spring before mentioned flowed just beyond the mouth of the cave ; the breezes entered as they listed, and, nevertheless, the depth of the excavation was sufficient to secure its tenant from every probable vicissitude of weather.

The said tenant was a young man of some three or four and twenty, with clustering curls of rich auburn, now matted by the damps of physical agony above a high and expansive brow, evincing at once intellect and benevolence ; his dark blue eyes were, at the moment in which we introduce him to our readers, dimmed and sunk, but it would have been easy for any who had looked upon him even then, to decide that such was not their habitual expression ; and that, in moments of physical exertion and awakened energy, their intelligence would do no dishonour to the noble forehead which rose above them.

But why seek to elaborate the description of the wounded hero, who lay within the Pyrenean cave ! He was a fine young fellow, worthy of the garb he wore and of the country for which he fought.

As he gradually recovered mental strength, he looked about him with increased interest. The stillness was unbroken, save by the occasional flight of an eagle, the scream of an inferior bird of prey, or the bounding passage of a wild goat, while, in the distance, sounded the mighty voices of the wilderness—voices which, unlike those awakened by mere mortals, only serve to make the silence of solitude and space more impressive—the voices of the bounding, lashing, foaming, headlong torrent, and the hoarse murmurs of the resisting rocks, the rustling of the storm-defying pines, and the roar of the desert beast, maddened by the far-off scent of human flesh.

Sutherland listened for a time to this diapason of savage nature without a thought beyond its sublimity; but, ere long, with that human instinct which never forsakes man in whatever situation he may be placed, he grew anxious to distinguish, amid this mountain melody, some sound of mortal vicinage. Whither had the tide of time rolled onward the mighty billows of battle by which he had been swept down? Where was the flying enemy? for Sutherland was too thorough a Briton not to decide instantly in his own mind that, as the fight had passed by, it must naturally have been the foe who fled. Where, above all, were his gallant comrades—his own idolized corps?

Vainly did he ask these questions of the solitude about him. What was man, even banded and in arms—struggling host to host—dealing death and ruin on his kind—what was he, and what were his mightiest efforts, amid such a scene as that on which the eye of Sutherland now fell inquiringly? The heart of the young man quailed, and he instinctively felt his insignificance. There God was all in all, and human hostilities and human passions were too mean to leave their impress upon the grandly-opened page of Nature.

From a solemn feeling of this overwhelming fact Sutherland was suddenly aroused by the sound of approaching voices; and it was not without a sense of apprehension that ere long he discovered the strangers to be Spaniards. Conscious of his utter helplessness, and aware of the character of the mountaineers of the district, he cautiously withdrew to the depth of the cavern, in the hope that the new comers might pass him by unnoticed; but he was not long suffered to remain in so agreeable an error. The entrance of the cave was suddenly darkened, and before him stood a couple of sturdy ruffians, half bandit and half contrabandista, precisely as he had apprehended.

“Hola, camarado!” shouted the foremost; “so you have found your legs, although, without my good aid, you could scarcely at this time have

boasted of a head. Had I not been resolved to win my wager, I should have left you where you lay for eagles' meat; but I saw that the life held on; and as you and yours had provided our flying friends with carrion enough in all conscience, I thought the trial worth making."

"And is it to you that I am indebted for my life?" asked the young man, in a faint and reluctant voice.

"Even so, signor; and I expect something from your gratitude."

"Would that I could better recompense the service," said Sutherland, hastily; "for the present, I can offer little save my thanks, but that little—" and, as he spoke, he thrust his hand into the bosom of his jacket in search of his purse.

A hoarse laugh followed the action.

"How now, camarado! What seek you there?" asked the man, insolently: "do you imagine that you fell into the hands of the French general, when you were taken prisoner; and suppose that you have been boarded, lodged, and cured, without a fee? If I am to find my only recompense in your purse, I have already secured it. What I earn, I take!"

"And you are right," said Sutherland, calmly; "I wish that the prize had been better worth the having, and the wages more proportioned to the

work ; but I still hope one day to have it in my power to acquit myself more fully of the debt."

"He talks fairly, if you can trust him ;" growled out his companion, who was lounging listlessly against the entrance of the cavern ; "he speaks Spanish, too, and that is something in his favour."

For all reply, the first speaker advanced further into the cave, and, striking a light with the flint of the rifle which he carried, he ignited the mass of leaves which had so lately pillowed the aching head of the wounded soldier. As the flame rose, Sutherland for the first time discovered, behind a salient angle of the cavern, a pile of black turf, a quantity of which the bandit flung upon the blazing heap ; and it was with a sensation of indescribable pleasure that the young man, on a gesture from his strange companion, cast himself upon the earth within its genial influence.

"Now, Firefast, bestir yourself," said the latter, who, after having carefully reared his rifle against the side of the cave, was busily engaged in drawing some coarse bread, a few heads of garlic, and a length of dried sausage from a sort of havresac, which he had worn slung across his shoulders ; "bestir yourself, man !—as the Inglese is alive, we must keep him so, and not mar our own work ; the meal that we are about to share is none of the daintiest for a sick stomach, though it is honest

food enough on the mountain side, when every man has strength left to carry his own rifle; I must first look to this ugly cut of his, by way of summoning an appetite, which may be slow in coming if he is left with this fevered blood about him." And, as he spoke, he removed, more gently than might have been expected from such a nurse-tender, the clumsy bandages which had been rolled about the head of his patient.

"And what want you from me, Cuthard?"

"Water, man, water; fill your canteen at the spring, if you think that it will hold water for once without leaking. You can easily rinse it out again with aguardiente."

Sutherland, whom the density of the smoke which filled the cavern had affected with a painful sense of sickness, caught eagerly at the last word.

"If you would really save my life, give me a draught of aguardiente," he said, eagerly.

"It is because I have a fancy to do so, that I will give you nothing of the sort," replied the bandit; "a fever to-night would finish you."

Conscious that expostulation would be useless, Sutherland did not persist; and, refreshed by the cold fomentations which were liberally applied to his wound, and by a dressing of herbs which was subsequently added, he thankfully accepted the coarse cloak that was proffered to him as a pillow,

and the morsel of bread, little tempting as it was, which, rejecting with disgust its accompaniments of sausage and garlic, was tendered to him as his supper. He was destined, however, to somewhat better fare; for the man, whom his comrade had called Firefast, a *sobriquet* evidently intended, like his own, to conceal his real name, displayed from some hidden store a piece of cold broiled izzard venison, which, with uncouth but ready courtesy, he pressed upon the invalid. This done, the two freebooters, in their turn, squatted down beside the fire, which had become one mass of glowing heat, and commenced their own meal, which they washed down with copious draughts of the fiery liquid that had been refused to Sutherland.

As their repast lasted much longer than his own, the young soldier had ample opportunity to examine the strange companions whom the fortune of war had forced upon him. They were fair specimens of their ferocious class—of that formidable and treacherous race who were alike the enemies of both French and English, when hostility to either was productive of gain to themselves, and who, on the other hand, would assist either party when they could do so with advantage to their own circumstances. Of medium stature, but muscular, active, and athletic, with long, wiry, black hair, large flashing eyes, and strongly-moulded limbs, they

wore short jackets of coarse brown cloth, and wide trousers reaching midway from the knee to the instep, where they were drawn tightly round the leg by a string; shoes of untanned leather strapped to the feet by sandals of the same material reaching to the pantaloons, and girdles of crimson silk, which supported their pistols and the indispensable stiletto. They had flung off their broad-flapped sombreros, when they commenced their repast; and these now lay on the floor of the cave, gay with their streaming ribbons tagged with metal, and each ornamented with a small leaden medallion of the Virgin, carefully fastened to the felt. A similar symbol was hung about the neck of each by a black ribbon; and upon these effigies they were wont to swear whenever they pledged themselves to any deed of violence for hire.

Such was the exterior of Sutherland's guardians, and it was by no means calculated to inspire him with any particular confidence in their good faith; indeed, their proceeding so far had been to him inexplicable; for as, upon further examination, he ascertained that his watch as well as his purse had disappeared, and that he had consequently no ostensible means of rewarding their services, he could conceive no probable motive for their present conduct. He was not, however, fated to remain in suspense.

"We have now eaten and drunk together, signor," said Cuthard composedly, as, having finished his meal and washed it down with a closing draught, he stretched out his sinewy limbs into a better position for enjoying the heat, and at the same time commanded a more perfect view of his prisoner's countenance; "we have the night before us, and all our plans to arrange. You are a fine young fellow, after the fashion of your pale-faced countrymen, but you are not boy enough to believe that I brought you out of the reach of danger for the sake of looking at your light eyes. Woman's work was not made for men of my stamp. You know well what we are, signor; so we will waste no time in explanations that are useless. I have seen you before. I know that you are able to pay well for the life that you owe me; the question is, are you willing to do so, if I, on my side, undertake to guide you safe, life and limb, to the British lines?"

"Name your own terms."

"A hundred dollars."

"You rate my value low," said Sutherland, with a smile; "there are two of you—say a hundred each."

"Will you give it?"

"Willingly."

"Will you swear?"

“If you do not consider my pledged word a sufficient security, certainly.”

“Swear, then,” persisted the man, eagerly, withdrawing the medal from his neck, and extending it towards him.

Sutherland waved it back: “That would be no oath to me,” he said, gravely; “but I swear to you, upon the honour of an Englishman and a soldier, that no sooner shall I be within the British lines, as you propose, than the money shall be paid.”

The man listened suspiciously, and spoke apart in low but vehement tones for a while, after which Cuthard again turned towards the anxious young man, and said, somewhat sulkily—

“So be it; we will trust you until we suspect foul play, and then the account will be easily settled.”

“But, if you are satisfied, I am not,” said Sutherland, resolutely; “I know the honesty of my own intentions, and I have sworn to you an oath which to me is binding as any that you can utter—now it is your turn to give me a pledge. How can I penetrate your actual intentions? I know that I am wounded, unarmed, and helpless: you may murder me here if such be your will; do so; you will incur no danger, and I shall be spared all further fatigue and uncertainty; but I will not

be dragged over the country like a felon, only to be cheated at the last."

The bandits stared at each other in astonishment; they were altogether unprepared for such a display of spirit on the part of their captive, and for an instant they were silent. But Sutherland had judged shrewdly; by degrees their mistrust vanished before the determined tone and words with which he had addressed them; and ultimately, as if convinced of the validity of the pledge that he had given, they each bound themselves by their own more demonstrative oath.

This affair terminated, the brigands looked carefully to the priming of their firearms, and, with their stilettoes under their heads, composed themselves to sleep: but, with the first streak of light on the ensuing morning, they were again astir, and, having aroused the wounded man, who still slumbered, and instructed him to fortify himself with a crust of maize bread and a mouthful of aguardiente, they prepared to set forth.

Their tedious and difficult path lay through the gorges and ravines of the mountain, where they were beyond the reach of surprise from any detached party of either army; and, as the extreme weakness of Sutherland made it impossible for him to travel under the fierce beams of a midday sun, rendered doubly pernicious in that elevated region

from their contact and contrast with the keen and snow-laden blasts which swept through them, much time must necessarily be lost in their advance.

Anxious only to find himself once more among his comrades and countrymen, Sutherland put forth all his little remaining strength ; but he soon painfully discovered that, without the assistance of his powerful guides, he must have lain down, and perished by the wayside ; and it was with sincere thankfulness that he hailed their first halt. To all his questions relatively to the present position of the contending armies, his companions pleaded entire ignorance ; but they nevertheless moved forward like men who were in no difficulty as to their way ; although, to the surprise of Sutherland, they had already been two days upon the march without perceiving a vestige of either force, when, in the evening of the second, as they were about to select a resting-place for the night, they were startled from their security by a cry of "*Qui vive ?*" not a hundred paces from them. For a moment, the mortified young soldier suspected that he had been betrayed ; but there was no mistaking the fierce wrath of the two Spaniards, as they flung their rifles to their wrists, and prepared to offer a resistance as idle as it was hopeless. In the next instant, a portion of the French picquet by which they had been challenged turned the angle

of the rock that had concealed them from the travellers, and they instantly found themselves prisoners.

“Our bargain is at an end, signor,” said Cuthard, doggedly, addressing Sutherland; “and the worst is, that we have lost ourselves without saving you; for we are likely enough to swing for it.”

“Heaven forbid!” exclaimed the young soldier: “you shall not do so, if my influence can save you.”

Meanwhile, the officer in command of the picquet, having recognized the uniform of a British officer, approached Sutherland with great courtesy.

“You are my prisoner, sir,” he said; “and might, from your companionship, have run some risk of passing for a spy, did not your almost helpless condition, and the witness of your wound, prove otherwise. I need not request that you will deliver up your arms, for I perceive that you have been eased of them, as you probably have of every thing else of value. However, *fortune de la guerre!* you know. You could not have fallen upon a better chance, my party being one of several thrown back to protect the rear of the army, where, as you will have no difficulty in believing, you will find many even greater sufferers than yourself, and plenty of medical assistance. As to these gentlemen, I shall without delay turn them over to the

care of the provost-marshal, who has a long account to settle with them and their comrades."

"If I might be permitted to urge"—Sutherland commenced; but the French officer, with a polite bow, turned aside, and gave an order to one of his men, purposely to prevent a continuance of the request which he anticipated.

The freebooters were accordingly disarmed, surrounded by the picquet, and marched off; while Sutherland, whom the exertions and emotions of the day had nearly exhausted, followed slowly, leaning upon the arm of his captor.

On turning the angle of rock already mentioned, and descending a rude and difficult declivity, the young Englishman suddenly found himself within sight of a scene always interesting and exciting to the eye of a soldier. In a deep gorge of the mountain were posted the men of the outlying picquet by whom he had been made prisoner, while, in the distance, where the gorge widened into a narrow valley, hemmed in on either hand by tall and precipitous rocks, gleamed out the cheerful fires of a bivouac. A soldier had already been despatched to the officer commanding the rear guard of the army, to apprise him of the capture of Sutherland; and the wounded man, whose hurt had become fevered and irritable from his late physical exertion, was grateful for the consideration which supplied him

with wholesome refreshment and a cloak to rest upon, while he awaited the decision of the superior officer as to his destination.

In about an hour, a rude litter of pine boughs, which had been constructed for the accommodation of their own wounded, was placed at the disposal of Sutherland, with four French soldiers as bearers, to convey him to the temporary hospital which had been established in the valley, and which consisted of a row of sheds, roofed with reeds, and backed against the face of the rock ; and, after exchanging an earnest and grateful farewell with the officer of the picquet, Sutherland stretched himself upon the litter, and resigned himself to a train of bitter thought. He was a prisoner. His career was probably marred for life. At the close of the war, during which he must continue useless and inactive, while his comrades were hewing out their way to fame and honour, he should probably be confined on his parole in some insignificant French town ; and that, perhaps, for years — those very years in which life should be spent in action and in enterprise. How earnestly did he wish at that moment that he had expired where he fell, among his brothers in arms. The regret was, however, vain ; and he roused himself, lest he should exhibit any traces of unmanly weakness in his meeting with his captors.

His bearers meanwhile pursued their way slowly

and carefully towards the valley ; and, immediately at its entrance, they came upon a group, which, illuminated as it was by the bright light of the fire about which it was formed, struck him by its picturesque character, even pre-occupied as he was. It consisted of a party of men who had just arrived in charge of some wounded comrades, and who were preparing to refresh themselves after their march, under the superintendence of a *vivandière*, who stood in the midst of them, dealing out the fiery brandy of the country in mugs and glasses.

The men, evidently travel-worn and weary, had most of them flung aside their weapons and a portion of their dress ; and several, who had already received their *petite goutte* from the ready hands of *la grande Marie*, were lying stretched upon the earth, with their heads pillowed upon their knapsacks. They had halted under the only tree of which the valley could boast, an old, storm-riven ilex, whose mighty trunk was shivered almost to the roots, and which had revenged itself upon its destiny by putting forth a strong growth of under-wood. A fatigue party, a little in the rear, were busied in removing the baggage which had accompanied the invalids, and a strange, uncouth-looking figure, with a vacant countenance, upon which the fire-light flashed brightly, was in vain endeavouring to induce the busy *vivandière* to bestow upon

him a ration of the "fire-water" which she was so liberally dispensing.

The appearance of the woman at once attracted the attention of Sutherland. She was very tall, with coarse features and red hair; her dress was a close gown of the coarse blue cloth worn by the soldiery, and she also wore, like them, highlow shoes strongly nailed. Her limbs were muscular, and even masculine in their proportions, and there was a fire in her eye which betrayed the will as well as the power of self-defence. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, there was still something singularly prepossessing in the whole aspect of the woman. Her cotton cap, without any border, and the kerchief about her neck, were as white as snow; and there was an expression of sisterly affection in her countenance as she moved among the jaded and travel-soiled troops.

Further to the right, Sutherland could distinguish the hospital sheds, with an officer or two standing in the cheerful blaze of a fire, and parties of guards and orderlies moving about on their errands of duty and mercy; while the savoury steam of half-cooked viands announced the approaching advent of the evening mess.

"*Hola! la rousse!*" shouted one of the bearers of the litter, as it suddenly halted before the first-mentioned group; "bring your canteen this way,

and let us suck in a little breath, for we are well nigh spent with our burden; and monsieur here will not grudge us a *pour-boire* for our pains."

"You are quite right, *mon brave*," said Sutherland; "and had the brigands into whose hands I fell left me wherewithal to follow my inclination, it should have been no niggard one. As it is," he added, addressing the *vivandière*, who had approached the litter, and withdrawing a signet-ring from his finger, "I must ask madame to accept this trinket in payment of your draught, for I have been robbed of every *sou* that I had about me."

"Never fear, *mon capitaine*," said the man; "*la grande Marie* is reasonable, and has no objection to merchandise where money cannot be had: *à votre santé, commandant!*" and, having helped himself, the speaker handed the canteen to his comrades.

The *vivandière* had, meanwhile, been examining the ring. "There is hair under the stone," she said, in a musical voice, which contrasted strangely with her masculine appearance. "May one ask whose hair is it, monsieur?"

"Bah! what a child's question do you put there, *la rousse!*" laughed one of the soldiers: "whose should it be but that of a pretty woman! A brave heart is always full of a mistress."

"It is my mother's hair," said Sutherland, in

an accent of emotion, as he saw that the *vivandière* stood awaiting his reply. "She gave it to me the day she became a widow."

"Take it back," said Marie, peremptorily: "it is a holy relique, and should not be bartered for a draught of aguardiente. The men are welcome to the liquor."

"But I possess no other means of requiting you," objected Sutherland.

"*En avant!*" exclaimed the woman, authoritatively, to the bearers of the litter. "You have no business to be lingering here with the prisoner."

"One word, Marie," persisted the foremost. "What of the two Spaniards who were taken at the same time?"

"A stout rope, and the leafless limb of this tree to-morrow morning at gun-fire," replied the woman, composedly.

"Is there no hope of saving them?" asked Sutherland, with anxiety; "brigands though they be, they have saved my life, and I would do much to repay the debt."

"The provost-marshal has a long arm and a quick hand," was the unmoved reply. "*Bon voyage*, monsieur: a speedy cure to you, and a safe return to your mother."

The litter again moved on, and was soon challenged by a sentinel, stationed on the outskirts of

the hospital ground. The reply was no sooner given, and the prisoner carried forward, than an officer approached to receive him. After greeting the wounded man somewhat coldly, he remarked—

“ You have fallen into our hands under unpleasant circumstances, monsieur ; the character of your companions, and the fact of your isolation from the British forces, point to you as a spy, and as such it is our disagreeable duty to consider you, until you can free yourself from the suspicion. What proof can you adduce to the contrary ? ”

“ My wound, sir,” said Sutherland, indignantly — “ received in fair fight upon the field, only three days back, near Ronces Valles.”

“ That may have been the result of an accident,” observed his interlocutor, in the same forbidding tone.

“ This, then ! ” exclaimed the young man, with a temporary vehemence, that shook his enfeebled frame, and gave a false fire to his eye ; and he tore from his breast, where he had deposited it, the fragment of the French colours, of which he had so nearly possessed himself. “ I was cut down in the very act of seizing the standard of which this is a portion.”

He had scarcely ceased speaking, when the hand of the Frenchman was frankly extended towards him, and he heard a soldier's welcome warmly poured forth.

"I have done my duty to my general," said his new acquaintance, and am satisfied of your loyalty ; and now, with much greater satisfaction, I will make arrangements for your comfort. You will be but poorly housed, for we possess no materials here for founding a city ; but you will find skilful attendance, and every inclination to make your captivity more endurable. And now, I will detain you no longer from the surgeons. Your wound may require tending."

In a short time Sutherland found himself installed, with two wounded French officers, in one of the reed-thatched huts, luxuriously lying upon a bed formed of dried fern, and covered with cloaks, while a practised and careful hand was busy with his wound ; and the relief which he experienced was so great, that ere long he fell into a deep sleep. In a couple of hours he was again awake, but feverish and unrefreshed ; for his dreams had been full of his late companions across the mountain, and the scene of their coming execution had haunted his visions with a vividness that forbade rest. As he lay upon his uneasy couch, he revolved a thousand schemes, each more impossible than the last, for delivering them from the hands of their captors ; but eventually, the bitter conviction of his utter helplessness compelled him to exert himself to dissipate the emotion which was preying upon his

strength; and the rather that, when he remembered the suspicion with which he had himself been regarded, he at once felt the extreme hazard of appearing to take a marked and what the enemy might consider an inexplicable interest in the lives of his fellow-prisoners. Still, he could not forget that to these men he, in all probability, was indebted for his life; and the idea of their losing their own in his service, whatever might be their actual views and motives in devoting themselves to his escape, tortured him so keenly, that he began to feel his mental powers give way under the struggle; when, chancing to glance towards the opening of the shed, he saw the light of the watch-fire without shaded for a moment by the figure of a man, who, entering stealthily, looked rapidly around him, and then, with cat-like steps, approached his bed.

More curious than alarmed, Sutherland silently awaited the issue, and in another moment he felt a small paper crushed into his hand. This done, as though there were no longer any occasion for concealment, the new-comer advanced to the centre of the hut, and there, crouching down, began to hum the monotonous air of some long-remembered ditty.

“*Diab!e!*” murmured one of the sufferers; “here is that idiot Antoine once more! *Dites-donc, imbécile*, why does not Marie come herself to see if

we have need of her, instead of trusting your fool's head with such an errand?"

"Do you want water, *camarade*?" asked the half-witted creature, whom, as he sat in the light of the watchfire, Sutherland recognized to be the man who was standing beside the *vivandière* when he entered the valley. "If you want water, Antoine can reach it. If you want brandy, Marie keeps the canteen."

"The old story," said the wounded man, who had before spoken; "all the poor fool's thoughts run upon aguardiente."

"Marie is too busy to come," resumed the intruder; "there is a fête to-morrow, and she must make her toilette. We are to hang two of them when the sun rises."

Sutherland could not repress a groan.

"Ha! there is one who wants water!" exclaimed the idiot joyously; and, springing from the ground, he raised the head of the sufferer with more gentleness than could have been expected from him, while he held a glass of water to his lips. The draught was welcome; but Sutherland could not overcome his agitation. He still grasped the paper which had been given to him, but he dared not glance at its contents. What could it portend? He was in the midst of strangers, with the exception only of the two freebooters, who were in no

position to enter into a written correspondence with him. One of his companions was thoroughly awakened, and the poor sufferer knew from experience that, the deep sleep of pain once broken, it requires hours to renew it. What was to be done?

As if conscious of what was passing in the mind of the Englishman, the idiot had no sooner carefully replaced his head upon its pillow, than he approached the querulous invalid on the other side of the hut, in order to render him the same service which had just been so gratefully received by his wounded companion; and, as the French officer declined the courtesy which his voluntary nurse was resolved to confer upon him, an altercation ensued, during which the firelight was unobscured, and the face of Sutherland concealed from all observation. Hurriedly he unfolded the paper, and there, in a handwriting and an orthography far beyond our feeble powers to describe, he read as follows: — “Sleep in peace. Those you would save will be on the hills at gun-fire. They once did me a good turn, and may do me another. The troops must have *aguardiente*, and I must not quarrel with the merchants. Your bargain holds good. I have guaranteed it to them on the memory of your mother. Sleep in peace, and destroy this paper.”

Instantly the truth flashed upon Sutherland. The *vivandière* had had dealings with his late companions in their capacity of *contrabandistas*. She had conceived some plan of escape for them ; and, with a true woman's feeling, conscious that he was anxious to save them from their impending fate, and that his anxiety might tend to inflame his wound and endanger his ultimate safety, even if it did not induce him to the commission of some imprudence likely to affect his own fortunes, she had sent the idiot upon this mission of mercy. His first action was to carry the paper to his mouth, and to masticate it into pulp, after which he closed his eyes in thankfulness ; and, for the first time since he recovered consciousness in the mountain cavern, he fell into a calm and refreshing sleep, from which he was not awakened till daybreak by a commotion in the little camp.

The curiosity of his companions soon caused the satisfaction of his own ; for, on their first question to an orderly who entered the shed, he learned that, during the night, notwithstanding the strong guard which had been placed over them, the two Spaniards had effected their escape ; and that, although several parties had been despatched in pursuit, little hope was entertained of their recapture, from their acquaintance with the intricacies of the surrounding country. The event proved the

justice of the doubt. Detachment after detachment returned without having discovered any trace of the fugitives. The provost-marshal was cheated of his prey, and the riven tree remained unpolluted.

There remains little to add to our sketch. After a long and weary period of suffering, Sutherland was restored to health ; and, more lucky than many of his fellow-prisoners, he had the good fortune to be exchanged for a young French *aide-de-camp* of noble family, who had fallen into the hands of the British. Before he left the country, however, he was enabled to fulfil his pledge to the freebooters, and amply to repay the kind-hearted *vivandière* and her idiot-brother for the good service which they had rendered him in his hour of need.

THE SLEEPING SLAVE.

BY MISS JEWSBURY,

(THE LATE MRS. FLETCHER.)

Ay, sleep !—alas, the day's at hand ;
On tree and flower the morn-dews stand ;
One hour,—and on heaven's arched blue
The risen sun will spring to view,—
And thou must greet him from the wave,
Midst flowers, and dews, and light—a Slave !

Yet sleep!—*that* hour is all thine own,
And dreams may on its wings be strown,
Bright, as if wafted from afar
By genii guests of moon or star,
Brighter than on his eyes may rest,
The slumbering lord of east and west.

Dream, wretched one—but not of time,
Nor ev'n thine own remembered clime!
Dream not of mother, wife, or boy,
Of childhood's games, or freedom's joy;
Forget thy native valley's stream—
Forget thy father's house—yet dream!

Dream of the world beyond the grave,
'Tis broad, but in it walks no slave!
Of Heaven, where many mansions be,
Of Him, who orders one for thee,
Of Him, who notes thy tears and sighs,
Dream thus and conquer—Slave, arise!

BETTER THAN BEAUTY!

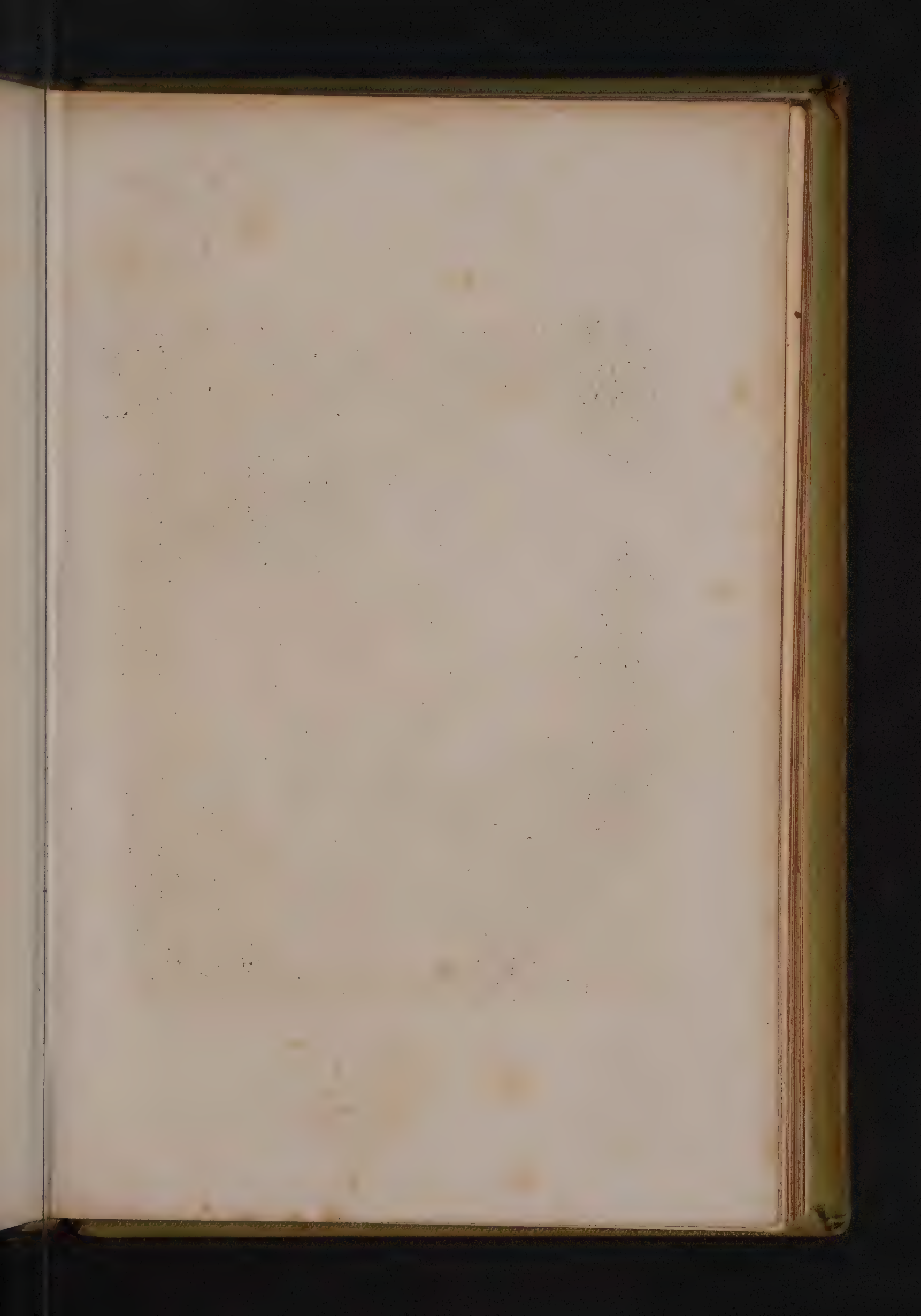
BY CHARLES SWAIN ESQ.

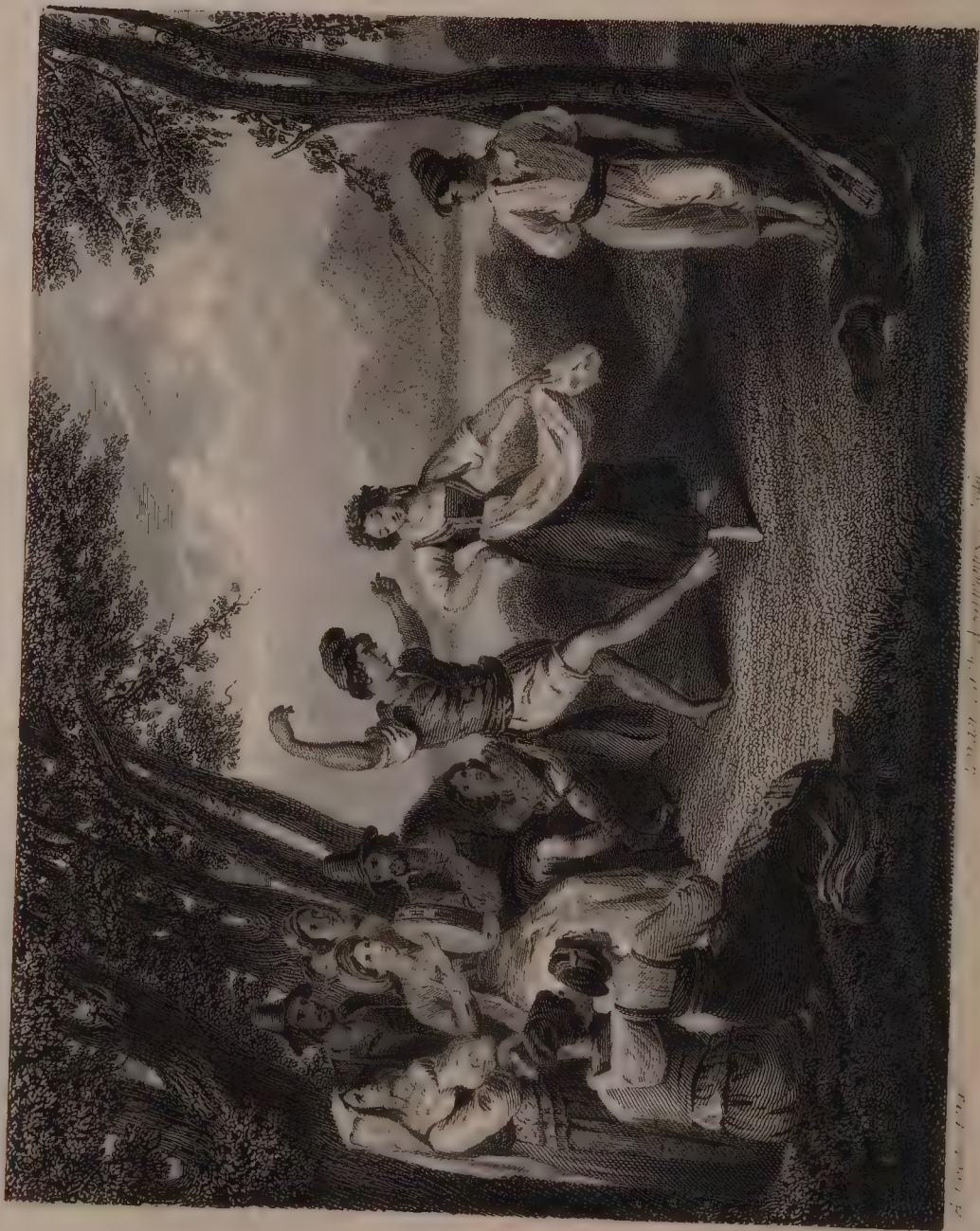
My love is not a beauty
To other eyes than mine;
Her curls are not the fairest,
Her eyes are not divine:

Nor yet like rose-buds parted,
Her lips of love may be ;
But though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me !

Her neck is far from swan-like,
Her bosom unlike snow ;
Nor walks she like a deity,
This breathing world below :
Yet there's a light of happiness
Within, which all may see ;
And though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me !

I would not give the kindness,
The grace, that dwells in *her*,
For all that Cupid's blindness
In others might prefer !
I would not change *her* sweetness,
For pearls of any sea ;
For better far than beauty
Is one *kind heart* to me !





C. J. Barrett sculp.

Engraved by J. Barrett sculp.

1840

THE ELITE AVOUAI.

THE SILENT AVOWAL.

BY J. FORBES DALTON, ESQ.

Agata Matteo was the acknowledged "belle" of a rural district in the vicinity of Amalfi, and, moreover, though it by no means follows as a matter of course, she was a general favourite. Now, the elevation above her companions in either character being sufficient to induce a certain tendency to giddiness, it could be no marvel that she, standing as it were with a foot planted on each, was not altogether quite so steady and sedate as her grandmother Dorotea, "whose only care was to increase her store, and keep her" pet granddaughter out of mischief.

They dwelt alone together, but were far from being alone in the world, having relatives both young and old for their near neighbours; and the worthy dame, when among them, not only "remembered that she once was young," but, sooth to say, appeared at times to forget that she was growing old. So, her placid, smiling "presence checked no decent joy," and she had been ever welcome for

her own sake long before the little rosy, laughing, black-eyed Agata was acquainted with any sweeter flattery than a present of cakes or confectionary from Naples. But

“Time by minutes steals away
First the hour and then the day;
Small the daily loss appears,
But it soon amounts to years”—

says the old dial-plate inscription, worthy to be had in all remembrance; and one fine autumnal evening grandmamma was sitting among the elders, quietly enjoying the cool air and the dreamy *dolce far' niente*, half listening to a plaintive ditty that had succeeded a lively dance among the young people, and now and then casting an upward look at her beloved native sky, gradually deepening into darker beauty as the starry hosts assumed their wonted nocturnal brilliancy.

Was she thinking of them and their wondrous form and mission? Not at all. They were simply to her as a time-piece; and at length, catching sight of a planet that had just risen above the distant mountains, she apostrophised it with — “Oh! *you're* come, are you? Well, then, it's time for *me* to go;” thus unconsciously paraphrasing the well-known lover's stanza—

“Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily.”

The next mental ejaculation was—"Where is *mia cara*, I wonder?" when suddenly a low, deep-toned voice behind her murmured—

"Ah! Agata *bellissima*! Happy, indeed, will he be who makes an impression....."

What might have followed, and who it was that spoke, and to whom he addressed himself, were matters all rendered uncertain at the moment by the impression made on grandmamma, who, starting quickly round with an abortive attempt at jumping up, overset her rickety, turf-supported seat, and was falling backward, in a very inelegant and perilous fashion, when she was cleverly caught in the arms of a young stranger; but Agata, whom she instantly inquired for, was not to be seen.

"It is very extraordinary!" said grandmamma. "I'm sure I heard....."

"Yes; it is very extraordinary indeed!" exclaimed Caterina, who was Agata's most intimate friend. "I couldn't have thought it possible for any one to jump so far as the signor did—all the way from that tree;" and she pointed to one ten yards distant.

"Humph! Then it could not have been him nor her," thought Dorotea; and, after expressing her thanks to the young man, she had the pleasure of seeing Agata slowly walking towards her from an opposite direction. The words she had heard, how-

ever, left an unpleasant impression on her mind, inasmuch as, if "the child," as she termed her, had not been spoken *to*, she had been spoken *of*, as a woman; and that was vexatious, and moreover exceedingly ridiculous, considering that it seemed "only the other day" when she was learning her letters.

"I will give her good advice, however," resolved the prudent dame. "I'll tell her of the wickedness of man and all that, and warn her against flattery and all strangers in particular; for I remember—dear me! where's my old head running to? That was years ago, when I was little more than her age, if so much, and thought myself a woman, too. Heigho! If my time was to come over again! But it's no use thinking about that. I'll do my duty towards her, at any rate, and she has always minded what I said hitherto, like a good child."

Now, Agata, from some cause, had got it into her pretty little head that she was no longer a child; and her grandmother's eloquence, strange to say, instead of removing the error, tended only more strongly to confirm it. Nevertheless, she listened patiently, during the greater part of the following day, to the voice of age and experience, and forthwith became so very sedate as to astonish the good Dorotea at the potent effect of her own

garrulity. It seemed, indeed, quite wonderful; for, from that day, the giddy young creature, to whom the evening dance had hitherto been an habitual delight as natural as is the use of wings to a bird, stedfastly refused every invitation to join in the healthy pastime, and preferred to sit as a looker-on with the elders, save when her dear friend Caterina was at liberty to walk, and then they would wander away together into solitary places and be absent for hours.

This change did not certainly look exactly like being convinced that she was merely a child, but Dorotea congratulated herself by thinking—"It is clear that I have frightened her about the young men, and it is better to be frightened, than flattered into false security. I shall let things go on so for a little longer; and she continued perfectly content, and withal somewhat puffed up with conceit at the efficacy of her excellent counsel and good intentions.

In the mean while, the fair Agata, feeling herself "every inch a woman," was a participator in all the little secrets of her dear friend Caterina, who was then on the eve of marriage, and much given to speaking of the rise and progress of her affection for her dear Giotto, with a minuteness of detail that would have been wearisome on any other subject, but to which Agata ever lent the

attentive ear of one who wishes to receive instruction. Still, all her listening and subsequent reflection were inadequate to explain to her the mystery of her own feelings. Caterina's heart had been won by a long series of attentions, a regular courtship, while her own.....

"Phoo!" she said, "it is ridiculous? I am quite surprised and ashamed at myself! What can the handsome stranger they call Marco be to me? We have only met and danced together three times, and talked a little. To be sure, his manner and what he said was—Ah! I dare say grandmamma was right—and yet..... Well, I won't think any more about him."

It was a resolution more easily made than abided by, inasmuch as that, without knowing it, she was already much in the situation of the French lady when exclaiming, "*Helas! Quand on s'est parée une fois pour quelqu'un, on ne se soucie plus d'être jolie pour personne.*" She certainly had taken unusual pains with her dress on the day when the said Marco had led her, after the dance, so unconsciously to the back of her grandmother's chair, and the interruption was provoking; but, after all, might not his words be a mere compliment such as he was in the habit of addressing to his partners? Something whispered to her that the suspicion was unjust; but, when weeks had passed away without

his re-appearance, she thought it strange, and once, with a very indifferent attempt at carelessness, ventured to inquire of her friend if she knew anything of the stranger called "Mar— something;" but somehow the name stuck in her throat, and Caterina, like all other people in her condition, seemed to have had neither eyes nor ears for more than one person, and stupidly declared she could not guess what stranger was meant, unless he were more particularly described. That was a task for which Agata felt too tremulous at the moment, because she fancied there was a lurking, meaning smile beneath Caterina's extraordinary dulness of memory.

So time again passed on, and his name was never more mentioned between them, though Caterina and Giotto often talked about him, as he was a very intimate friend of the latter, and had entrusted to him certain secrets, which, as a matter of course under existing circumstances, he was incapable of concealing from his dear Caterina, who, in the same spirit of unbounded confidence, made known to him one in return, at which he seemed greatly pleased. It was simply that Agata had made a solemn vow never to dance again till she should be asked by the person who, &c., &c., &c.

"Nobody knows it but me," said Caterina; "so you must be sure not to tell any one."

“There is, however, an old and very true proverb that, when a secret is known to three, it is a secret no longer ; and pretty Agata’s prudish resolution, which she deemed in such safe keeping, had shared the usual fate before the day of her friend’s nuptials.

All the neighbours were then assembled, and many strangers, and there was much dancing, in which, as usual, Agata declined to join, and sat watching the moving throng with an odd sort of feeling between hope and fear of *his* appearance. At last, she caught sight of him, and her little heart fluttered sadly, when it was plain that he also had seen her, and was approaching. Then, as he came nearer—it was really abominable !—there was a more than cheerful, quite a triumphant smile on his countenance, and his dark eyes glistened with delight.

Was that the way to approach her, after what had passed between them, and so many weeks of absence and neglect unaccounted for ? The injured pride of woman rose within, and made hasty preparations to give him a mortifying reception ; and she did manage to assume an air of great coolness during the exchange of common civilities and inquiries, at the end of which he, not at all abashed, said—“As I understand you do not dance, signora, I will not solicit the favour of your hand *now*, but

go and pay my respects to your good grandmother," and forthwith he went his way.

She felt for a moment as if in a dream, but was aroused, ere he had taken many steps, by the bride of the day, who, leaning over the back of her chair, whispered—"Come, Agata dear, I want you to take a quiet walk with me just for a few minutes out of the crowd."

"I cannot refuse *you*," said Agata, looking up, and any one else must have observed that she was much agitated; but Caterina noticed it not, and led her passively away, and continued to chat merrily, after a fashion utterly discordant with the feelings of her companion, who, however, soon exerted herself to the utmost to appear cheerful, that she might not throw a gloom over her friend's happiness, and thus more than half an hour had passed away, when Caterina exclaimed—"Ah! there's Giotto seeking me! How tiresome! However, I suppose he will not always be so fond of my company. Let us go this way;" and, taking a contrary direction from the bridegroom, she led Agata round to a spot where they saw her grandmother, Dorotea, making one of a small group apart from the gayer throng, and in deep conversation with Marco; and then Caterina, with the odd sort of smile she had worn on a former occasion said, "Good by, Agata dear! I hope it will

not be long before I dance at your wedding, even if you won't dance at mine."

"Never!" exclaimed Agata, almost choking.

"Well, well, time will tell," said her happy friend, laughing, as she tripped away.

"He shall not see that he has the power to discompose my spirits," resolved Agata magnanimously, as she walked leisurely towards her aged relative, who, the moment she saw her, exclaimed—"Ah, my dear! I am so glad you are come! Here is this young signor who saved my life almost. He is the son....."

"No, signora," said Marco; "the grandson."

"Oh—ah—yes—dear me! How time goes! The grandson of my dear old friend! Well, it's a long story. You shall hear it all some day. And so you're to have the old house and farm, you say—all your own! Bless us! But are you not too young?"

"Two and twenty, signora."

"Ah, you must have a wife; you'll never be able to manage without."

"That is just what my father said, and so he chose one for me, but I preferred choosing for myself."

"Bah, bah!—that's silly, as well as disobedient."

"Not disobedient, now, signora; for, though he

was long very positive, he at length gave way, when I told him all; and last night, after a long talk with my friend Giotto, who knows all your family history, he not only gave me leave, but said he should be delighted to see me united to the only.....”

“Ay, ay, I understand all that. But have you won *her* heart?”

“I dare not say that.”

“Pish! then set about it. When I was young, there was no ‘dare not’ in the case. The men used to dare to say anything. Well—good luck to your wooing! So your father will be here to-night! I shall be right glad to see him. Dear me! The very thought makes me feel young again. Many a dance we’ve had together, and, if he asks me, I don’t know but I’ll stand up again in spite of— Ugh! You dance, I suppose? All your family used to know the use of their legs. Come, let me see you. Agata, my dear, give the signor your hand.”

“My dear grandmother, you know I never.....”

“Fiddle-de-dee!—I insist upon it. He’s no stranger, but the son of my very old—humph! Take her hand, young man; and, as you are engaged, you may give her a salute.....”

“No, no!—Oh, grandmamma!”

“He, he, he! Bless the child!—Do you think

he'll bite you? Well, well! Don't be frightened; only begin dancing. Dear me!—now he stands up, how much he puts me in mind of Girolamo!”

He had already taken hold of Agata's hand, but she hesitated—then drew a step back.

“How awkward!” exclaimed Dorotea.

“How beautiful!” murmured Marco.

“Do excuse me!” pleaded Agata; “I never shall be able to get through a dance.”

“Only begin,” gasped Marco; “now—forward, just a step or two. Here we are! Ah, *Agata, carissima!* If we were alone, I would go upon my knees.”

“Don't talk nonsense!—well, if I must—but, hist!—no music *here!*—it would draw attention, and I have a particular reason—it is so long since I danced.....”

“Well!” cried grandmamma, “I hope we shall have something capital after all this preparation. Strike up, Niccolo!”

“No, no!” exclaimed Marco: “stop, Niccolo! the signorina prefers.....”

“Don't speak so loud!” whispered Agata; “they will hear.....”

“Not another word—ha!—yes!—that's it!—one, two—and off we go!” said Marco, and the dance had already commenced, ere Agata ventured to look up in his face. When she did, however,

she read an expression of triumphant delight, which confused her exceedingly; and presently, though she ventured scarcely a glance from the ground, she became sensible that their little party of lookers-on was increased, while her partner continued to whirl round and about her, as if dancing in the air, till she felt quite giddy; and then, perhaps, she might have fallen, had he not supported her till the bridegroom and bride came to his assistance, and then Agata threw her arms round the neck of the latter and sobbed—"Oh, Caterina!" and Caterina whispered—"Oh, Agata! who would have thought of your breaking your vow?" and Agata, pressing still closer to her, murmured in her ear, "I have not, indeed!"

A RECOLLECTED SONG.

BY MISS G. FANNY ROSS.

"Old songs, the precious music of the heart!"

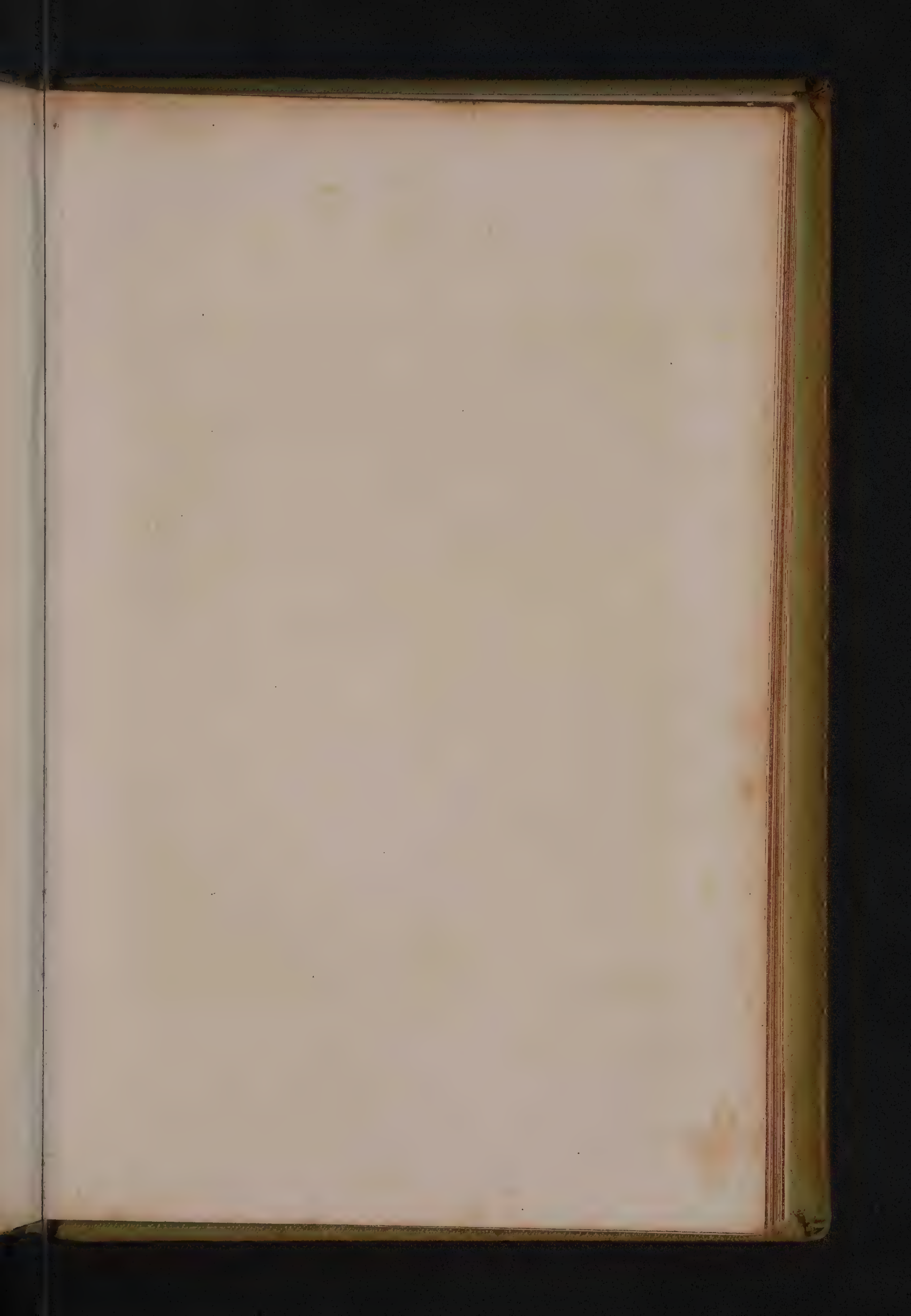
WORDSWORTH.

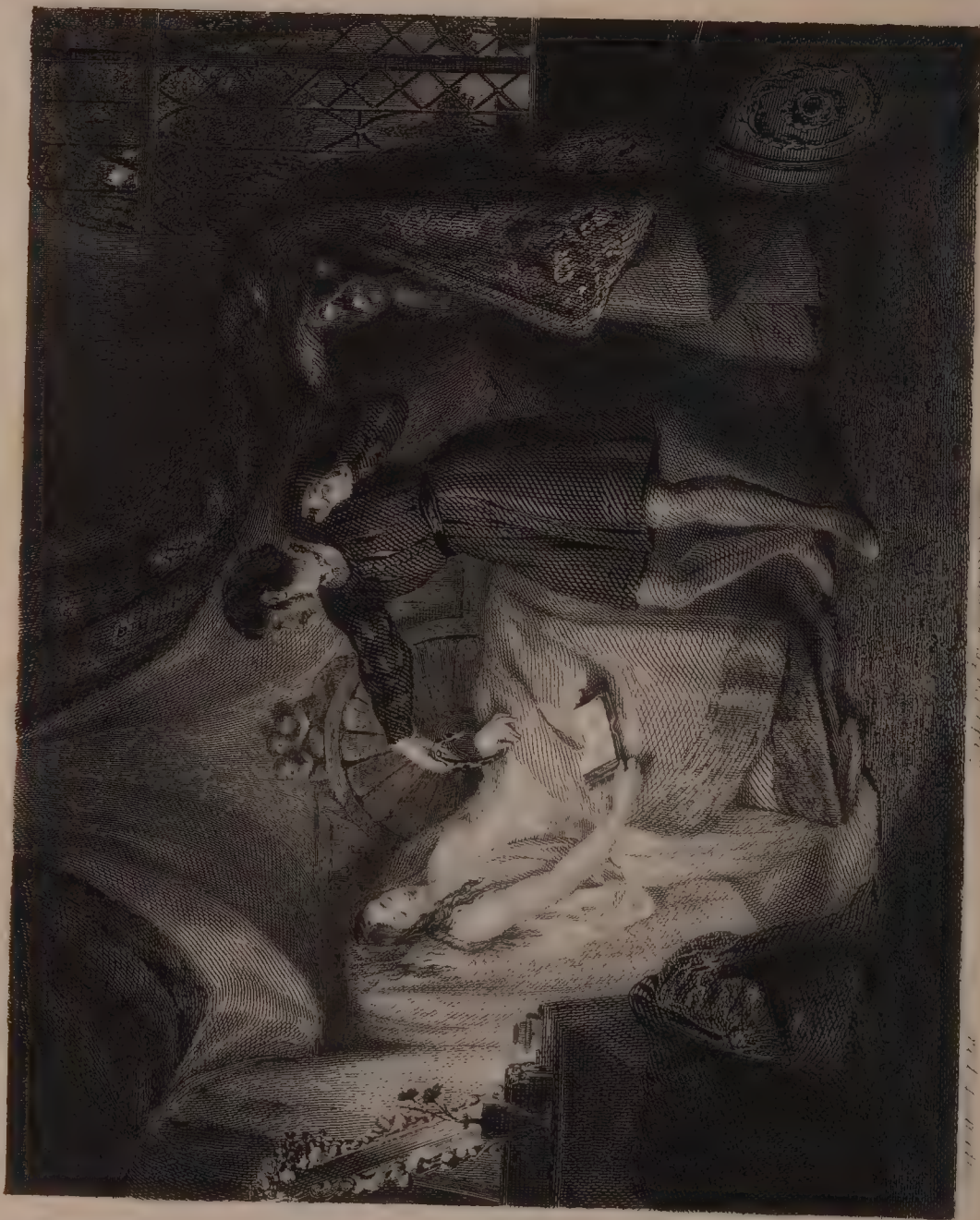
Years have pass'd since last I heard thee,
Once belov'd, familiar strain,
And the voice that so preferr'd thee
I may never hear again:

Yet far more thou bring'st unto me
Of bright hours and summer's prime,
Than new songs, which seem to woo me
In "this giddy-paced time !"

Unto music's voice is wedded
Power to rouse each slumbering thought,
And the lov'd, the wept, the dreaded,
At its bidding come unsought.
Friends may leave us, spring flowers wither,
Smiles and kindly tones grow cold ;
Music's voice can bring them hither,
As they were in days of old.

Phantoms which the tomb has hidden,
Or oblivion's colder grave,
Thoughts reproved, and feelings chidden,
Hopes engulph'd in life's dark wave,
In one group of beauty blended,
Seem by thee, familiar strain !
Ah ! too soon thy notes are ended,
Empty lies the heart again !





I M O G E N .

IMOGEN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Oh, there's but one sweet word in all the world,
And that is Love—to love this beauteous earth,
This brilliant heaven, and Him who holds them thus,
In glory and perfection absolute,
Lasting as Truth, in His almighty hand!—
To gaze upon the Earth's majestic face,
And say—Here breathes the genius of a God!
To love the world, yet single from its breast
One being to be loved beyond the world!
Oh, then it is we live—then, *then* we live!
Affection is a child of Love—but wayward—
The mortal child of an immortal mother—
But Love *itself*!—Seek from the centre first
To shake the sun, ere shake true, steadfast Love!
Harshness and cruelty—hate, coldness, scorn—
May make Love weep, but never make Love change!
Rob ev'ry flower from earth, and Love will find
Some way to bid it bloom!—Cover Love's path
With sharpest flint—and though her life ebb'd forth
At every step, unmurm'ring would she tread,
For, in her breast—deep in her holy breast—
One flower still grows, root of celestial soil—

And angels' tears have watered its sweet bloom,
Angels have wreathed its leaves around their heads,
So beautiful it is, and called its name,
That sweet flower's sweeter name, FORGIVENESS.

And oh, if ever human breast received
The inspiration and the poet-heart
Of Love, 'twas thine—Love's own interpreter !
Thine—godlike monarch of Affection's world !
Great voice of Nature ! thine, whose lofty fame
Fronting all time, and with all time co-heir,
Stands like an altar of perpetual love !
Oh, I could bless, could idolize the hand
That gave to life the presence and the power,
The grace, the tenderness, heroic truth,
The fond, impassioned soul of Juliet !—
That lent a voice more sweet than Orphean lute,
Or song of spheréd angels, to the lip
That told the tender tale of Viola !—
That trod the clouds, and gathered rainbow wreaths,
Star-flowers from skiey fields, and from the dews
Distilled immortal essences, to blind
The eye of Love to Love's infirmities ;
Creating beauty from deformity !
As when Titania's vision, charm-deceived,
Worshipped Love's spirit, though in monster-shape,
Leaving the mystery of love disclosed ;
Which, like the ruby, sheds its own warm hue

O'er all it looks upon, and whilst it glows
Makes dulness bright, and plainness beautiful !

Or she, the wronged—the beauteous *Imogen*—
The faithful, fond, forgiving Imogen !
How like a star amid the silver clouds
Her sleeping beauty beams, pure as the heaven
To which, in loving dreams, her thoughts have
 flown ;

But sudden, as that bright star disinsphered,
A shadow falls upon the velvet couch—
A breath makes tremulous the silken fringe—
Mars the soft murmur of those dreaming lips,
Stealing their peace, and slandering what it steals :
Oh, Guardian Angel, where is now thy shield ?
Thy heav'n-born glance, to strike the dastard down ?
Making Guilt own the might of Innocence !
See ! nearer still those felon-fingers creep—
Nearer the traitor's breath pollutes her cheek—
Parts the warm bracelet from her slumbering arm ;
And what he cannot steal—her purer soul—
Her seraph innocence—her stainless worth—
Her holy nature—high beyond his reach !—
These he defames ! Oh, hapless Imogen,
Falsely accused, and wronged beyond all name ;
Yet wronged, forsaken, spurned—*forgiving* still !
How could I sit and weep and mourn with thee,
And shelter thee, poor dove, and fight thy cause,

The cause of Virtue in a slanderous world !—
But Heaven is just—and He, who gave thee tears,
Dashed the dark cup of bitterness aside,
Scattered the scorn, and struck the scorner low ;
And thy fair breast from Sorrow's cloud stood pure
As angel bosoms to the light of God !
Love, hallowed by Affliction, found a shrine
Worthy itself—in all but name, Divine !

MORNING IN INDIA.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Morning in India, when the mango-showers
Steep May in healthful coolness. Lo ! the skies
Are cloudless, as the depths of woman's eyes,
Ere love and all its cares have filled the hours
With hope and fear. From snow-bloomed citron
bowers

Green parrots, hatched mid fragrance, chattering rise;
Couched on its bed of beams the serpent lies,
Sipping light dew from the redundant flowers
Of blue ruellias, studding o'er the sod
With bell-shaped buds. The bee now quits its hoard,
Questing for honey—while from yon Minār
The gray Muezzin's call is heard afar :—
“ Come ye to prayer !—there is no God but God !
Mahommed is the Prophet of the Lord !”

THE UNCONSCIOUS SLAVE.

“ I tell you, Mrs. Biddulph, the lads are right—perfectly right ; they have been oppressed, madam, injured and oppressed ; and injury and oppression every man—ay, and every boy, too, is bound to resist.”

“ Well, my dear, well ; you know best, though I own I cannot see why our Geoffry, poor fellow, should be obliged to take up the quarrel of these little malcontents.”

“ Why, madam, why ?—because he is bound by his principles to do so—by the principles which I, Mrs. Biddulph, have instilled into his youthful bosom : he is an Englishman, madam, a free-born Englishman, and, as such, shall never stand tamely by and see a fellow-creature trampled on : remember, Mrs. Biddulph, he is my son, my only son, madam.”

“ One would almost be inclined to doubt it,” returned the lady, somewhat more sarcastically than was her wont, were we to judge of the rela-

tionship by the heartless indifference with which you urged him on to this dangerous enterprise."

"Zounds, madam, danger! and pray, Mrs. Biddulph, may I ask what danger your maternal anxiety apprehends from a spirited young fellow like our Geoffry leading these brave urchins forward to demand a restitution of their rights?"

"Only the very imminent one of broken bones, sir," responded his wife; "for, if that savage, young Hartley, and his adherents should choose to have recourse to blows, there would be little chance, I fear, of our poor boy's escaping without them: it would have been wiser, Mr. Biddulph, to have restrained the daring spirit of these youths."

The really fond though reckless father paused a moment, as his wife suggested the probability of such a termination to his son's encounter with the fierce young squire; but it was for a moment only, and the tide of parental affection that was rushing to his heart was checked in its progress by those sterner virtues, which, under the names of patriotism and the love of liberty, had long held undisturbed dominion there.

"Pshaw, madam, pshaw!—as if there could be any danger in a skirmish between schoolboys! Besides, how often must I tell you, Mrs. Biddulph—how often must I declare to you, madam, that I will never be the means of checking the noble spirit

that now impels my boy forward in the cause of freedom !”

At this moment, a bold though youthful voice was heard in the adjoining room, loudly singing the words—

“ ‘ Britannia, Britannia rule the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves ! ’ ”

and the subject of the foregoing colloquy entered the apartment.

He was a tall and well-formed youth, apparently about fourteen years old, having the air of one who was, and knew that he was, an indulged, not to say a spoilt child : his countenance, which now actually beamed with exercise and pleasure, was strongly expressive, rather than strikingly handsome, and, to the physiognomist, it might perhaps have been expressive of qualities less pleasing than to the careless observer : to the latter, frankness and good humour were alone visible, while the former might have detected a degree of restlessness and daring that spoke contempt alike of friend or foe. He flung carelessly past his mother, without heeding her affectionate inquiries for his welfare ; and, addressing himself to Mr. Biddulph, exclaimed, “ Well, father, we have routed the young squire’s party, and sent him and two or three of his cowardly followers home with bloody noses : the close is again thrown open to the village. We

have driven the invaders from our territories. Hurrah! Old England for ever! I'm a true-born Englishman, father, and will never countenance oppression!

“ ‘ Britannia, Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves!’ ”

“ But surely, my dear Geoffry.....” exclaimed Mrs. Biddulph.

“ Bravo, my fine fellow,” interrupted the louder tones of her husband; “ thus may you ever resist innovation, and lend a hand to help up the fallen! You have done a noble day's work, my boy, and deserve to have your name enrolled in the annals of freedom. I join in your shout of triumph, Geoffry.—Hurrah! Old England for ever!”—and the father and son left the room together, singing, as with one voice—

“ ‘ Britons never shall be slaves!’ ”

That large and valuable tract of land, which, under the several names of the Avon-pool, the Burnside, and Ashdown farms, are well known in the southern part of the county of Leicester, had for many generations been occupied by the family of the Biddulphs, the last representative of which, having, by dint of the most unremitting industry, been enabled to purchase it, had thereby secured to his successors a degree of influence in the neighbourhood as honourable to its founder as it was im-

portant to its present possessor, who, at the commencement of our tale, had resided there for upwards of thirty years in the character of a respectable and respected country gentleman.

Celebrated for the possession of many original and excellent qualities, those which gave its chief colouring to Mr. Biddulph's character were an independence of principle and an ardent love of liberty, seconded by a degree of boldness in the expression of his sentiments, that would, in the present day, unquestionably have subjected him to the charge of radicalism, but, at the period of which we are writing, obtained for him no other appellation than the then highly honourable one of a true John Bull.

Warmly attached to his king, so long as justice and mercy were the pillars that upheld his throne, and to the constitution, while it continued to maintain inviolate the rights of the people, he was yet ready to resist to the death the slightest innovation on the part of either; and we have heard it asserted that, in the former part of his life, he was, more than once, actively engaged in movements which had for their ostensible object the preservation of the threatened liberties of England. How far his judgment in such matters was likely to be guided by reason and prudence, we leave to be decided by future biographers, better qualified to

search into the recesses of the human bosom, and draw thence its hidden sources of action. It is with the son rather than the father that we have at present to do.

Geoffry was educated as became the child of such a parent: scarcely could his infant lips lisp out the word slavery, when his bosom was taught to glow with detestation of it, while its opposite quality was as early exalted into one of the cardinal virtues—liberty was the cry with which his nursery from morning till night resounded, and his father loved to tell that, at seven years old, he interrupted a political debate in which some friends were engaged, to propose as a toast, “The Land of Freedom.”

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Biddulph forgot to teach, and Geoffry had no other means of learning, that there are kinds of slavery besides that which was noted down in his vocabulary as a byword for shame and degradation. Constantly descanting on the government of nations, he yet never read his son a lecture on the regulation of his own heart; this was left to the unsubdued dominion of self-will; and while, without doors, the youthful Geoffry was the universal champion of the oppressed, when within, he was himself the constant slave of violence and passion.

The little adventure to which we have already

alluded was one of many which marked the earlier part of a life eventful beyond the common stamp of vulgar biography. The park of Sir Herbert Hartley, lord of the manor and proprietor of the larger part of the parish, was skirted on one side by a few acres of waste land, of little intrinsic value, but important, inasmuch as it was the favourite resort of the village lads and lasses, the scene of their pastimes, and, under the title of the "Boys' Close," constituting, as they supposed, their own inalienable property, nor had any attempt otherwise to appropriate it ever been made; when young Hartley, coming down fresh from Eton with a party of schoolfellows, cast his eyes upon it, and immediately thought proper to prefer it to the park, the gardens, or the courtyard of his father's extensive domain. Relying on superior strength and loftier pretensions, he and his friends one day invaded the Close, forcibly ejected a dozen little boys who were pursuing their sports, and, placing a fastening on the gate, betook themselves to various diversions. Conquered, but by no means awed, the little fellows assembled in council to debate on what steps were to be taken for the recovery of their playground, when, after pros and cons as numerous if not as needless as are sometimes heard in wiser assemblies, it was agreed that a deputation should immediately proceed to Burn-

side, to request the assistance of "Master Geoffry," who had often stood their friend in similar dilemmas.

It will probably occur to our readers that, had Mr. Biddulph been prudent, he would have forbidden his son to interfere, and would himself have represented the case to Sir Herbert, whom he knew to be too good and conscientious a man to have sanctioned an act of injustice even in his heir. In opposition, however, to the sounder counsels of his wife, he directed Geoffry to place himself at the head of the little regiment, and boldly lead them on to battle with the invaders. Now, young Hartley had many an ancient grudge against our hero, for the latter was wont to be not over-nice in his expressions of dislike to the system of rural tyranny with which the other sought to govern in the village. Instead, therefore, of manifesting a wish to parley, he and his friends also appeared in battle array, and a sharp struggle between the two parties was the immediate result. The issue of the contest was as Geoffry declared—"favourable to the cause of liberty;" but Hartley, equally ashamed of his defeat and the act of aggression that led to it, never forgave his rival, and this juvenile affray was the cause of much bitterness of feeling between them when they afterwards became the owners of their respective estates.

We now take leave of Geoffry as a boy, and do not find him again upon our records until twenty-five summers had flown over his head. His character seems to have undergone no very material change, save that the seeds which had been so carefully sown were producing an abundant harvest, while the soil that was permitted to remain uncultivated showed itself a barren field, awaiting, perhaps, but some exciting cause to cover it with noxious weeds.

We have described his father as an ardent lover of liberty, but his warmth was but as the snows of Mont Blanc when contrasted with the lava of Vesuvius, compared with that of his son. Had the latter lived in the turbulent times of the Charleses, there is little doubt that a life of action, if not a death of violence, would have been his ; under the peaceful reign of George III., on the contrary, no such dangers threatened him, and he continued to be the loudest at public meetings and the last at public dinners, where his favourite toast—"The Land of Freedom," and his favourite song, "Rule Britannia," were often the most prominent parts of the entertainment.

As a sad proof, however, how little we know ourselves, at the very period when our friend Geoffry was most enthusiastic in support of national independence, he was about to resign his

own individual freedom without a struggle—for now, alas, he fell in love !

Well had it been for him if his choice had been sanctioned by parental approbation ; but a feud as durable and almost as deadly as that between the rival houses of York and Lancaster separated the families of Boyce and Biddulph. Unhappily, the daughter of the former house was at once a beauty and a coquette, and Geoffry found himself totally unable to withstand the united power of her fascinations and her charms.

The lady, as poor as she was proud, and as vain as she was cold-hearted, could not see with indifference the son of the wealthy Mr. Biddulph at her feet ; but she was well versed in the intricacies of the human heart, and, like most coquettes, no less deeply skilled in the art of dissimulating. While, therefore, she forebore to accept, she was equally cautious not finally to reject, and thus involved her unsuspecting lover in a net as subtly woven as it was unconsciously worn.

And now behold the free-born Geoffry the slave of an artful and designing woman. To secure the acceptance of his suit, he became a constant, nay, even a servile attendant upon her : the parents, who had loved him as he could never hope to be loved again, were neglected. The threat of disinheritance was despised, and the honour of his

ancestors looked upon as dust in the balance, while he was himself drawing more closely around him the chains in which he was bound by a weak and ill-directed passion.

They married ; but it was an unblest and unholy alliance, and Geoffry learned to rue the day when he sacrificed his independence at the shrine of fancied affection.

An angry father and a disappointed and turbulent wife form but a sorry foundation on which to build the hope of matrimonial happiness ; yet, under such unfavourable auspices, did young Biddulph commence his wedded life. He had flattered himself that his father's displeasure would vanish, so soon as resistance should have become useless, and that the servile adulation of the lover would as quickly give place to the absolute authority of the husband. But, though Mr. Biddulph could not bring himself entirely to cut off the only heir of his name from the possession of an estate, the purchase of which had been the aim and, in its attainment, the pride of his father's life, he sternly refused to countenance the young couple ; and, as he withdrew from them, at the same time, much of his son's hitherto liberal allowance, they found themselves reduced to an income far too narrow to satisfy the pride of the one or the ambition of the other. Nor did the fair bride manifest the slightest

intention to relinquish as a wife the dominion she had exercised as a mistress; and when Geoffry, after several vain attempts to establish his authority, reminded her—perhaps somewhat prematurely—of the promise she had made, not only to love and honour, but also to obey him, she more than hinted that she was disposed to feel but little reverence for a vow which, instead of allying her, as she had expected, to wealth and indulgence, had made her the partner only of difficulty and privation.

Constant dissensions were the early results of these struggles for pre-eminence; and, while these generally ended in fits of passion on the part of the husband, and bitter reproaches on that of the wife—reproaches, the more bitter, that they were principally aimed at the loss of that fortune which he had sacrificed for her—they gradually undermined the very shallow foundation of their domestic peace.

It is true, Geoffry, as in gallantry bound, was usually the first to yield, but he never yielded gracefully, and the lady therefore attributed to her own superior dexterity these victories, which were in fact the result of her husband's wish to conciliate, or his dread of further provoking her. Thus, then, was the once free and open-hearted Geoffry seated by his domestic hearth, alternately

a despot and a slave—in the former character, he had indeed but few chances; the ebullitions of rage which had so often awed his gentle mother into submission were but ridiculed by his high-spirited wife, while they served rather to weaken than increase his own authority; for, during the moments of depression that almost invariably follow ungovernable bursts of fury, Mrs. Biddulph was too able a tactician not to know how to mould him to her will.

Nor even in their calmer moments do this ill-assorted couple appear to have had any pursuits in common. The lady, one of a high, though decayed family, had been brought up with a keen relish for those pleasures and refinements which her present contracted means placed entirely beyond her reach; and while this, as we have already shown, constituted a fruitful theme on which to dilate when in anger, it failed not to cast an air of gloom and discontent on her general manners, as fatal to her own happiness as it was unpleasing to those around her.

Geoffry, on the other hand, was a farmer, a fox-hunter, and a *bon-vivant*, all of them, his wife declared, amusements utterly incompatible with gentility, and, though he battled long and stoutly in their defence, he was at length fain, if not entirely to relinquish, at least to indulge in them but very sparingly.

To this thralldom succeeded, or rather went hand in hand with it, another scarcely less oppressive, for Geoffry Biddulph became the slave of his children. A lovely boy and girl were the claimants for his paternal love, and his really warm heart felt no disposition to withhold the boon: but it was a favourite axiom of Mrs. Biddulph's, and one on which she was wont to be very eloquent, that a father ought to live for his children. Now this "living for" comprehended something more than, had he been able to resist the said eloquence of his wife, Geoffry might have felt disposed to yield, since it doomed him to become the constant companion, the unwearying attendant, of two spoiled and wayward infants. Day after day, might this free-born Briton be seen, like the Spartan warrior of old, joining in the most ignoble pastimes, not, as in the latter case, with the laudable intention of forming the minds while he directed the sports of his offspring, but because they had been taught by an injudicious mother to look upon him as one without whose co-operation and assistance they were neither able nor expected to amuse themselves. Nor was this devotion to their whims and caprices permitted to cease as they grew in years: still their wishes were to be his laws; and, at the risk of being branded as an unnatural parent, his own comfort and convenience were never to be

placed in competition with the will of these petty tyrants, whose filial affection was therefore entirely unmingled with that respect and reverence which have ever proved its safest superstructure.

Fortunately, however, for his self-love, Geoffry, all this while, understood not the predicament in which he was placed. Humbled, indeed, by the discovery that the woman of his choice was not such a one as in wisdom he should have chosen, he sought for no further solution of the enigma of his conjugal infelicity, nor saw that, for the want of an accurate knowledge of the art of self-government, he was utterly incompetent to govern his family, the entire regulation of which consequently devolved on one little better qualified for the task, save in that she had discovered and abused her husband's weakness. In consenting to obey where a stronger minded man would have vindicated his right to command, he made a virtue of necessity, and falsely imagined that he sacrificed to domestic peace what was in fact forced from him by domestic tyranny.

Here our note-book again leads us forward a few years in the life of our hero ; and, on renewing our acquaintance with him, we find him plunged in affliction of the most overwhelming kind. His parents having been some time dead, had left him in quiet possession of his paternal estate, when a

pestilential disease entered his dwelling, and swept off at a single stroke his wife and children.

However unwise a use Mrs. Biddulph had made of the influence she had acquired over the mind of her husband, he had never forgotten her as she appeared to him at the first moment of their acquaintance, radiant with beauty, and seemingly attired in every feminine grace; and his children he had idolized in as great a degree, perhaps, as if they had been taught to look up to him with reverence as well as with affection; for, as the noble war horse, at first so well disposed to resist every attempt to tame it, becomes, in time, reconciled to the scourge, and even turns to lick the hand that inflicts it, so do the struggles of the man who yields his freedom, be it to whom it may, become feebler and feebler, till he not only ceases to lament but seems even to love his fetters.

The wretched Biddulph looked around him and saw the desolation of his house—the love of his youth, the pride of his manhood, were lifeless at his feet:—the strongest mind must have succumbed beneath such accumulated misery, and Geoffry's, we have seen, was not strong: he knew not where to look for comfort. Friends he had none, for they had one by one deserted him—estranged by the unconciliating manners and haughty disposition of his wife, and the sacred pages of divine consolation

were to him as a sealed book. Seizing the intoxicating cup, he raised it with maddened frenzy to his lips—it gave, as he expected, a momentary oblivion to his sorrows, but returning consciousness brought with it aggravated anguish ; again to dispel which, the expedient was repeated, until it became habitual.

He was yet young, and he was moreover wealthy. In his present state, it will easily be conceived how fair a prey he seemed to the vicious and unprincipled. A herd of these congregated around him ; they proffered friendship, and won upon his confidence : his business, already neglected, was entrusted to hands unfitted for the charge, and, under the plea of removing him from the scene of his afflictions, they enticed him to London.

Here, Biddulph was not long in entering into that most abject of all slaveries, the slavery of vice : led on by his associates, he trod the flowery paths of sin till his very senses were enchanted—days and nights were passed in one unvarying round of dissipation, and, if he ever felt and deplored his degradation, he had entered the vortex, and believed it impossible to recede. At length, on one fatal night, the last of many he had passed at the gaming-table, in the delirium of intoxication, his sacrilegious hand dared to stake the ancient dwelling of his fathers, and risk on the

turn of a die the fair produce of years of industry. Fortune herself frowned on the unhallowed deed—the domain passed from him ; and, on the morning that succeeded that dreadful night, Geoffry Bidulph walked into the streets—a beggar !

Deserted by the heartless wretches who had lured him on to ruin, he wandered for two days through the crowded thoroughfares of London without daring once to supplicate the aid of which he so greatly stood in need, and exhausted nature was on the point of sinking, when on the second evening he entered a retired street, the only person in which was an elderly and benign-looking gentleman, to whom, with sudden resolution, he extended his trembling hand, and would have spoken, but his tongue refused to give utterance to the humiliating truth that he, who had lately revelled in more than plenty, had not now wherewith to satisfy the cravings of imperious nature. The stranger fixed his eye on the pale and famished cheek of the mendicant, strangely contrasting with his gentlemanly attire, and read therein no common tale of misery ; delicacy, however, forbore to question, while pity prompted a liberal donation—he dropped a shilling into Bidulph's hand. The wretched man gazed on it for a moment in silence, and who shall say what were the thoughts that chased each other through his

agonized mind, bringing the deep flush of shame into his wasted cheek?—It was an awful pause—virtue and vice were struggling for the mastery; but the latter had, alas, gained too firm a hold, and for that fatal piece of silver, he sold himself, body and soul, to the demon of avarice!

A new era now commences in the life of our hero. He had wasted an affluent fortune with thoughtless prodigality; he now set all his energies to work to recover it.

In London, there is no lack of employment for such as are disposed to labour; and, exchanging his gay clothes for some of a meaner kind, Biddulph was soon engaged.

There is an old saying, that “Money saved is money earned;” and all must have observed that, those who begin life, even in poverty, with the fixed determination to save whatever they may get, make much more rapid advances towards the goal of independence than do others who commence with wealth, but cannot resist the inclination to enjoy and to impart. To do either the one or the other of these formed no part of Geoffry’s new creed; his heart was steeled against the cry of poverty;—he had been injured by a few, and hesitated not to revenge himself on the many;—the most affecting appeal had no power to move him to pity. He walked amongst his fellows like

a being without a soul—indifferent alike to their sorrows or their joys. Nor was he more liberal towards himself; for scarcely would he indulge in the most common necessities of life, unless they could be obtained without the expenditure of that gold which had now become his idol.

His sobriety, the result of a disinclination to spend, and his industry that of a wish to gain money, rendered him useful to his employers, and raised him in a few years to a high post in an extensive and lucrative concern. And now, encouraged by frequent opportunities for its display, the ruling passion of his youth blazed forth with a degree of violence that would have sadly put to shame the honest-hearted patriot who had first sown the seeds of liberty in his bosom.

No longer confined to a conscientious hatred of tyranny, it manifested itself in a feeling of ill-will to all who were exalted, either by rank or talent, above the common stamp of their countrymen; while, in his eagerness to establish equality and uphold freedom, Biddulph forgot that he had himself been alternately the slave of passion, weakness, folly, avarice, and crime!

Years had again passed over, when, by dint of good fortune, seconded by the most rigid parsimony, Geoffry had attained the object of his ambition, the ability to re-occupy, and finally to re-

purchase, his paternal estate. So far all was well. The opportunity of regaining his forfeited character and station in his neighbourhood was open to him, and the friends of his youth would have received him with nearly as much warmth as the parabolical father is so beautifully described as manifesting towards the returning prodigal.

But, alas ! they knew not how great a change had been effected in him. He had left them a kind, warm-hearted creature, contemptible, inasmuch as he had quailed beneath the influence of a high-spirited and ill-judging woman, but generous withal, and well principled ; he returned a grovelling and heartless miser.

His inhospitable door was closed alike against friend and foe, the rich and poor. The hall which, in his father's time, had resounded constantly to the voice of mirth and revelry, was now untenanted, save by the spiders which dwelt there from year to year in uninterrupted quiet. The chambers, with the exception of his own dirty and scantily furnished apartment, were shut up ; and, alone and unattended, he passed his cheerless days, occupied only in adding to his stores of useless and unblest wealth, and his sleepless nights in a state of constant excitement, lest some lawless invader should come to deprive him of it.

It must have been infatuated blindness, or feel-

ings assimilated to his own, that could have induced a dying father to consign his only child and his ample fortune to his guardianship ; at any rate, he knew not what avarice would dare for its own gratification. What was honour, fame, or peace of conscience, to the hardened Biddulph, in comparison with filthy lucre ? Even as nothing.

Scarcely were the eyes of his friend closed, and the hand, whose last pressure had been his, as the feeble voice implored him to be a father to his child, cold, when the now hoary-headed sinner hastened to destroy his will, and substitute for it one, by which he was himself left sole heir to the property, on condition of bringing up and providing for the orphan beneath his own roof.

The publication of so unjust and unnatural a testament created no small surprise in the vicinity of her father's residence, and hints were from time to time thrown out, which, had they reached his ears, might well have alarmed the guilty Biddulph. Mere suspicion, however, could not injure him in the only point where he was susceptible of injury, and the little victim was removed to the comfortless abode of her oppressor, where, in a state of abject poverty, almost amounting to destitution, she continued for nearly two years, an object of pity and interest to all who were acquainted with her sad history. But the orphan's God at length

stood forth in her defence, and from another quarter of the globe brought a redresser of her wrongs in the person of an uncle, long since supposed to have fallen a victim to the climate of India.

Geoffry Biddulph's career of guilt and infamy was now fast hastening to a close: hated, dreaded, and despised, where he had once been respected, honoured, and loved, he stands a convicted felon at the bar of that country, his connexion with which he had been taught to prize so highly, but which is now about to blot out his name from the list of her free sons.

We would fain draw a veil over the writhings of his guilty countenance, while the judge pronounces the sentence that pierces his heart—not because it has blasted for ever the honour of the name that descended to him unsullied, but because it tears from him that worshipped gold which he had dared to prize more highly than his virtue and his life. Nor would we follow him back to the narrow cell, within the limits of which he had already sought to terminate his days by self-murder, save to record the fact that, in his progress thither, hearing the excited populace expressing in the usual manner their disapprobation of some public measure, he, by a sudden effort, released his hands from the officers who held them, and, raising them in an attitude of appeal to Heaven, shouted with desperate energy—"Liberty!—Liberty!"

REFLECTIONS IN A VILLAGE CHURCH

NEAR LAKE WINDERMERE.

Seldom by aught but rustic feet
These rustic aisles are trod ;
But where a few in faith shall meet,
There, too, they'll meet a God,
Who loves not only to abide
In temples raised in sculptured pride.

Without, a band of stately yews
Stretch their dark leafy canopy
O'er graves, where late and early dews
On loveliest wild flowers lie—
Where the green mossy turf is spread
Above each sleeper's lowly bed.

And when the soft south wind is heard,
The trees uncertain shadows throw—
And, 'midst the depth of foliage stirred,
The sunbeams come and go,
Like smiles of angels, calm and bright,
Filling the church with golden light.

Within, no gorgeous rites are here,
No clouds of costly incense rise—
The impassioned prayer, the silent tear—
Offerings which thou wilt not despise—
We bring alone, thy face to seek,
Lord of the contrite and the meek !

A calmness falls upon my breast—
The peace of heaven within my heart—
Oh ! might I thus for ever rest,
From earth and earthly things apart,
Beneath the shadow of the cross,
And count all other gain but loss.

Green pastures now around me lie,
Smooth waters now beside me glide,
Shepherd of Israel, thou art nigh—
Oh ! did we seek no other guide,
How many a weary heart might know
The peace this world cannot bestow !

Too soon, alas ! the psalm's sweet strain
Will cease to vibrate in my ear ;—
Too soon before my eyes again
The world delightful will appear :
Though angels now around us wait—
Satan is lurking at the gate.

If, Lord, amidst the depths profound
Of every soul assembled here,
Thou but one ray of light hast found,
One blossom midst the desert sere,
Grant each may shine, a brilliant gem,
In thy immortal diadem ! S. H. S.

SONG.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

IN ANSWER TO "IS THERE A HEART THAT NEVER LOVED?"

ON HEARING IT SUNG BY A LADY.

Oh, no ! there's not a heart but owns
The spell thy words express ;
Which, borne upon those syren tones,
Like angels come to bless.
Thy voice would hush the monsters' roar,
Make streams forget to move,
And savage man, untam'd before,
Confess the power of love.

So much a beauteous woman charms,
By blush, smile, glance, or sigh,
So soon her tear our rage disarms,
When trembling in her eye,
That man could ne'er resist the sway
Of woman's smile or tear ;
Nor bear this world were *she* away,
Nor heav'n, if she were here !

S.

ED?"



THE PORTRAIT

THE PORTRAIT.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

BY M. H. PARKER, ESQ.

(THE OLD SAILOR.)

By what hath been said, you see how long I have laboured in the search of peace: do not you be disheartened to tread in the same steps: use all worthy means to restore yourself to your rights, but prefer the way of peace: show the greatness of your mind rather to conquer your enemies by pardoning than by punishing: if you saw how unmanly and unchristian the implacable disposition is in our ill wishers, you would avoid that spirit.

Letter of Charles I. to his Son.

Charles the Second ascended the throne of his ancestors, and at the commencement of his reign (with the exception of the judges who condemned and executed his royal father) he carried out much of the principles that were thus inculcated with paternal tenderness and solicitude. The Cromwellian period, from the first outset of the chief Republican to the close of the Commonwealth, had been replete with strange incidents and peopled by masked characters that were unacquainted with themselves—not personally, but mentally so. The supposed

stern ascetic — the apparently rigid Puritan — the “Habbakuks” and “Woe Begone” religionists of that age, were merely “public” men in their assumed attributes; for in the privacies of life they loved comfort and enjoyment — indulged in the luxuries invented by man as well as in the necessities that were plentifully supplied by the bounty of Providence; and, though preaching against the Mammon of unrighteousness, were always ready to help themselves freely to a golden booty, selecting a passage of divine writ — “Hold fast that which is good,” by way of sanction for their avarice.

On the other hand, the gay, rollicking cavalier, plunging into excess and vice, and utterly despising the hypocrisy of his opponents, carried on his existence in licentiousness and extravagance most merrily, not so much for the love of the pastime that they afforded, as to set at defiance the strait-laced opinions of the Parliamentarians. There were doubtless many upright and honourable men on both sides, but even these were compelled at intervals to enter on a particular career, in order to maintain the shibboleth of the party to which they separately belonged.

It was no easy task to reconcile such discordant elements, but Charles could render himself “all things to all men,” and his fine person, bland manners, and insinuating address, made a deep impres-

sion on the sturdy republicans who pretended to care for neither, whilst his attachment to pleasure and gaiety made him truly acceptable to his own followers who shared in the revelry and the debauch. The king also showed a bold policy in amalgamating such extreme principles in the government of the country; but there was a growing love of freedom gathering strength amongst the people, and Charles I. had lost his head for that which Henry VIII. had practised every day with impunity; thus offering undeniable evidence of a remarkable change in the spirit of the times.

In the neighbourhood of the Blackfriars, abutting on the river Thames, stood a goodly house, of the Elizabethan architecture, somewhat improved upon by chaste designs, that bespoke the skill of a clever builder. The windows looked into a pleasant garden, well furnished with fragrant flowers, especially large roses, and beyond this was a terrace on the banks of the "watery highway," affording a delightfully cool promenade as the refreshing breeze swept over the surface of the ebbing or flowing stream.

It was summer; and, in an apartment splendidly decorated with articles of vertu, an elderly female, arrayed in widow's weeds, sate at an open casement, whose diamond panes were richly painted by no ordinary hand. Near to her, leaning over

the back of an antique chair, was a youth in plain attire, and on the chair itself was seated a young girl, whose beauty was dazzling to behold: her flaxen hair hung in ringlets over shoulders, the transparent skin of which, with its white and red, resembled the clearest wax, deliciously coloured with the bloom from a ripe peach: her age appeared to be about fifteen, and her form was as perfect as her loveliness was extreme.

"I cannot agree with you, John," said she, as she bent over her embroidery frame; "it is wrong to blame Providence for not sending us splendid fortunes, or even that which our late revered father lost in the service of the martyred monarch. But of what have we really to complain?"

"Of every thing," returned the youth, somewhat morosely. "It is true that you have found a snug harbour with our kind friend here, and may Heaven bless her for her goodness! but you must suppose that I feel it a degradation to be nothing more than a waterman's apprentice, when my ambition soars to become a daring seaman—and a seaman I will be—Nature has cast me in a rough mould on purpose."

"Nay, not in a rough mould, my child," remarked the widow; "look on this picture"—and she took a beautiful miniature from its case of velvet and gold. "What is there rough in this?"

or, John, I might direct your attention to your sister, for she is the very counterpart in likeness of your excellent mother, now among the blessed in the realms of glory."

"I was wrong, madam—I own I was," responded the youth, with abashed countenance. "But, you know, I have no recollection of the sainted angel; and it is evident that I inherit more of the reckless spirit of my gallant father than the chastened gentleness of my mother. I am well aware of your parental kindness to Angelina, and, believe me, I am grateful, truly grateful, for it—but my very heart longs to make her independent even of you."

"That is wrong again, John," uttered the fair girl, as a brilliant flush came over her cheek, and tears trembled in her large blue eyes; "what more can I require than what I now enjoy? Believe me, neither pomp, state, nor wealth, could withdraw me from this hospitable abode and the affection of my worthy protector."

"Nor would I wish you to leave either," answered the youth roughly. "But you never will understand me, Angelina. There are feelings struggling in my heart that I cannot explain—but yet there they are; and the day will come when all will be clear and plain to you. Only let the king come to his own again....."

"Young man, young man, that last expression

is ill advised," said a rather uncouth-looking personage, as he entered the room with a slow, military gait. "Remember, stone walls may have ears, and the Protector is jealous of his prerogative, from whatever source it has been derived."

"You, general, command my respect," returned the youth, as he bowed to the new-comer, "and that is more than I would say to any Roundhead of them all."

"Good morrow, widow," said the person who had been styled General; "and to you, fair damsel, whose face the breath of heaven should not visit too roughly—good morrow, all. This quiet spot, widow, has once more attracted me hither, and it is pleasant to enjoy absence from the turmoils of a troublesome world, amidst comfort and tranquillity."

"General Monk, you are welcome to my home," answered the widow, rising to place him a seat, in which she was anticipated by the youth. "The morning is delightfully fresh and fair, and the nerves should be braced to active business rather than relaxed by honourable toil. Your course and your cause....."

"Hush, hush!" returned the General, interrupting the lady, and declining to take the proffered chair: "the advice I gave to this good youth I shall have need to repeat to you. But, as you

say, the gentle breeze is most delicious to the senses among those beds of roses, and I would fain crave your company for a stroll upon the terrace." He offered his arm, which the widow accepted, and, opening a door into the garden, they both disappeared.

"Now would I wish to know the true character of that man," said the youth, in an under-tone, to his sister: "he seems to be too noble-minded to have an ardent attachment for Cromwell, and yet he adheres to his cause. But I must away to my ferry, sister—fare thee well, love, and one day....." He darted through the doorway, and stealthily approached the terrace, which he sprang over into his wherry, that lay moored to the walls, and, bowing to the widow and her companion, he rowed away.

"Ah! is it so?" said he to himself; "he does not know I heard him—the widow, too! Truly, a pretty plot is hatching, and I, for one, say, God give it speed! O, I see it all, now!—the king *will* come again: hurrah!"

No sooner had one youth departed at one door, than another appeared at the opposite, where he stood with bashful timidity, sending stolen glances towards the timid maiden, whose countenance was suddenly suffused with blushes. He was attired in the military habiliments of an aide-de-camp in the

service of the Commonwealth, and in fact held that station in the suite of the celebrated Monk, whose vacillating policy had long deceived both the republicans and royalists.

"Walk in, master Ernest," said the young lady; "that is, if your duty sanctions your present visit."

"Talk not of duty," replied he, advancing nearer; "I grow tired of it, being kept in leading-strings, a sort of hostage, or state prisoner, for the good conduct of others."

"A most valuable hostage, truly!" uttered the fair girl with a smile. "What worth dost thou lay upon thyself?"

"Oh, do not mock me, sweet Angelina!" exclaimed the other, "or you will force me to break bounds, and seek release from trouble in the tented field. You know, dearest, that what I tell you is the truth. I hate these hypocritical pretenders, with their snuffling jargon, and long to launch upon a bold career myself—if only to prove my love for you, sweet maiden!"

"And for which you fancy I must leap the barrier that divides us, Ernest," answered the fair girl, slightly tossing her head. "Oh, your merits are most rare, and, should King Charles return, you will at the least become a page at court!"

"Rather a prisoner in the Tower!" responded

the youth, with saddened voice ; “ my name, my family, cannot escape ; and yet, dearest, I would wish to see the rightful sovereign on the throne, as it would gladden thee ! ”

“ Thanks for your generosity,” said Angelina proudly, but her voice and manner instantly changed. “ Dally not here, Ernest—the General is approaching ! ” said she quickly : “ leave me, good youth, I pray..... ”

“ Not till I have kissed that fair hand,” said the young man, as he sprang forward and seized it between his own.

“ Fie, Ernest, fie ! ” whispered the maiden, without making any effort to disengage herself. “ There, now go, and remember that I have yielded to this endeavour, to save you from anger, should your being here be seen. Now go, Ernest, go ! ”

The youth knelt, banqueted on the kiss, and then, with lightness and agility, he repassed the way by which he had entered, just as Monk and the widow returned ; and, the latter having placed some sealed papers in his hand, the soldier withdrew.

Only a few weeks subsequent to this interview, an armed band entered the widow’s dwelling, and an official from the Protector, Cromwell, commanded that she should depart from it to a house that had been provided for her reception at Isle-

worth, to which, if she went quietly, no further molestation would be given her; but, on the other hand, resistance to the mandate would draw down upon her head the implacability of republican law. Woman's spirit would have resisted, but the maturity of age was sensible of the inutility, and, affecting to bow to the dictates of the usurper, she took her departure (having previously placed her property under the care of a faithful domestic), and Angelina went with her.

As soon, however, as the dwelling was quitted by its mistress, a rigid search was instituted in every apartment; the oak panels on the walls were sounded in every spot that excited suspicion: they were ripped away: all places were examined, but no discovery was made; and the officials, after satisfying more than their curiosity, and leaving two of their body with secret instructions, returned to their employer to make their report.

The brother of Angelina was soon apprised of what had taken place. He hastened to Isleworth; and, after a short interview with his sister, returned to the metropolis, and engaged himself to serve before the mast in a merchant ship, "The Good Intent," bound to the Mediterranean.

Cromwell's death, and the restoration of Charles the Second, through the powerful agency of General Monk, are matters of history, as well as the

judicious manner in which the monarch commenced his reign. Monk was raised to a dukedom, and appointed to a high command; others received marks of royal favour: but, taken generally, his Majesty, either on account of their numbers or the pressing nature of their claims, which he was unable to answer, paid but little attention to those who had adhered to his cause through the arduous period of his adversity, and this served to assure the republicans of safety in the exercise of impartiality. Besides, Charles had a difficult part to play, and there was much of "self" in his composition.

The widow continued to reside at Isleworth; she liked the locality, but visits were occasionally paid to the habitation at Blackfriars, which was kept in good repair. Angelina still remained with her kind benefactress; her brother was prosecuting his voyages with success, and bringing home the produce of his toil, which he devoted to his sister. The young man, Ernest, was under surveillance, for his father had sat upon the judgment-seat when the royal martyr was tried, and now was a prisoner in the jail of Newgate as a regicide. The former patron of the youth had remained neuter; for, had he interested himself for one individual, he would have acted unjustly to the rest, as all were under the same charges, and implicated in the same crime.

It was a bright and glorious sunset in autumn—the last gorgeous rays of the resplendent luminary of day were dancing on the rippling stream of the Thames, and throwing forth a glowing richness, that dazzled the eyes of the beholder, and conveyed a holy tranquillity to the mind. It was an evening to fill the heart with sweet sensations, to stir up all the fervent aspirings of hope, and to expand the benevolence of the spirit to every creature on the face of creation.

The widow was sitting in her cottage, with the child of her generous care, watching the gradually retiring light from the East, when Ernest suddenly appeared before them, and solicited refuge: there was a sickening, withering soul, even beneath the calm tranquillity of that delicious hour.

“And why dost thou require refuge, good youth?” inquired the widow, while the flush upon the cheek and tears in the eyes of Angelina proclaimed the deep interest that the maiden took in the young man’s welfare. “I have known thee ever faithful to thy trust.”

“Alas! alas!” returned Ernest, “I am ignorant of the crime laid to my charge; but my father’s name bears with it a ban that settles on his children. He is condemned to die, madam, and I have offered the life he gave to rescue him from death.”

“But will they persecute and destroy the son for carrying out the course of duty?”

“I am pursued, madam; the misnamed officers of justice are at my heels; and, unless you deem me unworthy of your favour, let me pray for shelter in this hour of peril. Your abode will not be suspected—you have a powerful friend in the Duke of Albemarle. I have in vain sought an interview with him, or I would have pleaded for his old companion in arms. Madam, save me!”

“It is strange that the General should have abandoned you,” remarked the widow, as if musing with herself; “but these are vacillating times; and, though the king has gotten his own, yet he seems also to have forgotten those who mainly helped him to it. Hark! what is that noise?” and she rose hastily from her chair.

“I fear succour is now too late, madam,” responded the youth with solemnity. “Those sounds most probably proceed from the enemies who are thirsting for my blood, and I must meet them as I ought”—he unloosed the cloak that had been rolled about him, and displayed his arms. “And yet no, madam,” continued he, as he again enveloped himself in its folds, “I will not commit sacrilege on the sanctuary of your quiet dwelling. Suffer me to pass down to the river’s bank. I have yet one chance left.”

Angelina had listened with breathless anxiety to the conversation. The various changing colours and agitation of her face manifested the deep interest which she took in the young man's safety, and yet she uttered not a word. They were increased when, as if inspired by sudden impulse, she sprang from her seat, grasped the youth's hand, and would have led him from the room, but at the door they were stopped by the entrance of Monk himself.

"How now!" exclaimed the duke haughtily — "have we traitors here in the quiet retirement of loyalty?"

"No traitor, your grace," returned the youth, somewhat proudly. "When General Monk was a republican, so was Ernest ———, the son of a sire who had fought by the General's side. But the course of events is changed—the crown is on a kingly head—General Monk has the ducal coronet to surround his brows, whilst the father I spoke of is withering in a dungeon, and I—cast down as I am....."

"Art charged with treason to the State," added the duke, who had somewhat flinched under the sarcasm which the youth's words conveyed. "And you, too, maiden?" continued he, addressing the fair girl. "There is a plot hatching here, and I must circumvent it. The guards are close at hand"

—the noise of footsteps was heard — “I saw them approaching; and if they knew, young man, that you were here.....”

“Save him, my lord! oh, save him!” entreated the widow, while Angelina dropped upon one knee, seized his hand with fervour, and with a supplicating look repeated the adjuration — “Oh, save him! save him!”

“Why, here is a pretty coil indeed!” remarked the duke, his good-humour returning. “It is easy to say, ‘Save him! save him!’ but if I attempt it I may get cited before the privy council, and the coronet you spoke about, young man — ay, strawberry leaves and all — may be rolling in the dust with the head inside of it. Arise, my maiden; it is not to a mere creature like me that you should kneel;” and he gently raised her up.

“We’re on the track!” shouted a voice outside: “Sergeant Gathersouls — or, as I believe now, the name, being changed, to be Sergeant Gathercole — knock with all due civility at the widow’s door, and crave admittance to search for a Roundhead who has concealed himself within her premises.”

“Ay, that will I do, most worthy officer,” responded the sergeant; “and as for the change in names, there are two buckets to the well — one under the head of ‘Commonwealth,’ and another under the title of ‘Royalty:’ they have been

taking alternate dips — Commonwealth is empty, and Royalty is full.”

“Advance, my lads !” exclaimed the officer ; “we are losing time.”

“Halt !” uttered a voice, in a commanding tone ; and Albemarle made his appearance in the passage right in their front. “What is your duty here, sir ?” continued he, addressing the officer, as the men, well knowing the voice, drew promptly up. An explanation ensued. “And is the house of the widow and the dwelling of the orphan to be outraged on such an errand ? Is the peace and quiet of his blessed majesty’s subjects to be disturbed at the mere will and beck of some puritanical hypocrite, who would, if he durst, insult the Lord’s anointed ? Enter, sir, and search the place !” Poor Angelina clasped her hands, and her head drooped on the shoulder of her lover. “Yes, sir, disturb the sanctity of one of those of whom the Almighty has said, ‘I am the widow’s God and judge.’ You doubtless have your warrant and instructions ; proceed to the discharge of them.”

But the officer had no such intention ; though how the General had come so suddenly upon them was a puzzler to his mind.

“I defer to your lordship,” said he ; “and yet we have evidence that the young man we seek is close to the spot.”

“Discharge your obligation to the Crown, sir,” commanded the duke: “search every quarter. But which of you is it that can identify the person whom you seek?”

A silence ensued, and the officer looked somewhat silly as he turned round and gave an inquiring glance to his sergeant, who steadily fixed his “eyes front,” and took no notice. The fact was that, though they had a complete description of the youth’s dress and appearance, yet none had seen him but at a great distance. The officer put the warrant into the hand of the duke, who carefully perused it, and then read over the document again.

“It is correct, sir,” said he; “but this is no answer to my question. Who is to identify the man you seek?”

“I think, your grace, that I shall be able to do so,” answered the officer, rather dubiously.

“Well, sir, then I have no control to exercise; you must use your own discretion. But, sir—but I must require you to exercise forbearance.”

Monk no longer stood in the way—the officer and his sergeant passed into the room where sat the widow displaying the utmost calmness, and near her stood Angelina, somewhat pale, but with perfect command of countenance; but, though there was only one egress from the apartment (for the

windows were barred), yet Ernest was not to be seen.

"Gentlemen," said the widow, with coolness, "I have overheard the object of your visit: proceed in the discharge of your sacred obligation to our royal master."

The officer bowed, and most rigidly did he examine every corner and nook; for the language of the duke had irritated him to the exercise of extreme vigilance, and he hoped, by finding the young man, to show that he could not be mistaken. But, if Ernest was at that time really within the cottage, all their research was foiled, for they took their departure without finding him.

Time progressed: the affairs of the nation became more settled—a number of the regicides had suffered death, after condemnation by those who had acted with them in life, and others were held prisoners in the Tower or in his Majesty's jails. The father of Ernest was saved from execution, but sentenced to close confinement for the rest of his days. The widow still made Isleworth her summer residence; and here it was that about mid-day of the spring season two strangers, richly habited, requested an interview, and were at once admitted.

"Your pardon, madam," said the first, gracefully bowing to the lady: "I would crave a few words with you touching the merits of your de-

ceased husband and his father, whose portraits have excelled in beauty. You are, I presume, the relict of Peter Oliver."

"I am so, sir," returned the widow, with stiffness, "and thank you for your eulogy on the departed. What is it you require?"

"It is ever my habit to be brief, madam," responded the stranger slowly, "and therefore I will at once to business. My companion here has informed me that you have still in your possession some pictures by both Olivers; and, as my gallery has suffered depredations in the late perilous times—which Heaven has been pleased to remove—I am desirous of supplying the losses I have sustained, by filling up some of the gaps with the works of artists so deservedly celebrated as those whom I have named. Pray is my information correct?"

"I must admit that it is partly so," returned the widow, with gravity; "there are a few yet left of the productions of my deceased husband and his parent. I confess that, hitherto, they have been concealed; for, as you have yourself observed, the times have indeed been perilous. But the king is now upon his throne, and there is no longer fear of violence and plunder."

"The king should be pleased with your opinion of his justice," remarked the stranger, with an air

of constraint. "May I be favoured with the sight of these gems of art?"

"I do not know you, sir," answered the widow, cautiously looking in the stranger's face; "but there is an air of honesty and frankness on your countenance that banishes suspicion, and though for many years they have not been seen but by my own eyes, I will show them to you."

They were consequently brought forth from their places of concealment, and exposed to view—some were finished, others unfinished; but well might the stranger now speak of them as "gems of art," especially the highly wrought miniature of Isaac Oliver the father, in which it has been said by his biographer, "The art of the master and the imitation of nature are so great, that the largest magnifying glass only calls out new beauties."

"Ay, these indeed are magnificent," said the stranger, relaxing from his stateliness, and speaking with an open candour unusual in a would-be purchaser; "how exceedingly lovely is that infant St. John! and here—ay, this is splendid indeed—what exquisite tenderness in those delicious eyes!—how regular is every feature!—Madam—my dear lady, can you inform me whose portrait this is, and what sum you will demand to part with it?"

"That, sir, was the likeness of a lady with whom I was well acquainted in the days of joyous youth," replied the widow. "We were companions together, and we loved each other. I can never part with it."

"She must be advanced in life, then, madam," observed the stranger with respect.

"She is in the grave, sir," answered the widow, while a sacred tribute to her memory trickled down her cheeks.

"And what was her history?" inquired the stranger; "one so lovely could surely never have experienced sorrow?"

"She suffered greatly, sir, and yet no complaint was ever permitted to escape her lips. Her husband was a colonel in the service of the king—a stanch Royalist, and one who freely shed his blood in that sacred cause, in which he had already expended a handsome fortune."

"Indeed!" said the stranger; "may I presume to ask his name, madam?"

"There were two brothers named Benbow, sir—both of the same rank," said the widow; "they fought in many battles for their royal master, but in that at Worcester both of them were taken prisoners—one escaped—the other suffered death!"

"Of course," remarked the stranger, somewhat affected, "this is all known to his majesty—Charles

is not ungrateful or unjust. But say, madam, was it the husband of this lovely woman who fell?"

"It was, sir," answered the widow, her tears gushing out more freely; "but she soon followed him to his last resting-place, leaving a boy and a girl to my care. Charles has been memorialised in their behalf; but there are, perhaps, more worthy suppliants for his grace, as we have received no sort of reply."

The stranger looked at his companion, who had hitherto remained silent, and then again fixed his eyes upon the pictures. "Well, madam," said he, "do I presume erroneously that these paintings are for sale? I would hope that such is not the case, and that I may be permitted to make my selection. But this miniature I must have—name your price, madam."

"I must crave your pardon, sir," said the widow, hesitatingly; "your request requires consideration. I had proposed to give our gracious king the first offer—he is fond of such things, and possesses no bad taste or judgment—"

"Madam," exclaimed the stranger, rather impetuously, "I will meet your terms, whatever they may be. His majesty cannot pay you better."

"Still, sir," argued the widow, "out of respectful remembrance for his royal father, the king must have the prior claim; besides, if I can obtain ad-

mittance to his majesty's presence, through the means of these small pictures, I would plead with him in behalf of the orphans I have mentioned."

"I will myself undertake their patronage," said the stranger firmly. Then, jerking up his shoulders, he added, "But what patronage have I to give?—myself a child in leading-strings!" He bowed low and gracefully, as a bitter smile passed over his features. "Madam—I am the king!"

The widow gazed wistfully upon the royal countenance: there was a mingling of reverential love and sacred devotion in the human heart which threw the odour of its sanctity upon the face: she gently drooped upon one knee, and, taking the fair and jewelled hand that was extended towards her, fervently pressed it to her lips, and then, bending down her aged forehead on the back, she said—"My prayer is heard—my soul is happy—now shall I depart in peace!"

"Talk not of departing, my good madam," exclaimed the monarch warmly, and dashing away an evidence of generous purpose as he raised the widow. "Life has yet many blessings to bestow upon us. The pictures, I feel, are mine, and, with respect to the orphans, they are perhaps at this moment within these walls. I should like to see them!"

"The daughter shall instantly appear before your

majesty's presence," said the widow, as she tinkled a small silver bell that stood at hand. "The son," she continued, "is now upon the turbulent ocean."

The door of the apartment opened, and Angelina, more beautiful than ever, made her appearance. A sort of spasm shrank every muscle of the monarch's countenance, as he gazed upon the fair girl, and involuntarily uttered in an audible whisper, "By Heaven, the portrait itself!—but more exquisitely lovely!—There is witchery in this!"

The king would have drawn himself most proudly up—he essayed to do it, as if to instil a deeper awe into the maiden's mind, and convince her at once of his exalted station. But Charles was too earnest an admirer of female beauty to affect the acting of a part towards the object. His gallant spirit bowed at once to the very worship of so exquisite a specimen of Nature's proudest works, and, removing his plumed hat from his head, and taking the delicate white hand of the maiden within his own, he did homage to a human being but little lower than the angels of the heavenly spheres. "This is indeed a lovely flower in the wilderness, madam," said he, addressing the widow, before she could speak a word; "the portrait in all its charming luxuriance of glorious beauty!"

"Spare her—oh, spare her, my liege!" implored

the widow; "the maiden hath not been accustomed to such language—it is but courtly seeming, my love—Angelina, you are in the presence of your king!"

The fair girl, when first summoned, was not aware that any more was required of her than accustomed attention to the widow's visitors, whom she had seen enter, but the gallant bearing of so handsome a man had dazzled her intellect; and when told that it was the king, there can be no wonder that the effects of the announcement, sudden as it was, came with full force upon the maiden's mind.

We will not stop to inquire into the nature of the

"Divinity that doth hedge a king,"

nor question the source of that strong influence which even the very name imposes on the faculties. Most true it is, that men of talent, of genius, of dauntless courage and noble bearing, have shrunk when in the "presence;" and how then could it be expected that one so young, so timid, should stand the test with hardihood? Angelina gave one imploring look towards his Majesty and sank upon the floor. The dignity of the crowned head was instantly forgotten: with the quickness of thought, the cloak of Charles was thrown off, and, bending on his knee, he raised the lovely girl in his arms,

and, as she returned to consciousness, imprinted a kiss upon her brow, and resigned her to the widow, who supported her from the room.

A bargain for the pictures was made—either a thousand pounds down, or three hundred pounds a-year for life: the latter was accepted, and the enamoured king withdrew, cherishing a determined resolution to transplant the maiden to his own courtly bower.

Time neither stands still nor retrogrades, and we must make our progress with it. Charles frequently stole interviews in the cottage at Isleworth, and each one contributed to increase his passion for Angelina. Large offers were made to Mrs. Oliver, but she resisted all temptations; presents, promises, and dazzling inducements, were lavishly bestowed on Angelina, but the vexed and enamoured monarch was baffled at every point. Still, however, he clung to the hopes of conquest—the very opposition that he met with only heightened his desires, and, as all other schemes had failed, a plan was laid to carry the maiden off. The widow, alarmed by the efforts of the king, and, as winter was at hand, desirous of quitting a place so lonely as the cottage at Isleworth, took up her abode once more at the habitation of her former happiness in the Blackfriars; but thither the myrmidons of Charles pursued her.

It was a dreary night in winter ; a cutting, keen easterly wind swept up the Thames into mimic waves ; the snow fell fast and heavy, enlarging the ice-flakes that floated on the surface of the river. No vessels appeared in motion—no living being showed himself abroad on the “silent highway.” A bright fire glowed in the widow’s apartment, and threw a cheerfulness around, in defiance of the storm that raged without. Suddenly, a harsh noise was heard ; and the next instant, three stout men in masks entered the room, and seized Angelina, whom they enveloped in a heavy, warm cloak. The poor girl screamed, but it was a vain ebullition of terror ; no one could respond to her cries, for the sound was instantly borne away, and mingled with the howling of the storm. Mrs. Oliver called for the servants, but they had all been previously secured ; she struggled with the intruders, who put her aside as if she had been a child ; but the cries of Angelina brought in a fourth person, whose speech awakened the most acute emotions of distress in the widow’s heart, as he bade them on the peril of their lives to “do her no personal injury.” She tried to speak, but her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth—resistance ceased, and she sank backwards in her chair.

At this moment, amidst the whistling of the gale, a hail from without came confusedly on the

ear, and caused Angelina to redouble her shrieks. A heavy muffle was bound over her mouth, and they were raising her up to carry her off, when the door to the garden was literally burst in, and two athletic young men rushed forward to oppose the ravishers. They wore the mariners' dress of those days, but of a superior quality to that of foremast men, and they were well armed with hangers, which they seemed to know perfectly how to use, and had silver-mounted pistols in their belts.

"Yo, hoy!" exclaimed the stoutest and the strongest, as, with a blow of his fist, he prostrated one of the party on the ground and attacked another with his cutlass; "ware hawse, you lubberly pirates and midnight marauders—down with that fellow, Ernest, but give them quarter, if they'll strike."

"Quick! quick!" shouted the chief of the individuals addressed; "bear her off—my sword shall bar the passage, and these madmen shall rue this barbarous assault."

"Beat down his sword, John," cried Ernest; "it shall pass through my body before they shall carry your sister away. On, on!"

The men would have cheerfully obeyed their master, but they were compelled in self-defence to relinquish their burden, and Angelina, becoming free, relieved herself of bonds, and hastily released

the servants. The scuffle grew more severe ; another of the intruders was laid prostrate, and two were secured by the domestics, but both John and Ernest were seriously wounded. The principal of the marauders, who had fallen, essayed to rise—the sword of John was instantly at his throat, and probably death might have been the result, but the widow sprang forward, and, grasping his arm, exclaimed—“Forbear, John, forbear—it is the Lord’s anointed—it is the King !”

“And what care I, madam !” responded the young seaman, with impetuosity, “the king and the honest man at variance—the odds are in my favour. Tell me not of the Lord’s anointed—if I had him on board, I would anoint him with a round dozen. And is it thus, that the son of the royal martyr repays the son of one who shed his blood for him ?” He removed his sword, and the king rose.

“Yes, madam,” said the monarch, “I am even the king of England : you knew it, for I perceive my voice betrayed me ; yet you suffered these audacious youths to assault the royal life. As for you”—he spoke to Benbow—“you shall have *your* reward.” John snapped his finger in disdain. “And young traitor”—addressing Ernest, his words rolling hissingly forth—“there is a hoary head now resting in the Tower—I need say no more—I see you understand me.”

“ Oh, my liege !” exclaimed the widow ; “ why should my king thus execute his vengeance upon those who never injured him ?—Oh, do not perpetrate this execrable thing !”

Charles and his attendants departed : the widow’s payment of three hundred a-year for the pictures was stopped : Angelina had disappeared with her lover and her brother, but the threat that had been uttered against the father of Ernest was not carried into execution.

Time rolls his ceaseless course : the king pursued a career of licentiousness and debauchery : the Dutch wars commenced, and the daring bravery of British seamen was put to the test. Victory after victory was gained, and the universal voice bestowed unlimited approbation on our gallant tars. The leaders were nearly overwhelmed with praises and with gratitude, and to none were these dispensed more bountifully than to the Duke of Albemarle, who was also called to court to receive the thanks of his sovereign. The king-restorer went and was admitted to the private chamber.

“ Thanks, thanks, my gallant friend,” exclaimed Charles, as he warmly embraced the Duke ; “ thou hast taught these heavy Hollanders to respect our English cannon—our noble seamen have surpassed even themselves in former deeds, and the best

bounty from my royal hand shall be dispensed among them ! Have they not acted bravely ?”

“ They have, my liege,” returned his grace, with energy, “ and there are two most gallant officers of your majesty’s fleet whom I have ventured to bring hither with me. Your majesty has already read my commendations in their favour.”

“ Yes, yes,” returned the king ; “ assuredly they acted bravely—ay, most gallantly, and proud must be their fathers of such sons. Trust me, they shall not be forgotten. But they are here, you say—then why should I not express in person my approbation of their conduct ? Ay, I see you wish it, my lord duke, and I am so truly happy at this moment, that they shall be admitted. One of them, you say, has possession of the Dutch admiral’s flag, which he hauled down himself—a brave lad ! Gad-zooks, I am more pleased than I can express.”

An order was issued to introduce the young officers, who had been thus so highly spoken of ; and, on their entrance, Charles was advancing towards them, but, catching sight of their features, he turned angrily round to Albemarle. “ What !—what means this, my lord !—traitors and the assailants of my life ?”

“ No, my liege,” responded Monk, “ but true and faithful servants of their king, who, of themselves, and by their example, achieved a victory

over your majesty's enemies. Have I not, in my own person, experienced the generosity of my prince, and shall I do him the injustice to suppose....."

"Plead no more, my lord—plead no more," exclaimed Charles, with a commanding wave of his hand; and then, blowing a small whistle, an official promptly obeyed the summons. "See that these wretched traitors are placed under safe custody, sir."

"I am no wretched traitor," said John Benbow proudly, as he crossed his arms, and looked defiance. "Freely would I die the death of my gallant father to assure your majesty of my regard. Had it been only a woman that I defended, my soul would glory in the act; but the maiden was my sister—the orphan sister of a brother's love—and to save her from dishonour, by Heaven, I would do the deed again!"

"Away, away with them!" angrily shouted the king. "My lord duke, you may remain."

"It is I that have brought these young men into trouble," said the duke proudly, "and I would beseech you, sire, to restore them to me, that they may display to your subjects the admiral's flag which one of them has so gallantly won."

"Let it be left here with me," commanded the monarch; "I will see to it. Lay it down, young sir—lay it down."

"No, your majesty," boldly answered Benbow, hugging the flag closer to his breast, "it is still

mine, and whoever presumes to take it must tear my heart out before I will resign possession."

"You hear that, Albemarle," exclaimed the king, as he paced his chamber. "Am I to be thus braved?"—and, turning to an officer of the guard, who entered, he loudly added, "Remove your prisoners, sir."

"Farewell, your grace," said Benbow to the duke, with careless animation; "it is but of small matter to a seaman how soon he is sent aloft—and if he goes without his head, why there are those who have done the same before him."

This reckless expression almost maddened Charles—the young men departed, and, as they passed the door, the king stamped with his foot, clenched his hands, and then burst forth into an immoderate fit of laughter, at the end of which he more calmly said, "It is a brave lad, too, my lord duke—a truly brave lad."

"And your majesty will want many such, if these naval encounters shall continue," answered the duke, rather pointedly. "The punishing of those who set the best example to the seamen is giving but poor encouragement to emulation. I would again beseech your majesty, in the name of old remembrances, not to throw such promising youths away."

"Rest easy, my lord—I will act with justice,"

promised the king. "Do not go near them. They shall appear before me here to-morrow, and—" he spoke what he said further, in an under-tone, and the duke withdrew.

The morrow came—the prisoners (Benbow still retaining his flag) stood in the monarch's presence, and there also was the Duke of Albemarle.

"And do you still persist in defying the authority of your sovereign?" inquired Charles, addressing Benbow.

"Were I to yield now, my liege, you would perhaps attribute it to fear," answered John. "Give me a ship for my cradle, and the roaring ocean for my lullaby, I....."

"Enough," said Charles, interrupting him, and then, turning to Ernest, he asked, "And you, young sir?"

"Will follow in John's wake, go where he will," answered the young man; "he has been my preserver, my benefactor, my only friend, and....."

"Avast, avast!" commanded Benbow, "you may lay hold of the towline, but it is dangerous to grease it with praise—I have only done my duty, and I wish every one else would do theirs."

"And so I will!" exclaimed Charles, with firmness. "What ho there!—do my bidding."

The door of the apartment opened, and a young female, supporting an aged man, entered. "Ernest,

your father!" said the king. The young man sprang forward to the feet of his parent. "Benbow, your sister!—I dare not look upon her beauty—but LIVE—LIVE AND BE HAPPY!"

Ernest was taken into the royal service, and everybody must remember the lines of the song:—

"With old Benbow I swore to go
And brave the foaming ocean."

That was the man!

THE REVERIE.

BY MISS G. FANNY ROSS.

When skies are blue and bright,
When flowers are gay,
When eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day—
Ere yet the dark hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep,
Then wake to weep.

SHELLEY.

Thy dreams are such as every maiden's be,
When those sweet visions, born of solitude,
Glide forth, the phantoms of her destiny,
To greet the blush of early womanhood.

Ay, there thou leanest from thy terrace-wall,
Amid the perfume faint of closing flowers,
Forecasting all that may thy lot befall
Of bright and beauteous in life's coming hours.

Thy sea-encircled home is passing fair—
Lordly its aspect with old England's pride—
Homage and fortune wait upon thee there ;
O gentle dreamer ! still unsatisfied !

Thou gazest on as youth will ever gaze,
Painting the future from a happy past—
The saddest memories of thy childhood's days
Gleaming in light from Hope's ideal cast.

Thou never picturest the clouds that sweep
Across the sunshine of a woman's sky,
And if a shadow on thy forehead sleep,
'Tis but Love's image as he wanders by ;

For Love to thee is only known, perchance,
By some soft tone that thrills thy very soul—
Some fond expression, or some earnest glance,
That can the pulses of thy heart control ;

Or as a star that on some lowlier home
Shall shed a radiance splendour never knew—
A fadeless flower upon thy path to bloom—
A lyre whose harmony is ever true.

Ah ! maiden, thou wilt learn its depths ere long—
It is a star that sometimes falls from heaven ;

One jarring note can mar its sweetest song,
And with the rose the sharpest thorn is given.

Go—leave those towers, a fair and cherished bride—
Love cannot shield thy mortal life from woe,
And tears as bitter down thy cheek may glide
As even those a lonely heart can know.

Though poverty thy chosen home may spare—
More withering coldness never blight thy fate—
Death's gloomy presence find no entrance there,
To quench Love's fire, and leave thee desolate ;

Earth's petty cares, small things of every day,
Duties at which impatient youth repines—
From Joy's gay wing will brush some hues away :
Life's shadows lengthen as its sun declines.

Oh ! brace thy soul to woman's sternest tasks !
A firm resolve her tenderness beseems ;
And Love himself from her true spirit asks
A nobler offering than its smiles and dreams.

To each some path of duty Heaven decrees—
Some fitting sphere wherein her light may shine—
Some burden that her gentle hand may ease—
Some heart to soothe—some gladness to resign.

And Woman's mission is a sacred thing,
A frequent call to calm self-sacrifice ;
Her gayest garlands Faith and Hope must bring—
For Joy near Love but blooms in Paradise !

THE BALLAD OF EARL HAROLD.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

From the green face of the earth
We saw the shadows fly,
As the broad sun in his glorious birth
Brought light into the sky—
We saw the flashing of his beams
On town, and tower, and tree,—
On the azure of the dancing streams,
On the white foam of the sea.

Lovely is soft-hued even,
Lovely is starry night,
But nought 'neath the blue heaven
Can match the fair sunlight—
So sang the birds that hail the dawn,
Warbling from topmost spray—
So thought I, as I watched the morn
Rise into perfect day.

She from her casement leant—
The lady of the vale ;
To the fresh morning air she bent
Her face so sad and pale :
“ And oh ! my friends,” (our lady cried)
Earl Harold’s bark is late—
Comes not his vessel o’er the tide ?
’Tis weary thus to wait.”

All through the soft-hued even,
All through the starry night,
We had seen in the blue heaven
The changing of the light—
All through the night our lady pale
Looked o’er the rising foam,
But seaward went the roaring gale—
Earl Harold came not home.

“ Watch ye, my merry men !”
(Thus did our lady say)
“ The wind is roaring down the glen,
But he will come to-day.
Oh, watch ye well, my merry merry men !
Earl Harold’s bark is strong—
Earl Harold’s crew are stanch and true—
He will not tarry long.”

With watching we were weary,
But our lady's voice we heard,
And we loved our gentle lady,
We loved our gallant lord :
So again we turned us to the strand,
Where through the long, long day,
We watched the dark waves on the yellow sand
Break into snow-white spray.

But calm came with the even,
Calm came with starry night,
As we saw in the blue heaven
The fading of the light,
Calm on the rolling deep,
With a summer stillness fell,
And the wild winds sank to that quiet sleep
Our lady loved so well.

Nought heard we save the streams,
Still dashing towards the sea,
And a murmur faint, as those in dreams,
Of some far off melody—
And the singing of the lonely bird
That hails the close of day—
And our gentle lady's whispered word,
As the tempest died away.

For she said, "How soft that strain—
 "'Tis from some distant sail!
Hark! the faint music comes again,
 With a sad and dying wail.
Not thus Earl Harold's bugle horn
 Rings forth its notes of glee,
When, homeward o'er the billows borne,
 He ploughs the darkening sea."

Still, as the night grew dark,
 As the crescent moon grew bright,
We watched to see Earl Harold's bark
 Cross her broad path of light.
Still as we watched, that mournful wail
 Smote sadly on the ear,
Till, gliding 'neath her snow-white sail,
 Earl Harold's bark drew near.

Glad was our lady's cry—
 "O! and the Earl doth come!
Launch me my boat, that I may fly
 To hail my wanderer home.
Long have ye watched, my merry merry men!
 Great shall your guerdon be!
With store of gold, with wealth untold,
 Earl Harold ploughs the sea!"

Swift from the golden sand,
Swift through the silver wave,
Steered by our lady's tender hand,
Her boat the billows clave—
From the quick oars, with diamond flash,
The dripping waters fell,
While still between their constant dash
Rose the Earl's bugle's swell.

“Oh, stay thy bark!” our lady cried,
“My Harold, pause for me!
And I will climb thy vessel's side,
And turn me home with thee:
Long time we watched with anguished fears
Across the stormy main,
But gone our fears, and dried our tears,
For thou return'st again!”

Up she arose, her raven hair
Back from her forehead cast,
But, heedless of her earnest prayer,
Earl Harold's bark went past;
Each at his post, the silent crew
All motionless went by,
O'er a smooth sea the vessel flew
Beneath a breezeless sky.

O'er ship and crew the gloom of night
A mournful shade did throw,
Yet from the moon a strange wild light
Glared on each solemn brow :
With hand on helm, Earl Harold stood,
His eye with care seemed dim ;
That dark blue eye was raised on high—
All *theirs* were fixed on him.

Pale was Earl Harold's earnest face—
Bare was his princely head,
Down his proud neck with wonted grace
The radiant ringlets spread ;
Shining upon his mailed vest,
The moonbeams glittered fair,
Showed his broad form and manly breast,
And touched his golden hair.

Ah ! heedless of his lady's cry,
He steered his vessel past ;
Still with pale face and dark blue eye
Raised to the quivering mast.
Silent that voice—still wont to hail—
His bride, with loving cheer,
Only the unseen bugler's wail
Smote sadly on the ear.

Sad was our lady's cry,
 " Oh, and my heart doth fail !
Why doth Earl Harold pass me by ?
 Why moans that mournful wail ?
Row swift ! row swift ! my merry, merry men,
 For the sad night grows dark !
I see no more the welcome shore,
 Nor Harold's gliding bark !"

Swift through the silver wave,
 Swift to the golden sand,
Our bark the waters clave,
 And gained the welcome strand ;
But never more with bugle horn,
 Ringing its notes of glee,
Homeward across the billows borne
 Earl Harold ploughs the sea.

Sad whispers met us there,
 " Heard ye that mournful wail ?"
They said—" It was a thing of air !
 That bark with snow-white sail—
'Tis past—and came not to the strand !
 And the sad notes are o'er,
And never more Earl Harold's band
 Will gain their native shore !"

Slow came the morning gray—
A gentle wind arose—
And gentle billows curl and play,
And the wave comes and goes ;
And on the golden sand
The guilty ocean threw
Some tokens of that gallant band—
Earl Harold and his crew :

Then came a flag—blood red—
A scarf with colours bright—
Still o'er broad breast and mailed vest—
As best becomes a knight—
His lady's gift Earl Harold wore—
Nor the relenting wave
To that sad bride this token bore
From Harold's sea-deep grave.

From the green face of the earth
We see the shadows fly,
As the broad sun in his glorious birth
Brought light into the sky ;
But the beams in mockery played
In eyes that wept the dead,
And on the couch where *she* was laid,
Our lady's dying bed.

And o'er the soft-hued even,
And o'er the starry night,
Her soul to yon blue heaven
(We trust) had taken flight.
Nor meet we more, by sea or shore,
Far as the winds are heard,
One fair as was our lady !
One brave as was our lord !

TANFIELD GATEWAY TOWER.¹

BY J. FORBES DALTON, ESQ.

They raised me here to mark their power,
To guard their home of pride ;
The portal of the Marmion's tower,
By this wild river side.

Beneath me passed the mailed throng
A glorious name to seek ;
I stood, a terror to the strong—
A refuge to the weak.

¹ Adjoining the church of Tanfield, near Ripon, on the north bank of the river Ure, stands an ancient gateway tower, the only remains of a castle formerly belonging to the Marmion family.

Hence, pilgrims to the holy shrine,
And lords of warlike name,
Went forth to distant Palestine
To woo the phantom—Fame!

And hence the baron and the knight
Rode forth to raid or fray,
With many a reckless, stalwart wight
In steel-clad, grim array.

And when, mid shouts, they came again,
High flushed with victory,
With feudal pomp and long drawn train
They brought their spoils to me.

I've seen the gay and gallant youth
Go forth to "do or die,"
And marked the tear of love and truth
Trembling in beauty's eye.

I've seen them blessed by mitred priest—
I've seen them sink in age—
Beheld the sumptuous wedding feast
And funeral equipage.

They came and went—were born and died—
I saw them come and go,

As gaudy flies in summer pride
Dart playful to and fro.

The Allans, Fitzhughes, Marmions, Greys—
The fair, the brave, the gay—
Are vanished, and their meed of praise
And glory past away.

Their lordly home, the country's pride—
Their proud baronial hall—
Their ramparts which the foe defied—
I've seen the end of all !

And ages now I've pass'd alone
Upon the river's brink,
Standing, like monumental stone,
To bid men pause and think.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH.

BY THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.

We keep an Anniversary to-day—
But not as those who mark, with festal mirth,
The victories of ages passed away,
Or sweet home-time of marriage, or of birth—
We wear the mourner's robes, we hush our breath :
Ours is an anniversary of death !

Oh, how this day recalls the bitter past !

This summer day, our loved one's last of life ;
And this deep midnight hour, her very last,

Wherein she slumbered from the final strife !
Even *now* the death-damp crept o'er every limb—
Even *now* her gentle eye grew glazed and dim.

Methinks I see her yet—that fairest creature—

Panting her very life in fever forth ;
I see her yet, with every lovely feature
Bearing the prophecy of “ earth to earth :”
Yet with her soft, deep-loving eyes, whose meekness
Looked gratefully around through all her weakness.

I see her yet, as on her death-bed laid,

Her face all still, yet mutely eloquent—
A solemn twilight, that was scarce a shade,
Showed on her brow the fulness of content—
The small, white, drooping hand, the braided hair,
The stirless lip, the cheek so calmly fair.

One year ago, this night, my hands for her

Performed the last sad offices of love ;—
Still, 'midst my task, I dreamed her pulse must stir—

My straining eyes *saw* those dark tresses move !
But the white morning broke upon thy brow,
Beloved and lovely one, and what wast thou ?

A rigid corpse—a marble image, changed
From slumber's likeness to a sculptured form,—
A something sadly from our dreams estranged,
That looked as though with life 'twas never warm,
That seemed our hearts instinctively to draw,
Yet thrilled them with a deep mysterious awe.

Sweet one, thou liest in thy lowly tomb,
We ask not of thy mortal relics now—
They perished like the wild flower's summer bloom,
Yet are they garnered as the seed we sow,
From whose corruption God's great power shall
bring
An incorruptible and holy thing !

Said I that we should *mourn*? The thought I call
Back to my heart—we keep no *mournful* day—
Let there be high and solemn festival,
As, for the saints of old who passed away,
The church of God marks each returning year
With joyful reverence and hopeful cheer.

We celebrate a victory—o'er the earth,
Its tribulation, its decay, its sighs—
We celebrate a glorious day of birth,
An entrance on a life that never dies—
We keep a marriage feast—her darksome tomb
Is but a passage to the Bridegroom's home !

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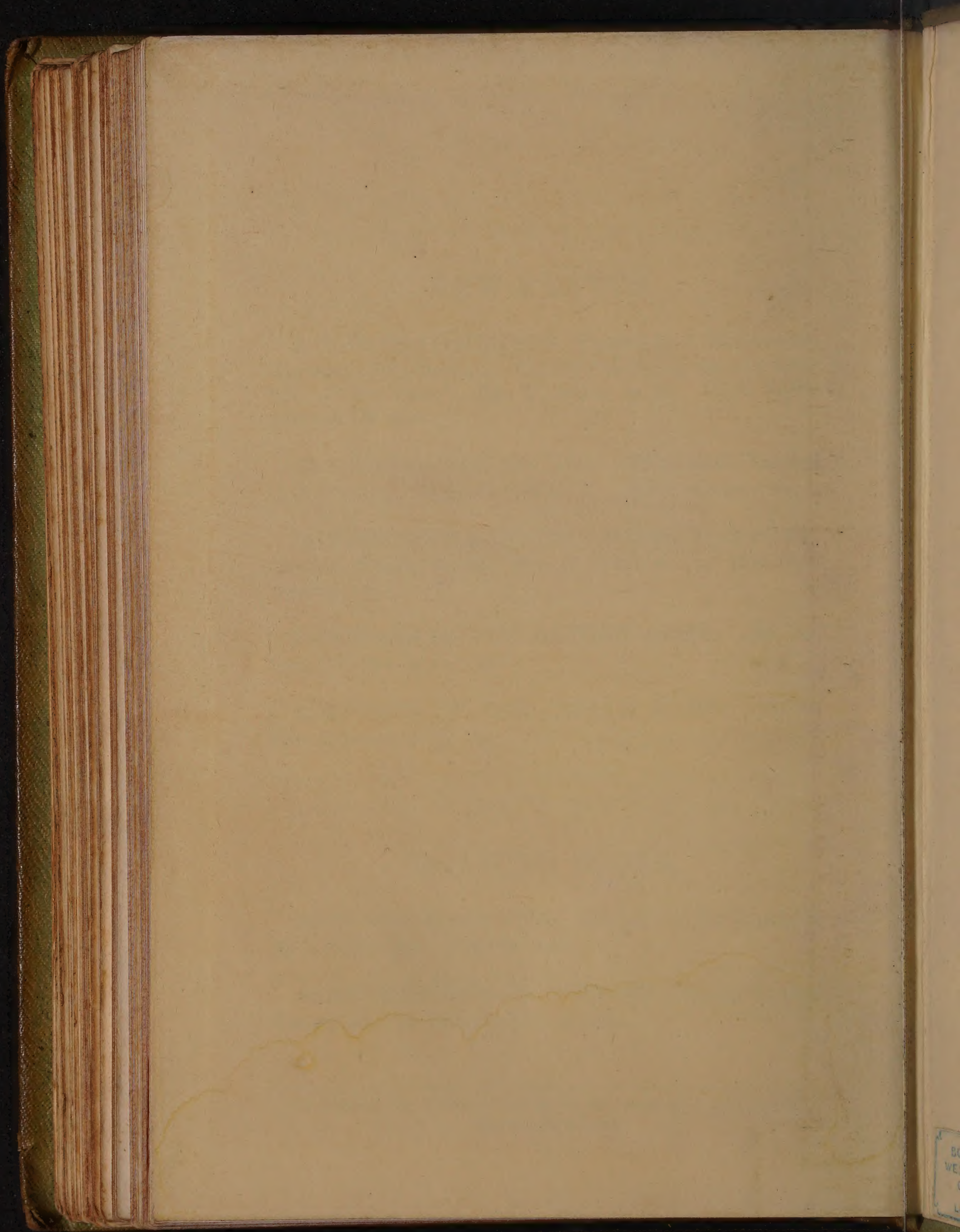
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